

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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Read the Special Stories in our New Year's Number and Supplement.



"GRANDMAMA HAS COME"—SEE PAGE 309.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
63, 65 & 67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
NEW YORK, JANUARY 3, 1880.

CAUTION.

Subscribers, in sending subscriptions for any of our publications, should be careful to direct their letters plainly to FRANK LESLIE, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, in order to insure their safe delivery.

The interview of our artistic correspondent with the Hon. R. W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, contained in the present issue of our paper, being Number 10 of the series, cannot fail to interest, since it deals with a question of such vital importance as the supremacy of the Stars and Stripes on the high seas. Mr. Thompson's views are succinctly set forth, while the details with regard to the inner life of the boys enlisted on board our training-ships are as copious as they are engrossing.

In accordance with our announcement of last week, we issue our Holiday Double Number with the addition of a thrilling story by Christian Reid, and a poem by John Moran, while, owing to increased public demand, we also issue a Supplement, making in all 36 pages, of such varied and absorbing matter, as to render this number of our paper in every sense doubly valuable, interesting and entertaining. Our next issue, in addition to other important material, will contain a charming story from the gifted pen of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, entitled, "Play in Hearts"; a seasonable tale, "Sainty's Christmas Gifts," by Mrs. H. W. Pierson; and the conclusion of "Which of them will he Marry?"

CAUSE FOR GLADNESS.

WITH all the pleasure due to the occasion, we bid our thousands of readers a "merry" Christmas. The year now rapidly drawing to a close has been crowded with happy events, both to Government and people. Everywhere throughout the country the revivifying effects of better times have been seen and felt. Commerce, manufactures, mining, agriculture and labor have been brought to experience the pulsations of a new life. Resumption has given increased strength to the national credit, dissipated the fears of over-sensitive capital, and opened the avenues of success to industrial enterprise. Foreign nations have become our tributaries, and pour their golden hoards into the lap of the nation. To what extent the country has profited through its foreign commerce can best be shown by the figures. During the past fiscal year—six months of which are embraced in 1879—the exports, re-exports and imports of merchandise have been as follows:

Exports of domestic merchandise....	\$698,340,790
Exports of foreign merchandise....	12,098,651
Imports of merchandise.....	\$710,439,441
	445,777,775
Balance in favor of United States....	\$264,661,666

From July 1st to November 15th of the present year, embracing a period of only four and one-half months, the balance due and received from abroad amounted to \$59,000,000 in gold, and still the payments continue coming in.

The years covered by the war, and thence onward to the Fall of 1873, have been denominated flush times. But comparing the situation in 1879 with that of ten years ago, we find that the gold value of our domestic exports has increased from \$275,166,697 in 1869 to \$698,340,790 in 1879. The difference amounts to nearly 254 per cent., and presents a broad contrast between so-called flush times and solid prosperity. In addition to the great gain in exports, the country, since 1872-3, has reduced its imports of foreign merchandise more than 44 per cent., which result has been highly favorable to our manufactures. The domestic producers of watches, clocks, cotton fabrics, silks, woolen goods, clothing, boots, shoes, iron, steel, etc., have all experienced beneficial results from this reduction in imports. It has enhanced the volume of their own products, and provided additional employment for labor. Thus the importation of railroad bars fell off from 531,337 tons in 1872 to 2,611 tons for the past fiscal year, and this difference our own rolling mills have been called to supply. It may also be said that American manufacturers, under the new order of

affairs, are now building up a fair export trade. Many products heretofore exported in small quantities, or not at all, now find profitable markets in foreign countries, and some of these products are exported to countries from which a few years ago they were largely imported into the United States.

In all business centres the tide of prosperity has steadily risen, and swept in a resistless current the whole country round. Domestic trade has grown and prospered throughout the year. Although we have more than twenty-two thousand vessels engaged in coastwise and interior trade, yet the railways have found profitable employment in moving local and inter-State commerce, rising in value to thousands of millions of dollars. The present year has been a good one for the carrying trade. The earnings of our railways have been enlarged, and they have not hesitated to spend a fair proportion in improvements, and this, in turn, has helped the cause of labor.

The march of tramping multitudes has been arrested by the new turn in business affairs. The cotton and woolen mills of the East, once idle or making only half-time, now find their utmost capacity taxed. Many of them are running day and night to meet the growing demand. During the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1879, our imports of cotton goods amounted to nearly \$30,000,000, and of woolen goods to more than \$50,000,000. Last year the imports of cotton goods were reduced more than \$15,000,000, and woolen fabrics more than \$27,500,000. The home consumption of such goods, however, has not been lessened, but our own manufacturers supply the demand. During the so-called flush times the products of American cotton mills found but little favor abroad. Their exportations now treble those of ten years ago, and their ability to compete with others is beginning to be acknowledged even in England. Our woolen mills, too, are turning out goods equal to the best of foreign importations, and the largest proportion of woolen stuffs now worn in this country are the products of American looms.

In iron and steel we have become practically independent of the whole world. These interests have also been touched by the magic wand of returning prosperity, and, to use a modernism, made to "boom." In the whole State of Pennsylvania, the great iron centre, there is not an idle mill to-day. New works are being erected, and everywhere the producers of iron have more than they can do at prices highly remunerative. At no time in our history has the iron interest been so prosperous as at present.

The mining of ore and coal corresponds to the forward movement of industry and trade. The production of anthracite coal, according to present figures, will amount, in round numbers, to 26,000,000 tons for the year, making an excess of from eight to ten millions of tons over the production of 1878.

A good share of the inflowing prosperity has fallen to the lot of that great section which, with magnificent agricultural resources at command, feeds America and a goodly portion of Europe. For the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1879, the exports of breadstuffs amounted to \$210,355,528, and constituted about 30 per cent. of all domestic merchandise sent abroad. The wheat, corn, oats, flour, beef, pork, lard, and other productions of the West, play no unimportant part in the industrial economy of the country. Fair prices remunerate the farmers of that broad section, and they now part with their surplus crops for gold, or money possessing a purchasing power of one hundred cents to the dollar. In January, 1877, the average price of wheat in New York was \$1.47 currency, per bushel. The selling price now varies, according to quality and time of delivery, from \$1.53 to \$1.59 gold, per bushel. At the former period Western flour sold in the New York market at an average of \$5.50 per barrel; the price at this time ranges from \$6.40 to \$7.25 per barrel. None can begrudge the golden harvest now being reaped by the West through a return to better times.

Good has also befallen the South during the present year. If spindles, looms, furnaces and mills have been set going in the North, and commerce and manufactures have received a new impetus, there are solid advantages accruing to the Southern section. Last year the cotton crop of the South was greater than at any former time. Her exports of that staple amounted to 1,608,000,000 pounds. The cotton crop of this year, as reported, will exceed that of 1878 by 500,000 bales. Her tobacco crop will yield 12,000,000 pounds more than last year, and her people will make 200,000 more hogheads of sugar than they produced in 1878. It is computed that the increase in these crops alone will be worth from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 to the South.

Truly the year 1879 has inaugurated a new era in our national history. It has bestowed substantial benefits upon the whole country. Indulging the hope that

our new-found prosperity may permanently continue, we close, as we began, by wishing our readers in every section a Merry Christmas.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

THE New England Puritans, in their stern determination to have as little as possible in common with other Christians, abolished Christmas. They substituted for it the two celebrations of Fast Day and Thanksgiving Day, the former to represent the solemn, and the latter the joyful, aspects of Christianity. The inherited impulses of eighteen hundred years have, however, proved too strong for the Puritans. Fast Day is dead and its melancholy ghost is rarely visible even in Massachusetts. Thanksgiving Day, in spite of the devout wording of Presidential proclamations, has virtually lost its religious significance, and has become a day of experiments as to the strength and capacity of the American stomach. Meanwhile we have reclaimed our share of the great festival of the Christian world, and Puritan Boston now welcomes Christmas as warmly, and celebrates it as joyfully, as Roman Catholic Rome or Anglican London. Yet we may not safely boast of our regained and beloved Christmas. As German Rationalism is ceaselessly mining the foundations of orthodox Protestantism, so another German heresy is stealthily at work, ostensibly on the side of Christmas, but really in hostility to it; and, unless we awake to the threatening danger, we may yet see our Christmas empty of delight, and dragged down to the level of the materialistic and prosaic Thanksgiving Day.

For many years Christmas has been associated in the American mind with stockings. The rite of the midnight-stocking was in the childhood of the present generation, the most important feature of Christmas celebration. The "Filling of the Stocking" might have furnished Longfellow with a worthier subject than the "Building of the Ship." It was the gage of parental affection. The cold-hearted stepmother instructed her accidental children to hang up their smallest socks; but the true mother, in pious emulation of the pelican of the wilderness, gave her beloved little ones her own deep and expansive stocking, and filled it to the rim. There are many pleasures which fall to the lot of the successful man, but not one of them compares with the internal delight with which, as an expectant small boy, he awoke in the darkness of the early Christmas morning to grasp the mysterious and precious stocking. What splendid possibilities of marvelous toys and seductive candies lay hid in the distended leg, or lurked in the remote recesses of the foot! What a delicious joy there was in striving to identify, by the sense of touch alone, the carefully wrapped up packages that were drawn out one by one, and with what a blessed sense of boundless wealth was the stocking hugged in childish arms as the possessor lay down again to wait for daylight. The most successful American of our generation has had wealth, fame and honors lavished thick upon him since he reached his fortieth birthday, but he would, doubtless, confess that the Christmas stocking of fifty years ago thrilled him with pleasure which neither the triumph at Appomattox nor the welcome at Philadelphia could surpass, or even rival.

It cannot be denied that the stocking of our fathers—or, more strictly, of our mothers—is gradually being superseded by the German Christmas-tree. The advocates of this green and brilliant heresy appeal to our pride of reason. They tell us that the stocking ceremony is based upon a myth unworthy of an enlightened age. There is no supernatural being who descends the nocturnal chimney, and it is criminal to seem, even by implication, to give support to so ridiculous a legend. There is nothing, they tell us, of mystery or superstition about the Christmas-tree. The children know that it is a purely material tree, lit by genuine candles. It fosters in them no love for the vague and mysterious, and is, in all respects, a purely Protestant and reasonable thing. The Christmas-tree is dressed in the day-time, while the stocking is filled in the secrecy of night. The latter belongs to the age that believed in witchcraft. The former is in consonance with the intelligence and freedom of the nineteenth century. Misled by these plausible pretenses, thousands of American families have renounced Santa Claus and abandoned the stocking, and they vainly fancy that they can still retain the spirit, while throwing away the substance, of Christmas.

The results of the spread of the Christmas-tree heresy will be vast and terrible. It will necessarily affect the peace of the family. The children no longer come to the breakfast-table "filled from the heart to the lips" with bliss and candy. The Christmas-tree must be exhibited later in the day and in the depressing presence of the grown-up folk. The untrammelled freedom with which each child explored, in privacy and darkness, his particular

stocking, vanishes, when, with the constant exhortation "Now, children, don't touch anything," ringing in his ears, he gazes solemnly at the blazing tree. In such circumstances the childish heart feels cheated of its rights, and the peace which the early morning stocking brings in its beneficent call is rarely found in the household where the Christmas-tree has found an entrance. That blighting bush also lights the way for jealousy, and kindles envy in the youthful breast. Every child, surveying the presents hanging on its branches, hopes that the best ones may fall to his lot, and inevitably finds himself disappointed and dissatisfied when he fails to receive them. In spite of all its candles the Christmas-tree casts deep and lasting shadows, that renders what might be a happy Christmas a discontented and miserable day.

But there are even worse consequences than these. We recognize sadly the fact of the decay of faith, but our Christmas-trees have no small share in it. If we blot the image of Santa Claus from the infantile mind, can we wonder if the child, grown older, finds it difficult to believe in more important saints? When we take away the stocking, we at the same time destroy the charm of mystery and the reverence for the unseen. The Christmas-tree is the representative of the material; the stocking is the symbol of the spiritual. Rationalism lurks in the branches of the Christmas-tree, and its rootless trunk rests on Positivism. The stocking is full of faith, and no child can touch it without reverence and awe. The stocking and the tree are as far apart as Cardinal Newman and Dr. Strauss.

We can trace the influence of the Christmas-tree and the Christmas-stocking wherever they exist. Its Christmas-trees have brought Germany to a belief in Bismarck and blood and iron; and have converted the warm-blooded Protestantism of Luther into the cold scepticism of the Tubingen school. The Christmas stockings of England have strengthened her masses in their reverence for the English Church, in spite of the insidious efforts of Ritualist reconstructionists, and Broad Church destructionists. In our own country, the spread of unbelief has kept steadily pace with the spread of Christmas-trees. If we are to keep the true spirit and cling to the real meaning of Christmas, we must hold fast to our Christmas-stockings. Shall our children, in the innocence of their hearts, ask for stockings, and shall we give them the glittering mockery of trees? Let us pledge ourselves by the memory of our youthful joys that the Christmas-stocking shall forever usher in the dawn of the American Christmas.

POPULAR RIGHTS.

MAJORITY rule is the great central principle of our governmental system. So long as that principle shall be respected and maintained, just so long, and no longer, can we have faith in the continuance of republican institutions. To subvert, or in any way overturn, the popular will, whether through the agency of Returning Boards, or of Governors and Councils, is to do violence to constitutional government and prepare the way for its final downfall.

Our government is elective in character. The men who administer that government, of whatever grade, are to be chosen by the people. When two or more candidates are presented for the same office a majority of legal electors must choose between them, and when a majority have made choice as to who shall administer public affairs, their judgment must be respected. It must stand as the popular verdict, and no authority less than that of the people should be permitted to reverse it. In no instance, however slight, can popular government be beaten down and trampled under foot without endangering the whole system. It is as essential to respect the will of the majority in the election of a township constable as that in the election of a national magistrate. If by art and trickery a township, county, or State may be disfranchised and the popular will thwarted, then the whole government may, in like manner, be revolutionized and republicanism be made to give place to despotism.

The American people owe it to themselves and posterity to maintain a regular, steady, conservative government, founded on broad, popular representative systems. They cannot afford to wink at any violation of the ballot-box, or suffer any infraction of popular rights. If this republic is to stand, the will of the majority, whenever properly expressed, must remain unquestioned. No greater misfortune could befall the country than to destroy the right of the majority to rule. Borrowing the language of Daniel Webster, we may say that "other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects overcome. If disastrous war should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultiva-

tion, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests. It were but a trifle even if the walls of the national capital were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley. All these might be rebuilt. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skillful architecture which unites national sovereignty with State rights, individual security, and public prosperity? The edifice of constitutional American liberty, once destroyed, will never be reconstructed. History, however, will consign to everlasting infamy the men or party through whom its destruction may come.

We have been led by recent occurrences in the State of Maine to make the foregoing remarks. At the election held in September last the Republicans, by a total vote exceeding that of all other parties by at least 5,000, elected so many of their legislative candidates as to secure a majority of seven in the Senate and twenty-nine in the Lower House. The Governor and Council, being of adverse politics, upon bare technicalities, have so unseated Republicans as to bring them into a minority of eighteen in the House and nine in the Senate. What is this but a trampling under foot of popular rights, a subversion of the will of the majority? The case of Senator Kellogg, of Louisiana, furnishes another illustration of the existing disposition to override representative government. Before admission to the Senate his case underwent a searching examination at the hands of a Senatorial committee, and his title to a seat received every confirmation. The now dominant party in the Senate have reopened the case and propose to give the place to Spofford, who, according to his own witnesses, has not the ghost of a title to justify the outrage. Whether these things be done by Democrats or Republicans, the American people should cry a halt. Popular government must be preserved at all hazards.

EVENTS ABROAD.

FRANCE has come nobly to the rescue of her sister Spain, and the *fêtes* in Paris in aid of the sufferers by the floods at Murcia have proved a superb success. Everybody lent a hand, from Sarah Bernhardt to La Gaitijo, the famous bull-fighter. The floods in Spain have not, perhaps, been altogether an unmixed disaster, for it is alleged that they have prevented, or at least postponed, a little revolution. This would have been brought about by Montpensier agents, who have been hard at work fomenting disturbances in Carthage, Murcia and Cadiz for their own purposes, grounding their crusade upon the *rapprochement* between Austria and Spain, consequent upon the marriage. Arms had already been bought in Birmingham, and there they lie for the present, until some opportunity can be found to smuggle them into Cadiz or Carthage. The plot for the present is "off."

Eight million francs! This is the sum demanded by the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs to secure "rapid transit."

Yet another abortive Nihilist explosion in Russia. The country would seem to be undermined. This time Prince Dolgorouki, the Governor of Moscow, has escaped by the skin of his teeth. How will the Imperial Commission on administrative reform affect Nihilistic interests?

The prevalence of diphtheria in Russia has now assumed the proportions of a plague. At an extraordinary meeting of the Red Cross Society, held recently, it was decided that succor should be immediately afforded to the province of Pultova, where the children are said to be dying "like flies." The magnitude of the epidemic is shown by the fact that the Red Cross Expedition is to be composed of thirty doctors and three hundred nurses, and is to be furnished with nearly a quarter of a million roubles for expenses.

Immense quantities of forage are being stored in the depots along the Black Sea coast and the Russo-Romanian frontier in readiness for military emergencies. In the matter of hay alone, twenty thousand tons have been ordered of contractors in the Odessa district. What does Roumania say to this?

The Chilians have again beaten the Peruvians, and against odds. The allied forces of Bolivia and Peru attacked an entrenched Chilian position at Dolores, near Agua Santa. The allied forces were driven back, their camp, thirteen cannon, and the Bolivian general, Villegas, taken. As may be expected, the Chilian loss was extraordinarily heavy.

So Lord Beaconsfield is to be impeached by the Parnell party. Martyrdom for the Juggler of the Jingles! Perhaps this is the crown that Dizzy was waiting for, and hence his refusal of Tracy Turnerell's, now exhibiting at Madame Tussaud's. Speaking of Ireland, the Duchess of Marlborough, wife of the Lord Lieutenant, is seeking

contributions towards a relief fund on the ground that, "While the present distress, actual or possible, is not for a moment comparable to that of 1847, still, undoubtedly, in parts of Kerry, Galway, Sligo, Mayo, Roscommon, Donegal and Cork, there will be extreme misery and suffering among the poor."

So the German army is to be increased—the artillery by 348 guns when on a peace footing, and 522 guns in war; the infantry by eight regiments, and the cavalry, engineer and marine divisions in proportionate degree. The annual conscription is to be raised to 175,000—an increase of 30,000—in order to supply this extension of the military system.

That arch-scamper, the ex-Khedive, is lying ill at Naples. Possibly too much maccaroni, a dish of which he is especially fond.

Vessels from the southern ports of the United States are now free of quarantine in Italian ports. The yellow flag need not now be run up beside the Stars and Stripes.

The famine in Silesia has been rendered more horrible by typhoid fever. The Government seems to be keenly alive to the desperate situation.

The eyes of England are anxiously strained towards Afghanistan, where affairs are assuming alarming conditions. General Roberts declares he can hold his own, but General Gough is short of supplies. A blunder like that committed at Isandula will shake England's empire in India. A success on the part of the Afghans may lead to a general uprising, and then what can a mere handful of troops, however devoted, do—but die.

TEMPERANCE advocates in New York and Brooklyn have added a clause to the usual pledge by which the signers agree to offer no wine to New Year's callers.

MR. TALMAGE has scored a second triumph in the Synod of Long Island, which has refused to alter the decision of the Presbytery of Brooklyn acquitting him on the famous charge of "common fame."

CONNECTICUT has imported a colony of cutlery workers from Sheffield; New Jersey, one of potters from Staffordshire; and now Ohio is receiving some of the most skillful glass-blowers of Antwerp.

A REPETITION of the Brooklyn Theatre horror was prevented at the Park Theatre, New York, on December 18th, by the coolness of the actor Emmet and the policeman Genore. The house was emptied without a panic, or the slightest injury to any one.

WHILE the Inman line has adopted the electric light for the illumination of the cabin and steerage of one of their vessels, a New Orleans company has gone further, and in the right direction, too, by furnishing a steamer with the lights on her pilot-house and fore-castle.

SECRETARY SHERMAN persists in the belief that the Government cannot successfully place a bond paying less than 4 per cent. Still he has agreed to consult with the leading bankers of New York as to the practicability of floating a 3½ per cent. bond for refunding purposes.

RUMORS are rife of a marked uneasiness among the Mormons. Statements have been made that a projected emigration *en masse* to Mexico is receiving grave consideration in Salt Lake City. Apropos of this, and as a possible straw, we note that emigration to Apache County, Arizona, is very brisk, and that four hundred Mormons, with 12,000 head of cattle, are now en route to that county from Utah.

WHILE the public are warming in sympathy towards the Ponca Indians through the eloquent appeal of their earnest advocate "Bright-Eyes," the labors of another Indian princess, Sarah Winnemucca, should not be overlooked. At the request of her father, Chief Winnemucca, she has undertaken a mission to have her tribe gathered together again at their old home in Nevada, where they can follow peaceable pursuits and improve themselves. Sarah has a bright, resolute face, with brave, determined features, exhibiting lines of courage and resolve that tell the whole story of the indomitable daring which made her services as scout, guide and interpreter so invaluable to our Government during the late Bannock war.

PROFESSORSHIPS in the Chinese language have been established at Harvard and Yale Colleges, where Ku and the Rev. S. Wells Williams fill the chairs respectively; and at the University of California, where there is as yet no occupant. So far there has been no rush for Oriental instruction, and the enterprise is not a determined success. Against the theory that there is a field in China for American youth capable of speaking and writing the language of the country, is placed the practical testimony of persons conversant with the actual situation, which may explain why there is no noticeable demand for Chinese instruction in

the United States. In China the commercial intercourse, or that relating to buying and selling, is done through "compradors," or natives, who can speak "pigeon English"; and though a white man could speak a commercial dialect of the community perfectly, yet he could not buy an invoice of tea, silk, or any other commodity, without engaging the services of a "comprador." The Chinese merchants will deal in no other way. Except for clerkships in foreign houses, a knowledge of Chinese is of little avail even in China; and when a commercial dialect is wanted it can be picked up in that country with more facility than in any other.

A BILL, greatly affecting the commercial interests of New York City, is that introduced into the House by Representative Muller. It provides for the creation of a permanently deep, wide and straight channel through Sandy Hook bar to New York. The greater the water facilities of the metropolis the better for its business and that of the country. But while considering projects for enlarging the harbor and river routes, wouldn't it be as well to take some practicable step towards rendering such operations unnecessary? If all the rubbish that has been dumped in the lower and upper bays could be at once removed, and the material for shoalings thus withdrawn, there would be little necessity for expensive dredgings and cuttings to render the harbor of New York what nature made it, the safest and best in the world.

CONGRESS AT WORK.

MONDAY, December 15th.—SENATE—An amendment to Mr. Bayard's Currency Bill was proposed, extending the date of operation to January 1st, 1886; an investigation of the Southern negro exodus was asked, and a petition was presented from soldiers of the late war, asking for the additional pay contemplated by the Weaver Inflation Bill. HOUSE—Bills were introduced granting pensions to all soldiers and sailors of the late war; regulating the counting of votes for the President; relating to the crime of polygamy; providing for the relief of General Fitz John Porter; requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to pay out all gold and silver coin and national bank notes not required to carry on the Government; in the purchase of Government bonds, and proposing a joint rule that no bills, except for appropriations, containing more than one subject, shall be passed.

TUESDAY, December 16th.—SENATE—The Finance Committee reported favorably on the Bill to exempt from taxation competitive prizes won by American citizens in foreign countries. An amendment to the Southern Negro Exodus resolution was submitted, extending the duties of the proposed commission. A Bill to amend Rule 103 of the Articles of War, so as to provide a limitation to prosecution for desertion, was amended and passed. HOUSE—A resolution providing for the appointment of a select Inter-oceanic Canal Committee was adopted, and a number of Bills were reported from the committees. A petition favoring the passage of the pending joint resolution to abolish and repeal the legal-tender power now given to the Treasury notes was presented.

WEDNESDAY, December 17th.—SENATE—A joint resolution was introduced to reclaim land-grant railroads which have failed to perform the conditions of their grants, involving over 122,000,000 acres; also a Bill to repeal the law prohibiting the payment of claims against the Government that accrued prior to April 13th, 1861, to any person engaged in the rebellion. A resolution in favor of greenbacks and silver, and antagonistic to Mr. Bayard's, was offered by Mr. Morgan, who made the first financial speech of the present session upon it. HOUSE—The Military Academy Bill was adopted without amendment, and the Consular and Diplomatic Bill was reported from the committee. The proposed Trade-mark Amendment to the Constitution, giving Congress power to grant exclusive right to adopt and use trade-marks, was debated, and referred to the Judiciary Committee.

THURSDAY, December 18th.—SENATE—The House Bill making appropriations for the payment of naval and other pensions for the year ending June 30th, 1880, was taken up and passed. Mr. Vorhees's resolution on the colored exodus was called up, discussed, and, after a failure to amend, was adopted. Bills were introduced providing for a tariff commission; for continuing the Court of Alabama Claims Commissioners, and for the distribution of the Geneva Award. HOUSE—The Senate Bill looking to the removal of the Ute Indians from their reservation was taken up and discussed without final action. An adverse report was presented by the Committee on Agriculture on the Bill to encourage inter-State emigration; a resolution instructing the Committee on Agriculture to take into consideration such measures as may tend to promote agricultural interests was adopted, with amendments; and a Bill was introduced authorizing national banks to make loans on real estate.

FRIDAY, December 19th.—SENATE—The Vice-President appointed Messrs. Voorhees (Dem., Ind.), Vance (Dem., N. C.), Pendleton (Dem., O.), Windom (Rep., Minn.), and Bell (Rep., N. H.), as the committee to investigate the causes of negro emigration from Southern to Northern States. HOUSE—The revised rules were reported and made the special order for January 6th. The Speaker announced the appointment of the following committees: On the Inter-oceanic Canal—Messrs. King, Singleton, Whitthorne, B. F. Martin, O. Turner, Nicholas, Hutchings, Page, Conger, Frye and Haskell. On the Yorktown Celebration—Messrs. Goode, Hall, Loring, Aldrich, Hawley, Muller, Brigham, Dick, E. L. Martin, Talbot, J. J. Davis, J. B. Richardson and Persons. A number of committee appointments were made. Both Houses adjourned to January 6th.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

EX-CONGRESSMAN J. B. SENNER, of Virginia, has been appointed Chief Justice of Wyoming Territory.

MAYOR COOPER has vetoed the Chambers Street surface railroad scheme, adopted by the Board of Aldermen.

JOHN B. HASKIN has offered \$1,000,000 cash for the privilege of constructing a surface railroad on Broadway, New York.

GENERAL WILLIAM MAHON has been elected United States Senator from Virginia, to succeed the incumbent, Mr. Withers.

WILLIAM KELLY, on trial for the Manhattan Savings Bank robbery, has been convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

A LARGE increase of business and many improvements are reported by the Government directors of the Union Pacific Railroad.

SEVERAL large parties of colored emigrants from North Carolina have reached Washington, D. C., on their way to Indiana, in a destitute condition.

THE Attorney-General of the United States has delivered an opinion that a post-trader in the Indian country has no right to trade with the Indians without a license.

THE rooms of the Chicago Mining Board were formally opened, December 15th, and several transactions in mining stocks took place. The enterprise promises to be a success.

THE contest of the famous Lewis will case, in Hoboken, involving \$2,000,000 bequeathed to the General Government, has been shown to be the result of an extensive conspiracy.

THE Legislature of South Carolina met in joint assembly on December 18th, and elected Governor Simpson Chief Justice for the term of six years, commencing August 1st, 1880, by a unanimous vote.

THE Republican National Committee met at Washington, December 17th, elected Senator J. Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, Chairman, and decided to hold the National Convention in Chicago, on June 3d next.

THE Committee on Ways and Means in the House have decided to take up the consideration of the question of readjusting the duties on sugar on January 27th, when they will give importers and refiners a hearing.

ON December 15th the Long Island Synod of the Presbyterian Church assembled at Jamaica, to consider the appeal in the case of Rev. Mr. Talmage, and on the 18th the action of the Brooklyn Presbytery was sustained.

IN the trial of Mr. and Mrs. Volkner, in New York, charged with attempting to poison Charles E. Blair for purposes of robbery, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and the accused were sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment.

PRESIDENT HAYES has addressed a letter to the Senate and House of Representatives calling attention to the need of legislation for the reclamation of the marshes of the Potomac River within the City of Washington for the benefit of commerce and public health.

THE Tennessee Legislature met in extra session on December 16th, in accordance with the Governor's proclamation, to clothe the local government of Memphis with additional powers for the construction of proposed sanitary improvements for the protection of the city against yellow fever referred to in the proclamation and in the Executive message, which also states that legislation is needed to enable Nashville to make similar improvements.

Foreign.

IN France, 150 more Communists have been pardoned.

THE British Parliament will meet on February 5th.

BEFORE abandoning Iquique the allies burned the town and blew up the fortifications.

TELEGRAMS from Rome announce that an international exhibition will be held there in 1882.

RUMOR has it that Prince Bismarck concurs in Premier Waddington's proposal of collective mediation in the Greek question.

THE Upper House of the Prussian Diet has adopted the Bill providing for the acquisition of several private railways by the State.

GORDON PASHA will shortly return to the Island of Massau, Abyssinia, to confer with delegates of King John on conditions of peace between Egypt and Abyssinia.

THE British Government has granted pensions of £500 annually to the widow, and £100 to the mother, of the late Sir Louis Cavagnari, who was murdered at Kabul.

THE Supreme Tribunal of the Duchy of Brunswick has canceled the testament of the late Duke of Brunswick, which left a large sum to the town of Geneva.

REPORTS from Cuban districts indicate that the sugar crops will probably fall short because of the smallness of the cane. Plantations throughout the island have commenced grinding.

IN the Spanish Chamber of Deputies Senor Toreno, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has reported that he would seriously consider the project for a treaty of commerce with the United States.

THE German Federal Council has adopted, by a considerable majority, the Bill fixing the legislative period of the Reichstag at four years, and providing that budgets shall be presented every two years.

COUNT SCHOUVALOFF has arrived at St. Petersburg. It is said that a basis of arrangement was arrived at Varza with a view to re-establishing the former relations of the three empires under new conditions.

THE Greek members of the Frontier Commission have sent a note to the Porte proposing a new line of frontier more to the south. They declare that if the Porte does not propose some definite boundary further discussion is useless.

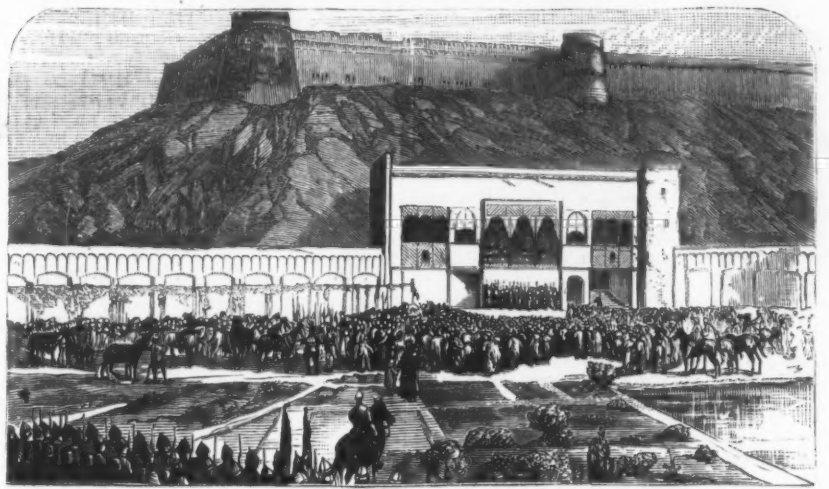
IT is stated that the decision of the Attorney-General to re-open the case of the Tichborne claimant was influenced by the citation of the decision in the case of William M. Tweed on the question of cumulative or concurrent sentences.

OFFICIAL confirmation is given to the report that Austria, in reply to the Russian circular to the powers, has declined to participate in collective action at Constantinople for the settlement of the Gushia affair, on the ground that it would create new difficulties.

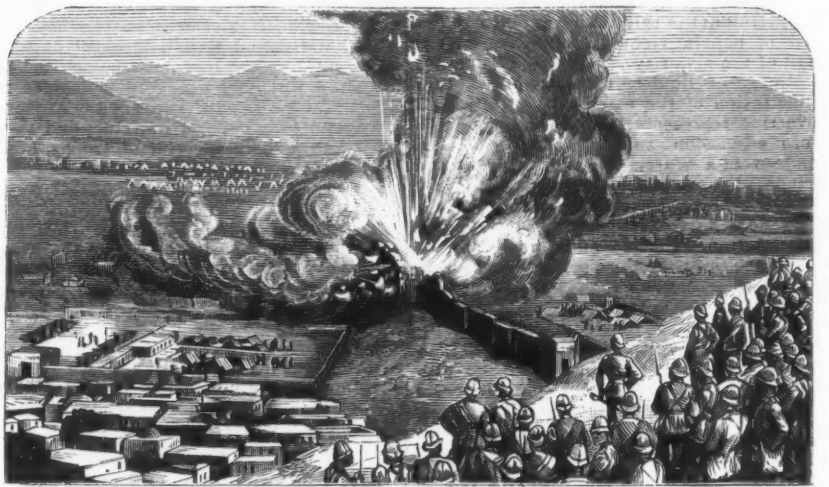
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 311.



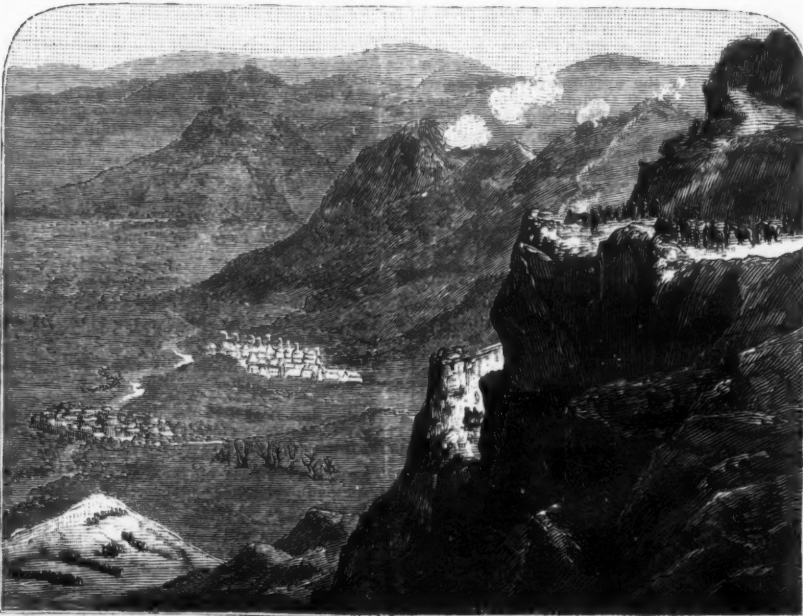
IRELAND.—SCENE AT THE SLIGO COURT-HOUSE DURING THE SEDITION EXAMINATION.



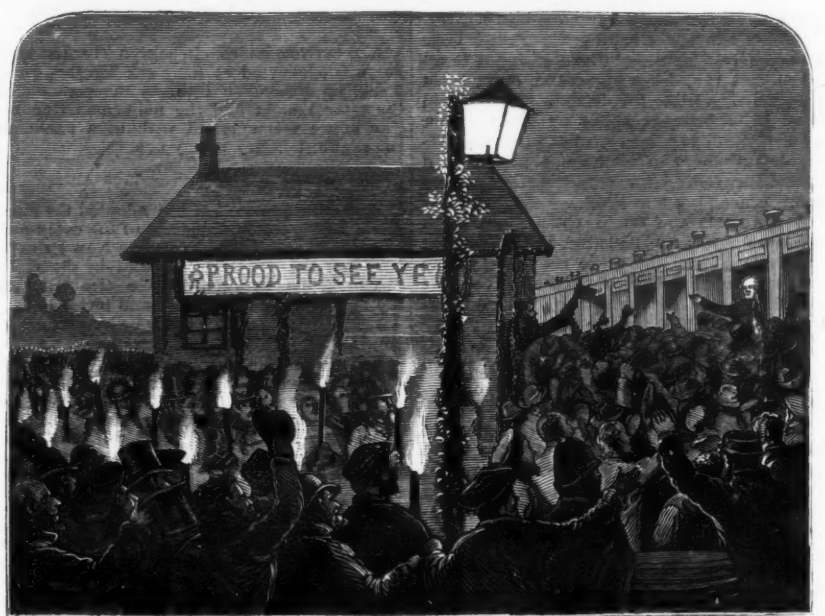
AFGHANISTAN.—GENERAL ROBERTS READING A PROCLAMATION AT CABUL.



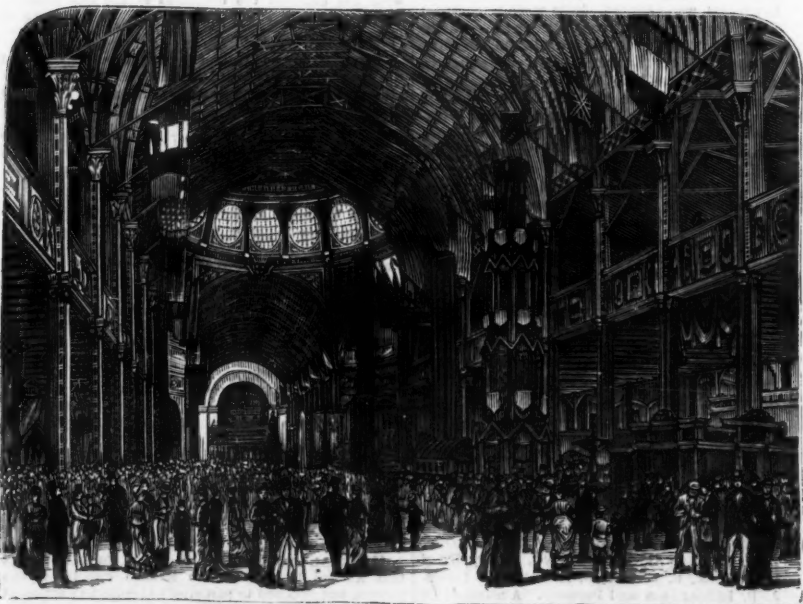
AFGHANISTAN.—EXPLOSION OF THE BALA-HISSAR MAGAZINE AT CABUL.



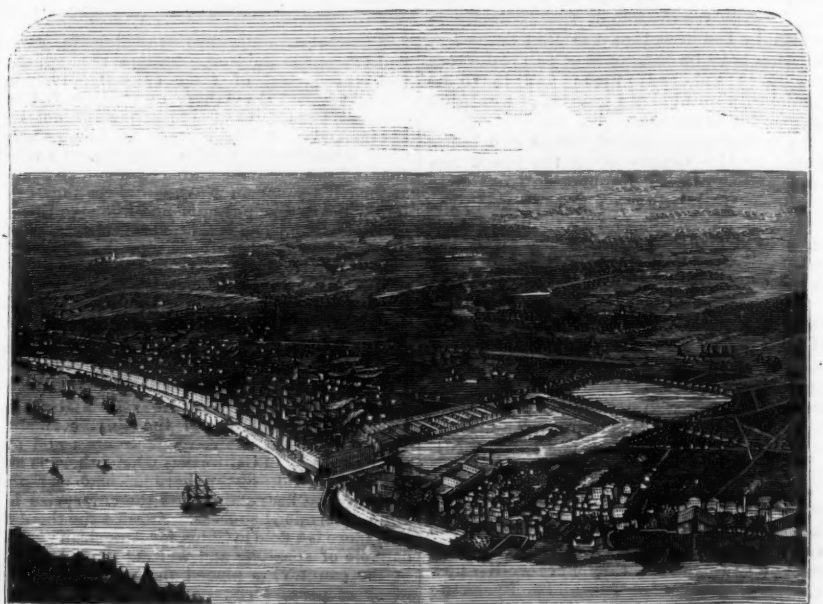
AFGHANISTAN.—ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH TROOPS AT CABUL.



SCOTLAND.—DEPARTURE OF MR. GLADSTONE FROM WEST CALDER.



AUSTRALIA.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.



FRANCE.—THE NEW DRY DOCK AT BORDEAUX, OPENED OCTOBER 18TH, 1879.

HON. ALEX. RAMSEY,
SECRETARY OF WAR.

HON. ALEXANDER RAMSEY, the new Secretary of War, was born near Harrisburg, Pa., September 8th, 1815. At an early age he entered Lafayette College, at Easton, and made such progress that when but thirteen years old he was appointed to a clerkship in the Register's Office of his native county. In 1840 he was chosen Secretary of the Electoral College of Pennsylvania, and a year later Clerk of the State House of Representatives. His first appearance in Washington was in 1843, when he took his seat as a Member of Congress. After holding the position two terms he was appointed Territorial Governor of Minnesota in 1849 by President Taylor, holding the post until 1853. Under his administration the Crescent State was settled. He participated in the negotiation of several treaties with the Indian tribes located in the Territory, by which a rapid development was secured, and became so enthusiastic in his work that he determined to settle in Minnesota permanently. In 1855 he was elected Mayor of St. Paul, the capital city, and in 1859 Governor of the State, being honored with a re-election in 1861. On March 4th, 1863, he entered the United States Senate as a Republican, in succession to Henry M. Rice, Democrat, and at the expiration of his first term was re-elected. In the Forty-third Congress he was Chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, and a member of the Committee on Railroads. He was also a member of the National Committee appointed to accompany the remains of President Lincoln to Springfield, Ill. Mr. Ramsey retired from the Senate in 1875, and was succeeded by Hon. Samuel J. R. McMillan.

Ex-Senator Ramsey's nomination was confirmed without the usual reference to a committee, because of his former membership in the Senate, and he entered upon the discharge of the duties of the War Department as soon as Secretary McCrary vacated it to take the Circuit Judgeship.

OLD ENGLAND IN THE
OLDEN TIME.

Yo, ho! the Christmas guests arrive, and at the door of the brave old hall stands its master, Sir Thomas Bridle, knight, the middle-aged gentleman, still portly, though not now stout and ruddy, whose heart, shielded by an ample waistcoat, over which is a warm, easy gown, furred at the cuffs and collar, swells visibly with half-suppressed emotion as he lifts his plumed and peaked hat from a brow already bald, and while his right hand is waving to the company a wide token of general greeting, receives with his left the frank hand-clasp of his brother, who, with his wife, children and kinsmen, have ridden through the bracing frosty air a good

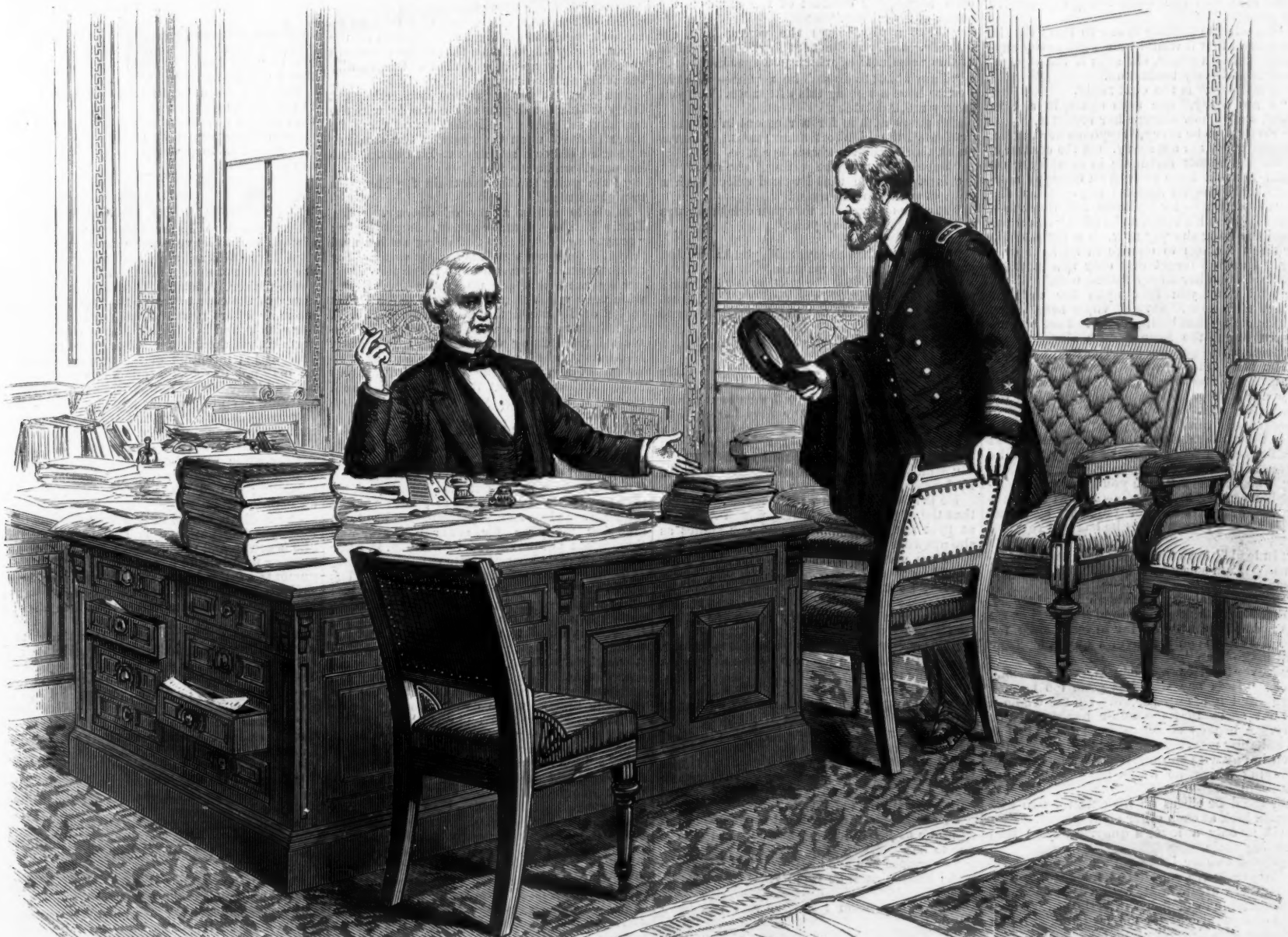


HON. ALEXANDER RAMSEY, THE NEWLY-APPOINTED SECRETARY OF WAR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

forty miles and more to be under the oaken beams of the old roof-tree on Christmas Day. The knight has his five children by his side, with Dame Alice, his wife. The three little maidens are Alice, Mabel and Maude; and the two sturdy boys, Richard and Harry. Mistress Margery, the shrewd housewife, is here with a watchful eye upon her brisk handmaidens. The veteran huntsman stands in the rear with the grooms, the scullions and the plow-boys. There is a young student—a Puritan and a poet—who is tutor to the boys. The girls are taught by a kinsman's two forlorn daughters, who have been generously taken home and protected by the very worthy knight. These are a pretty numerous family, but there is room in the old hall for a dozen more. The parish parson, meekly retiring from notice, watches the new arrivals from behind his patron's back. Some villagers are here to see the brave cavalcade. This is a grand occasion. Now will good ale, sherries, sack, and canary, flow as if from inexhaustible fountains; now will victuals cause the great oaken table to groan, from the lordly boar's head to the stewed capon; now will the family liveries shine resplendent—the knight's crest glittering like a gilded star; now will the merry customs of Christmas hearth and table, with the toasts and songs and frolics, be gone through, and, if you dainty maid, riding pillion and about being lifted to mother earth, 'scape mistletoe kisses, shame upon the gallant into whose stalwart arms she is about to trust herself! What joy in the faces of the boy and girl on the white pony! How bravely the youngster in cloak and feathered hat and boots bestrides his nag! The dogs, too, are welcome at the old hall, and they know it. A greeting is waved from the tower-window to a mounted cavalier, who returns it with a joyous flourish of his plumed hat. Smiles are upon every face, and even the snow upon the quaint old roof smiles in the setting sun as it contemplates Christmas.

"GRANDMAMA HAS
COME!"

THE dear old lady has arrived at last, and her grandchildren are almost frantic with glee. She is received by the boys at the hall-door with great blowings of horns and beatings of drums, while the girls hasten to relieve her of such small parcels—and their name is legion—as she may happen to be incumbered with. The old lady is forcibly hustled into the parlor, a very bower of holly and ivy, and into an easy-chair, where eager and busy hands untie her bonnet-strings and unfasten her shawl. Grandmamma does not come without having had a satisfactory interview with Santa Claus en route. She brings a big box full of Christmas presents, and already has that bright-eyed young urchin made himself master of its contents by a peeping Tom glance. He will have a pull at dolly cost what it may, and with watchful gaze on



NO. 10.—INTERVIEW OF OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT WITH HON. RICHARD M. THOMPSON, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.—THE SECRETARY IN HIS OFFICE AT WASHINGTON, D. C., ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—SEE PAGE 337.

grandmother, his hand is about to grasp the coveted object. His brother, a sturdy little rascal, gazes fondly out of his great big soft eyes at his grandmother. He is evidently her pet, and the feeling is thoroughly reciprocated. How daintily the second sister unpins the old lady's shawl, chattering like a magpie, while the elder sister superintends the operation, ready to seize upon the wrappings and bear it away to a place of safety. This is a beautiful picture of home happiness, of youth clinging lovingly to age, of age fondly leaning to youth. The old lady is no longer old. In her granddaughter she sees herself as in the bygone time. She, too, stood at her grandmother's knee—the good, gracious grandmother, at rest for many years in the village churchyard. In the boys she beholds her brothers since scattered all over the wide, wide world, fighting its battles against desperate odds; but those memories of the past do not sadden her, not they. Here is youth and mirth and laughter; here is Christmas; here are her children's children, and, as she gazes upon these bright, young faces, the burden of the old song comes to her with glad-meaning:

"And when with envy, Time, transported,
Doth seek to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing with the boys."

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER I.

HERBERT BRUCE is in a furious passion. Furious is a strong word—but not at all too strong to express the tempest of rage which swells that young gentleman's breast, as he pours the recital of his wrongs and his wrath into the ear of his cousin, Adelaide Dunning, who sits listening patiently. She still mechanically holds open in her hand a book which she was reading when he entered the room a few minutes before; but her gaze is fastened on the carpet at her feet, and there is a curious expression on her face—an expression made up of sympathy one part, vexation two parts, amusement three parts. The sympathy and vexation she shows openly in her eyes and voice as she looks up, presently, but the amusement she conceals as well as she can. It would not harmonize with the temper Mr. Bruce is in, she is well aware.

"I am very, very sorry that this should have happened, Bertie," she says, as soon as she gets an opportunity to speak; "but, honest, I think it is your own fault."

"My fault!" cries Bertie, biting his long black mustache, as he looks at her with angrily sparkling eyes. "How can you possibly say that? Am I to blame for not choosing to see the woman I am engaged to flirting with every puppy in town?"

"Flirting with a man is not necessarily flirting with him," says Miss Dunning, dryly. "And you are the first person who ever called Mr. Dorsay a puppy. I rode with him day before yesterday. Do you consider that I was flirting with him?"

"The cases are not parallel," answers her cousin, hotly. "You are not engaged to another man, and were not acting in express violation of his wishes. I told Annette that I would not submit to seeing her receive the attentions of other men, and she deliberately disregarded my request."

Adelaide has nothing to say to this; that is, she knows that it would be useless to say anything. After a pause, she asks if the engagement is positively broken off.

"Positively," is the curt reply.

"I am sorry," she says again, in a tone which shows how sincere her regret is.

"No need to be sorry," responds her cousin, gloomily. "I am not sorry. On the contrary, I consider myself fortunate in escaping what could not but have proved an unhappy marriage, and I despise Annette Reynolds as she deserves. But"—he hesitates, and there is a slight falter in his voice, as he adds, "of course I feel the thing sharply now. It is not possible for one's feelings to change in an hour or a day. I cannot forget that only this morning I looked upon her as my future wife."

"And don't you look upon her as your future wife now?" says a voice near by, so unexpectedly that both Herbert Bruce and his cousin start—the former with almost angry surprise, as he glances hastily around.

The man who has thus "stumbled on his counsel," is standing in an open French window a few steps away, and advances into the room the next moment, bows familiarly to Miss Dunning, and, taking possession of a chair with the manner of one quite at home, looks at Mr. Bruce, waiting a reply to the question he has asked.

"No, sir," answers the young man, recovering his temper and recollection at the look—for the gentleman, Major Falconer by name, is his former guardian. "She has just rejected me."

"Indeed!" says the major, in a tone of concern. "I am sorry to hear that. What is the meaning of it?"

"Bertie's jealousy," answers Miss Dunning, before Bertie himself has time to speak. "He has gone just a little too far in tormenting, for once. But it is only a lover's quarrel. They will make it up."

"Never!" cries her cousin, with flashing eyes. "It is she who has gone too far for once—and it is once for all. On the whole, I am not sorry that the affair has ended this way. A broken engagement is not so bad as an unhappy marriage—and I could never have been happy with an incurable flirt for a wife."

Saying which, he walks indignantly out of the room.

As the door closes on his exit, the two who remain look at each other significantly.

"It is only a lover's quarrel," says Miss Dunning again.

Major Falconer looks rather grave. "Lovers' quarrels are considered trifles," he says, "but I am afraid that, with a man so naturally irritable in temper as Bertie is, they may set a bad precedent for married life. Do you consider Miss Reynolds a flirt?"

"Certainly not!" answers his companion, with emphasis. "She is not in the least to

blame in this quarrel—and so I told Bertie. He has worried her beyond endurance with his jealousy and irritability, and it is no wonder that her patience failed at last. But I think they will make it up. Bertie will come to his senses in a little time, and, I dare say, will succeed in persuading her to forgive and forget. She is very amiable."

Major Falconer does not speak for a minute or two—then he says, "Bertie may be right in thinking that it is better the affair should end in this way than in marriage. He is very young to marry. By waiting a few years, he will be able to make a more deliberate choice, and, it is to be hoped, will have learned to control his temper."

"That he may learn to control his temper before he marries is a consummation most devoutly to be desired, certainly," says Adelaide Dunning, with a smile, "for, if he don't, his wife will have a bad time of it; but as to making a more deliberate choice, if he lived a hundred years he could never find a woman to suit him better than Annette does, or as well, I fancy. She is pretty and bright, and has the sweetest of tempers; and it is her nature to make an idol of whoever she happens to be connected with. Every man likes to be the idol and oracle of his wife, I suppose; but Bertie will insist upon it. And he won't easily find another such worshiper as Annette would make."

"We must hope that he may not lose her, then," says the major. "Can't you act as peacemaker?"

"No. I should be afraid to undertake such a dangerous office. It is always best to let people manage their own affairs—particularly their love affairs."

"But want of skill in the art of management is Bertie's weak point," says Bertie's *ci-devant* guardian. "I don't doubt that he has been blundering deplorably. The wooing of a wife is like the playing of a game of chess—skill and management are absolutely essential to success."

The young lady laughs. "You have had so much experience in the art of wooing that you may well lay down the law on the subject," she says, ironically.

"I have had no particular experience," he replies—"at least, not since I was a boy of Bertie's age"—at which qualification his companion smiles; "but my observation of the experience of other men has been exhaustive, and I have never known a case—always provided that there was no insurmountable obstacle to begin with—where good management did not succeed."

At this broad assertion, Miss Dunning elevates her brows.

"You don't agree with me?" says Major Falconer.

"Of course not. Good management, indeed! As if women were nothing but puppets!"

"You misunderstand me. I mean that when a man complains of having been badly treated by a woman, or even of having failed to win her, I believe that, in nine cases out of ten, his own blundering conduct of the affair is the cause of his failure."

"What a pity," says the young lady, demurely, "that you don't set Bertie an example of this 'conduct' of which you speak, major."

"I am about to do so," he replies—"that is, I came here a-wooing this afternoon. Will you marry me, Adelaide?"

She gazes at him for a moment in the most profound, the blankest amazement. Then a quick tide of color suffuses her face.

"Surely you must be jesting," she says.

"Is it probable that I would select such a subject as this to jest upon?"

"It seems impossible that you can be serious in asking me to marry you!"

"And why?"

"Everybody has always said, you know, that you wanted to marry mamma."

"I know, yes, that the gossips settled years ago that such a match was desirable; but Mrs. Dunning and myself did not happen to agree with them."

"Did you never think of it?"

"Never."

"How I wish I had known that all these years past!" she exclaims, her face clearing wonderfully. "Ever since I can remember, until lately, it has been the dread of my life. Within the last year I have thought there was no danger of it. But, oh, how jealous of you I used to be!—and now I hated you!"

"Won't you try to make up for that injustice by learning to love me now?"

He is talking in such a matter-of-course tone that the slight embarrassment which Adelaide at first felt, has vanished; and she smiles as she answers:

"I am sorry to seem disobliging, but I am afraid I cannot."

"May I ask why?"

"I—really I don't know. One doesn't reason about such a thing. I only feel sure of the fact."

"But one ought to reason about everything. Stop and think for a moment. You don't love any other man, do you?"

"No, indeed."

"Then, why should you not be willing to marry me?"

"I might answer that: 'I have no other but a woman's reason'—I am not willing to marry you because I am not willing to marry you. But since you are so persistent and argumentative, I will give you a reason—a good reason. You are so much older than I am."

"I am a good deal older, but probably not so much as you think. What do you take my age to be?"

"I suppose you are about my father's age—and I know that, if he was living, he would be forty-five."

"Take nine from forty-five and you have my age."

"Is it possible? Why, you are not as old as mamma, then?"

"Not by five or six years."

She looks at him with awakened attention—as one looks at an object which is so familiar to the eye as never before to have been regarded abstractly—and what she sees is a man not in his first youth, certainly, but with the grace of youth about him still. A handsome man, whose air and manner, taken with a certain imperative intonation of voice in speaking, might seem almost offensively haughty but for the frank good humor expressed by his large blue eye and smiling lip.

"I am waiting for an answer," he says. "Do you mean to capitulate at once, or to stand a siege?"

"Neither the one nor the other," she replies, lightly. "I mean you to be reasonable and understand that, after holding you in abhorrence all my life nearly—as a prospective stepfather, I cannot suddenly transform you into a hero."

"I don't ask that"—he smiles here—"I will be satisfied with a gradual transformation into a lover. I am 'too old,' perhaps, to talk sentiment, but I love you heartily, Della, and I don't intend to give up the hope that you may yet love me in return. Take a little time to consider—two or three months, say. This is September—the twenty-fifth, I believe?"

"Yes."

"On Christmas Day, then, I will ask to hear my fate."

"You have heard it now, I assure you," she answers, seriously. "Indeed, my dear major, you have made a mistake—that is all."

"Perhaps so," he says, with a curious smile, and drops the subject.

CHAPTER II.

SCARCELY anything that could have happened to her would have surprised Adelaide Dunning so much as that which had happened—a proposal from Major Falconer.

The last man, the very last man in the world from whom I should have expected such a thing! she says, to herself, as she is changing her dress for going out immediately after he has left her. Standing before her mirror, she looks at the face reflected therein with the same sort of scrutiny that she had bestowed on Major Falconer's a short time before. It is a lovely face, with pale, ivory-tinted complexion, soft, dark eyes, and well-cut features that will grow handsomer with years—a face which any man might be excused for falling in love with.

As she is leaving the house she is joined by Bruce—rather to her regret—for she was on her way to see Annette Reynolds. But when he says, "Come and take a walk with me," she assents; and, passing through a short straggling suburb, they are now in the shade of a forest as lonely and untrodden to all appearances as if it was miles away from anything like civilization, instead of being on the outskirts of a prosperous country town.

It is an ideal September afternoon. The air is soft and balmy—the sunshine bright but not too warm—the foliage showing Autumn's approach only by that vivid, spring-like greenness which is the first change from the deep-green of Summer, and which will soon in its turn change into gold and crimson and all the innumerable varied hues that make the earth at once so gorgeously and so mournfully beautiful at this season.

Bruce leads the way; and as soon as they get fairly within the depths of the woods, with the soothing stillness of solitude around them, he flings himself upon the grass in the shade of a gnarled old oak, and says to his cousin, who has sat down beside him:

"I am going to take the train for Memphis to-night, Della."

Adelaide utters a cry of dismay. "Oh, Bertie!" she says, eagerly, imploringly; "pray, pray don't think of doing such a mad thing! You know that it is simply suicidal for an unacclimated person to go there now!"

"My mind is made up," he answers. "I wish very much that I had gone when I first spoke of it—when the fever first began. I ought not to have allowed myself to be dissuaded from doing what I felt to be a duty. However, I shall start to-night; and as I do not want another scene with my aunt and Major Falconer about it, I thought I would merely tell you, and you can tell them to-morrow."

His cousin looks at him with a sense of despair. What can she say, what can she do, to prevent his carrying out this rash design? It is true, as he said, that he was resolved, when the fever first broke out two months before—in the fatal July of 1878—to go at once, and offer his services as a physician. He has been studying medicine for several years, and though not yet privileged to write M. D. after his name, feels himself quite capable of doing M. D. work—in this instance at least. His guardian, his aunt, his cousin, his fiancée, had all protested so unanimously and entreated so earnestly against his going, that he had reluctantly yielded to their arguments and importunity. But it is not too much to say that it has been with a pain nearly resembling remorse that he has read day after day the terrible fever record. Nothing but the undeniable fact, so much dwelt upon by Major Falconer from the first, and latterly reiterated every day by the "Howards" in their official reports, that unacclimated persons instead of being a help only afforded fresh material for the fever, and gave increased labor to the already overburdened corps of doctors and nurses, has held the young man in check this long. Though acknowledging to himself that, under the circumstances, it would be an error of judgment in him to go, he has not been able to stifle the feeling of self-reproach already alluded to, and a something like resentment at the opposition he has met with; and this state of mind has had a very bad effect on his temper—which, as before hinted, is not at the best angelic. Miss Reynolds's amiability and Miss Dunning's patience have both been amply tested, and have both up to the present time

borne the test triumphantly; but at last, in an ungoverned ebullition of jealousy he had, as his cousin said, gone just a little too far with the former. He is too angry to see, much less to admit, this, and he is determined that he will not longer be prevented by any consideration from going to Memphis.

This is the state of affairs; and Adelaide, looking at him as he half-reclines beside her, with his elbow resting on the ground, and his head supported on his hands, while his handsome face wears an expression of obstinate resolution, feels that here is a predestined victim for Yellow Jack. They were reared together as brother and sister, and she is, of course, miserable at this idea. The thoughts that come crowding on her are so horrible, that she suddenly bursts into a passion of tears, and sobs convulsively.

At this unexpected response to the confidence he is reposing in her, the young gentleman is both shocked and provoked. He feels as he might if a man had knocked him down when he was off his guard—that she is taking undue advantage of him. Never before, in any of the myriad scrapes of his boyhood, youth and manhood—in all which, she had been his confidant and comforter—had she resorted to the womanish weapon of tears to carry a point with him. She had scolded, she had entreated, she had persuaded, but never before had she bullied him with a shower of tears.

As she bows her face in her hands and weeps unrestrainedly, he finds his resolution becoming dangerously weakened, and feels the necessity of making a stand against such illegitimate influence. Therefore, he says more brusquely than he ever in his life spoke to her before:

"If I had imagined for a moment that you would make such a scene as this, I should not have said a word of my intention. But I did not want to go away without telling you goodbye."

A fresh burst of tears at this.

"If you go"—sobs—"I know—I know you will—die!"

"The chances are that I shall," he answers, coolly. "But what difference does that make? Miss Reynolds will enjoy riding and flirting as much."

"I am not thinking of her," interrupts his cousin, passionately. "I am thinking of myself—and mamma! Oh, how selfish it makes people to be in love! You know that if you were mamma's son, and my brother, we could not care more for you than we do; and you—you don't consider us for a moment! You only care about Annette—and are wanting to punish her by going!"

The color flames into the young fellow's face. The accusation is not altogether just—but it has a grain of truth in it, and stings accordingly.

"Della, is it kind or just to say that, when you know how I have felt from the first?" he asks, reproachfully.

"I know how you have felt from the first; but all the same, it is because of your quarrel with Annette that you are rushing off now—though you may not be aware of it. If I was in your place—and thought as badly of her as you do—I certainly would not throw away my life to spite her! I would not let her know that I was so badly hurt."

This last shot tells, as Adelaide is not slow to perceive, and she follows up the advantage thus gained so successfully, that, after a long argument supported by many tears, Bertie at last promises to give up his suicidal project, as she calls it.

CHAPTER III.

NOTWITHSTANDING her opinion as expressed to Major Falconer, that it is always best to leave people to manage their own love-affairs, and her resolution that she would not undertake the delicate office of peace-maker, Adelaide is urged by the exigency of the case to waive this resolution and make an effort towards the reconciliation of her cousin and her friend. She is by no means certain that, though Bertie has given up for the present his intention of facing the pestilence, he may not change his mind again, and start off suddenly some day without a word of warning even to herself; and she knows that the best safeguard against this danger is to range Annette's influence with her own, by the restoration of the engagement. So, immediately after breakfast on the day following that of the quarrel, she goes to Miss Reynolds—expecting to find that young lady as placable as usual.

She is disappointed in this hope. Annette's long-suffering patience is at last exhausted. She is gentle and reasonable, unchanged in her manner to Adelaide herself, but to all the arguments of the latter she answers, substantially, exactly what her lover said—that a broken engagement is better than an unhappy marriage.

"I suppose it is useless to argue with two such obstinate people," says Adelaide, dejectedly, "and yet I am sure you love each other. The end of the matter will be that Bertie will go off to Memphis or New Orleans and die of yellow fever."

"He has too much sense, I am sure, to do that," replies Annette, "after the Howards have so expressly requested those who have not had the fever to stay away."

"I had all the difficulty in the world to prevent his starting last night," Adelaide says, a little coldly, as she rises to leave. And, glad to see that Annette pales at hearing this, she adds, earnestly, "If he does go, Annette, I know you will wish you had done anything to prevent it."

She is not speaking merely for effect—she really believes that there is danger her cousin may go, as she says, at any moment; and her spirits are at the lowest ebb, as she walks slowly homeward, so absorbed in thought as not to notice anything around her. And so it chances that she does not observe two gentle-

men who stand at a corner talking, until close beside them. At her approach, the one facing her lifts his hat, and, as she glances up to return his salutation, she becomes aware that the other—whose back is towards her—is Major Falconer.

The uneasiness she has been feeling about Bertie almost ever since she parted from Major Falconer has in a great measure banished him and his proposal from her mind—or, at least, kept them very much in the background—and now, thus reminded, it is with a start that the recollection returns. She colors slightly as, turning, he sees her and bows. He immediately concludes his conversation, and before she has proceeded many steps is by her side.

"I am glad to see you," she says, looking up with a smile, "for I am dreadfully worried about this quarrel of Bertie's. I have just been to Annette, and she is as unmanageable as Bertie himself. It is impossible to blame her; but I am afraid if she continues in her present mind—that is, if Bertie tries to make it up, and she refuses—he will go to Memphis at last."

"You are alarming yourself unnecessarily," says Major Falconer. "Bertie may be very desperate about this affair—he is hasty and reckless about everything—but he is not totally devoid of common sense."

"I doubt he will prove himself to be so in the present instance," she answers.

Lifting her eyes, that have a very distressed expression, they meet those of her companion, which are fixed on her with a look which brings the blood in a crimson tide to her cheeks and brow.

"Have you given me one kind thought since we parted?" he asks, in a very lover-like tone.

The girl is divided between an inclination to frown and a temptation to smile, so oddly does the character he has suddenly assumed seem to her to sit on this man whom she has always rather shrunk from as a possible future stepfather. And yet she is somewhat touched by the earnestness of his manner, and not a little flattered by his admiration.

"Truth compels me to confess that I have not given many thoughts, either kind or otherwise, to anything but this wretched affair," she answers. "I have been so miserable about it, that I scarcely slept at all last night." And then she tells him of her cousin's intended journey, and the difficulty she had in preventing it.

"I am both surprised and disappointed to hear this," says Major Falconer, very gravely. "I thought Herbert had more courage as well as more sense than such folly as this indicates."

"I thought so, too," says Adelaide. "But it seems there are no bounds to the folly of which a man when in love is capable."

It is Bertie only who is in her mind while she speaks; but suddenly remembering how her companion may apply her remark, she colors again, and adds quickly:

"I suppose we must expect folly from such a mere boy as Bertie."

"There I differ with you," says the major. "However young or however desperately in love a man may be, he ought never to forget either self-control or self-respect."

They walk on in silence for a minute, Adelaide much perturbed, and Major Falconer almost sternly grave. Once she glances at his face and is astonished—it is so different from usual. The brows are drawn together, making the eyes look very deep-set, the lips are compressed, even the heavy brown mustache seems to have exchanged its ordinary amiable droop for a more horizontal and less amiable attitude. She is half-frightened, but will not give way to such a feeling. On the contrary, she says with a smile:

"You look every inch a soldier, as if you were about to court-martial poor Bertie."

"If I had the power to do so, I am not sure but that I should exercise it," he answers. "I must confine myself to a reprimand, which he shall certainly have."

"Do you think it will do any good?"

"I hope so. At all events it will ruffle his vanity to be made to understand how weakly he is acting, and he deserves a worse penalty than that for causing you so much anxiety."

"Oh, so far as I am concerned it makes not the slightest difference," she says, hastily. "Pray don't scold him on my account. Women were born to suffer in this way, you know."

"They were born to the suffering which is the common lot of humanity; but there is no necessity for their suffering from the selfishness of men, as they so often do."

"Is it possible for a man to help being selfish?"

"Yes. If you will marry me I will convince you that it is."

She looks up frankly. "I do not love you," she says, gently, "and this being the case, you would not wish me to marry you, would you?"

"Yes," he answers again, unhesitatingly. "I would wish you to marry me to-morrow—to-day—and by the mere force of will I would soon compel you to love me."

"Do you know," she says, after a moment's silence, which he did not interrupt, though he watches her face keenly, "that I am beginning to be a little—afraid of you?"

"Afraid of me!" he repeats, in surprise. "You look so stern, and speak so arbitrarily about poor Bertie. And yet his fault is a very venial one."

"Don't you know why I feel and speak so?"

"Because you are out of patience with his folly in wanting to throw his life away so fruitlessly. I suppose."

"No; I might excuse that. But I am displeased at the selfishness with which he would fain march to his own end without a thought of the pain he is giving you."

"That is natural—in a man," looking up with a charming smile.

"Natural in him, I grant—considering how

you have spoiled him all his life; but not the less odious. Adelaide," he goes on, in an abrupt, eager tone, "if you will give a little of the affection you lavish on this petulant boy to me, I will know better than he does how to value it."

"I think you talk strangely," says Adelaide. "My affection for Bertie is very different from the sentiment I should have to feel for a man before marrying him. And to marry without this sentiment I never could."

"You are determined against me, then?"

The almost careless ring in his voice as he asks this question is so unlike the earnestness with which he spoke the minute before, that Adelaide is struck by it, and a half-unconscious emotion of pique causes her to answer in an equally indifferent tone.

"I am sorry—but yes, I think so."

"I am sorry, very sorry. I have made up my mind to marry, and you are my first choice. Since you are inexorable to my suit, however, I must look elsewhere. If Bertie had not already appropriated Miss Reynolds, she would be my second choice, but as I trust they may make up their quarrel I will not attempt to interfere with his claims. Can't you, for old friendship's sake, give me a suggestion for my next choice?"

She glances quickly at him to see if he is jesting, but meets only the expression with which one waits for a reply to an ordinary question. Then she laughs.

"How flattered I feel, major, to have been your first choice!" she says. "I must certainly, in gratitude for that distinction, think of some one who, failing myself and Annette, may do for the position. Let me see! How would Julia Bretton suit?"

CHAPTER IV.

THEY are at Mrs. Dunning's gate as she speaks, and meet that lady, who is issuing forth. She stops a moment to shake hands with Major Falconer, and to inquire what success Adelaide has had with Miss Reynolds, and looks extremely disappointed on hearing her daughter's report. Bertie, poor boy, has just come back from his office, she says, in very depressed spirits. They will find him in the house.

They do find him, and, to his surprise, his guardian comes up to him, lays a hand on his shoulder, and says:

"We must try to console each other, Bertie. Like yourself, I am a rejected man."

Bertie turns, with a slightly haughty movement, and looks at the other suspiciously.

"I am not jesting," says Major Falconer. "Your cousin has just, for the second time, refused to marry me. You don't believe me? Ask her if what I say is not true."

No need to ask the question. The blush which suffuses Adelaide's face answers more significantly than words; and at the stare of bewildered amazement with which the young fellow glances first at one, then at the other, both his companions laugh outright.

"You are not more surprised than I was when Major Falconer did me the honor to offer me the 'first refusal' of his hand," says Adelaide. "You must know," she continues, in a tone of fine irony, "that, having decided to marry, he looked about him to find a wife, and, as I happened to be conveniently approachable, he conferred upon me the distinction of standing as his first choice. Annette would have been the second, he says, if you had not forestalled him with her."

"As I am no longer in the way, he need not consider me an obstacle," says Bertie, stiffly. "I hope"—to his guardian, with affected carelessness—"that you will not think of holding back on my account, major. I have no doubt you could distance Dorsay as well as myself in Miss Reynolds's favor. You are much the richest man of the three."

"Bertie!" cries his cousin, indignantly, and meeting the grave, almost stern reproof in Major Falconer's eye, a quick flush shows that the young gentleman has the grace to feel ashamed of himself.

"I came home to get the book you asked me for when we met this morning, sir," he says. "I was reading it last night after I went to bed, and left it in my room."

Upstairs he goes after the book, and as soon as he is out of hearing, Adelaide begs Major Falconer not to take him to task about what she had said during their walk. "He would be irritated at my having mentioned it," she continues. "I will try and persuade him to go himself to Annette. Perhaps if he does, she may forgive him."

"Of course, I must regard your wishes," answers the major; "but I confess I feel very much out of patience with him when I see how his conduct is worrying you."

"He can't help it!"

She speaks quickly—for her cousin's step is heard descending the stairs at a rush. He brings the book he went to seek, and Major Falconer takes it and says good-morning.

As he leaves the house, Adelaide's eyes follow his soldierly-looking figure with a vague sense of loss—and this almost intangible feeling is put into words for her the next moment by Bertie.

"Is it really true, Della," he says, "that Major Falconer asked you to marry him?"

"Yes."

"And you refused?"

"Certainly."

The young man says nothing for an instant, but his countenance is so expressive of what he thinks, that Adelaide is amused.

"I am wondering what sort of a man you expect to marry—if you intend to marry at all. You will never find his equal. I can tell you."

"Not if I looked at him with your eyes."

"Not if you looked at him without prejudice. But that foolish fancy of yours that he wanted to marry aunt, always made you unjust to him in every way. You know I always told you that the idea was absurd. Depend upon it, you

have made a great mistake in not accepting him."

With this uncompromising assurance, Mr. Bruce takes his departure, leaving her to consider at her leisure whether what he says is not true. She is inclined to think it is; but if so, her error is irremediable. Major Falconer has evidently taken her refusal as final.

If she entertains any lingering doubt on this point, it is set at rest by his conduct during the next few days. In virtue of having been her father's friend, and her cousin's guardian, he has always, within her recollection, occupied a privileged position of familiarity in the family circle and the family councils, coming and going without apology or ceremony, often several times a day. His visits are not less frequent than usual now, but his manner to herself is changed. There is no sign of resentment, coldness, or even consciousness; he seems to have lost interest in her—that is all—the special interest which, she becomes suddenly aware, he has been manifesting for some time past. His face does not brighten at sight of her, as she now remembers it did before this unlucky explanation; his voice no longer takes a softer tone in calling her name. He speaks to her and looks at her precisely as he speaks to and looks at her mother—kindly, cordially, without the slightest embarrassment, with only friendly regard.

It is with a growing emotion of pain that she notices and realizes all this as time passes—wondering how she could have been so long blind to his sentiments. "If I had known that he loved me," she says, to herself, more than once, "if I had taken time to think, I might have answered him differently, perhaps."

She is sitting late one afternoon rather heavy in spirits, if not in heart, with the weight of Bertie's yet unreconciled quarrel on her mind, as well as the secret regret that haunts her more than she is willing to admit even to her own heart, when Major Falconer walks in unannounced, as is his custom.

It requires an effort on her part to maintain an unembarrassed manner, as he sits down near her, and looks silently into the fire for a minute or two. There is a little flutter at her heart—she finds it necessary to fix her attention very closely on the piece of fancy-work in her hand, and counts the stitches twice over to insure accuracy. Can he mean to ask her again to reconsider her refusal?

His first remark does not indicate that this is his intention.

"I saw Herbert at a distance a while ago riding with a lady," he says. "Was it Miss Reynolds?"

"No, indeed," answers Adelaide, with mingled vexation and regret. "It was Margaret Ashford."

"What, again! He rode with her yesterday; did you know that?"

"Yes" (reluctantly).

"I wonder," says Major Falconer, with slightly contracted brow, "if he really has given up all thought of marrying Miss Reynolds? This looks like it."

"He cares just as much for her as he ever did, and is as anxious to marry her," Adelaide replies. "But he is angry and jealous, and will not acknowledge himself to have been in the wrong."

(Continued on page 314.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian.

The magnificent outburst of political oratory which the greatest of Liberal statesmen and speakers has been pouring forth in the metropolitan county of Scotland, while soliciting the electoral suffrages of the Midlothian constituency in opposition to the Earl of Dalkeith, was the occasion of many extraordinary scenes and exhibitions of popular enthusiasm. At the Music Hall, at the Corn Exchange, and in the Waverley Market of Edinburgh, at the neighboring towns of Dalkeith and West Calder, and in other places of the district, Mr. Gladstone met with such a welcome as no part of Great Britain has ever exceeded in doing honor to an influential Parliamentary leader.

The Sydney Exhibition.

Having given an exterior view of the buildings of the International Exhibition now being held at Sydney, New South Wales, we present a view this week of the interior display. Thus far the exhibition has been successful beyond anticipation, and promises to yield valuable results for the future commercial and industrial advancement of the colony.

The Agitation in Ireland.

While the magistrates were examining the evidence against Messrs. Daly, Killen and Davis, charged with using language in speeches at a tenant-right meeting which would provoke a rebellion and breach of the peace, the court-house and police-barracks in the county town of Sligo, as well as the entire neighborhood, were crowded with excited people, among whom were many women. Bail was taken for the future appearance of Davis and Daly, and Killen was locked up because of the action of himself and his counsel in trying the patience of the magistrates and refusing to give bail.

New Dry Docks at Bordeaux.

The new dry docks at Bordeaux were opened on October 18th last. The works comprise an immense floating basin and careening dock, hydraulic force being used to operate both. A single man, by the movement of a single lever, can control the entire machinery of this vast enterprise. The cost was 15,000,000 francs, which sum the Chamber of Commerce of Bordeaux advanced to the Government.

The Occupation of Cabul.

Pursuant to his proclamation, issued early in October, General Roberts entered Cabul on the 8th, after considerable resistance, and, shortly after reaching the palace, appeared at a window and addressed the multitude in the gardens. He announced the reason of the occupation, imposed new conditions, and said that the buildings of the Bala-Hissar, which interfered with military operations, would be destroyed. Much to the surprise of every one, at midday, eight days later, in the doomed quarter, a vast quantity of powder was ignited, and the magazine blew up with a tremendous noise, setting fire to all around, falling stones and timber making the ground for hundreds of yards around unsafe.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—RETAIL whisky houses are taxed \$10,000 each in Greensboro, Ga.

—EVERY village in McNairy County, Tenn., has a chartered school.

—THE population of Pulaski County, Ark., has doubled within the past ten years. This is the county in which Little Rock is located.

—THE City of London has the exclusive right of holding a market within seven miles of St. Paul's, and of collecting tolls for the same.

—ANNUAL meetings of the stockholders of a number of Southern railroads have been held recently, and all of them report gratifying financial progress.

—THE Free-will Baptists will celebrate in 1880 the centenary of the existence of their denomination. Their first church was organized at New Durham, N. H.

—A SPECIAL School of Diplomacy is to be established at the Vatican to make known to ecclesiastical students the history of pontifical diplomacy from the original documents preserved there.

IRELAND is now represented in the British House of Commons by 103 members, consisting of Home Rulers, Irish Liberals and Irish Conservatives. The Irish Home Rulers number fifty-nine.

—DR. GEORGE LITTLE, the State Geologist, says that a yield of \$10,000,000 worth of bullion might be produced in Georgia every year without exhausting the ore within this or the next generation.

—HARTFORD's new reservoir covers 183 acres in the town of Farmington, and will hold 700,000,000 gallons. The land was condemned at from \$30 to \$60 per acre, and at present 163 acres are flooded one foot deep.

—THE United States Fish Commission has received from the Gloucester (Mass.) fishermen two specimens of fish of the genus *trachurus*, heretofore not recorded upon the American coast, and caught near Mt. Desert, Me.

—THE Belgian Government grants annually to the Roman Catholics, who comprise ninety-nine per cent. of the population, about \$900,000; to the Protestants, \$13,873; to the Jews, \$2,244. The Jews number about 1,600.

—Kossuth has issued an appeal for subscriptions to his promised memoirs. The veteran orator, now in his seventy-eighth year, has been forced to undertake this task in order to earn money, since he lives entirely by the produce of his pen.

—THE overflowing of the rivers Koros and Maros, in Hungary, has caused fearful destruction. The city of Arad, on the Maros, and several other towns, have been ruined and their inhabitants driven away. Fully 10,000 persons have been rendered homeless.

—IN Rome efforts are being made to form a club for woman's advancement. The American residents are active, and the present Queen of Italy has long been interested in educational matters, and her attendance at the lectures makes them fashionable.

—THE next series of passion plays at Oberammergau is to commence next Easter Sunday, and to continue until the end of September. There will be a performance every day but one during that period, and the "show" will last each day from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M.

—THE Porte has issued a proclamation to the Albanians, reminding them that the cession of Gusnie and Plava to Montenegro was stipulated by the Treaty of Berlin, and that the resistance contemplated by a part of the inhabitants of those places would result in useless bloodshed.

—THE Dutch minister of the colonies has received from the commander-in-chief at Atchin, in Northern Sumatra, a report stating that the power of resistance of the natives may be considered at an end, and that the authority of the Dutch is re-established in the country, though the war is not completely terminated.

—THERE are thirty-seven women in attendance at the London School of Medicine for Women. Of the seventy students who have entered the school since its foundation, some are in practice and others are preparing for the examination of the University of London, or of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland.

—THE suits begun by the Attorney-General of New York, in the Supreme Court in Kings County, against the Brooklyn Elevated Railway Company, at the request of property-owners along the route, have been discontinued by order of Justice Pratt, on motion of the Attorney-General, and no serious litigation now obstructs the completion of the road.

—ON February 19th, the anniversary of the abolition of serfdom in Russia, the City of St. Petersburg is to present to the Czar a silver casket containing twenty-five water-color drawings, representing the great public buildings and monuments erected in the capital during the twenty-five years of his reign. This gift is to cost over eight thousand roubles.

—FRANCE has agricultural schools for girls. One of the chief is near Rouen, which is said to have been begun with a capital of one franc by a Sister of Charity and two little discharged prisoner girls, and to be now worth \$160,000. This establishment has 300 girls from 6 to 18. The farm, entirely cultivated by them, is over 400 acres in extent. Twenty-five Sisters form the staff of teachers.

—THE Riverside Park, New York City, is now so near completion that there is every probability of its being open in a few weeks. Very few of us, comparatively, are aware what a noble, new recreation-ground has been provided for three miles along the Hudson from Seventy-second Street. No other city in the world has so magnificent a river promenade. A special road for saddle-horses is provided for about a mile, and there seems no good reason—for the width is ample—why it should not extend the whole way.

—THE construction of the new steamers *Arizona* of the Gulf Line and the *Sakara* of the Cunard Line seems to have stimulated the Inman managers to fresh exertions. The Inman company has just contracted for a new steamer which is to be longer, wider and of greater tonnage than any of her rivals, and it is expected that she will make the transatlantic passage, either way, inside of seven days. She is to be built wholly of iron, and when completed will be the largest ship afloat with the exception of the *Great Eastern*. She is to have four masts—the first three to be square-rigged—and two funnels. Her stem will be an overhanging one, of the clipper pattern. The smoking room will be amidships and forty feet long, while her deck is to have a ladies' room above the saloon, seventy feet in length. The saloon will seat 300 people, and her cabins accommodate 280 first-class passengers. She can easily carry 1,500 steerage passengers, and altogether she is expected to be the stateliest steamer on the ocean. Her name has not yet been chosen, but rumor assigns either that of the *City of Rome* or the *City of Chicago*.





HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT.

HE was sitting alone this Christmas Eve, By the glowing fire in the lowered light, And his restless spirit sought reprieve— In that strange, half-conscious, drowsy mood, That knows not the value of time or place, But follows a course no mind can trace.

He had schooled his heart, as he fondly thought, To live without hope, regret, or fear, Yet somehow he had not wholly caught The tone of the cynic's bitter sneer; And he felt himself even yet possessed By that weird chameleon elf, Unrest.

For, in ringing, the bells that pealed to-night, To herald the glad "good-will to men," Just hinted at days of childhood bright, Of old songs echoing back again: But all faces and lights and sounds were blent Together in some vague minglement.

There was something familiar, something strange; A lack in the very ambient air; The music had lost its full, glad range, The lights were duller, the scenes less fair; And then, of a sudden, all died in gloom, And left but the presence of—what perfume?

Of her hands, her hair, her breath, her dress! He waked with a cry, "Ah, God!" but she Stood there in her regal loveliness, To his heart come back at last, and he, Amid kisses of lips that could not tire, Had the Christmas gift of his heart's desire!

JOHN MORAN.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

CHAPTER XVII.—SYLVE SEARCHES FOR DOCUMENTS.

I HAVE spoken before of the library in the Forester household. It was a handsome room, deeply wainscoted, and filled on two sides with books. The old judge in his lifetime was very fond and proud of his law-books, and spent time and money upon them without stint. On the other side the shelves were filled with miscellaneous volumes, novels, histories, poets, biographies, and on the south, fronting the street, there was no room for books, the space being taken up by two large bay windows, between which stood the business desk covered with crimson velvet, at which Flix Forester generally wrote. On the inside of the windows heavy crimson curtains hung suspended from brass rods. Under these, dainty hangings of white lace frosted the window-pane with snowy outlines of leaves and flowers, and delicate devices in vines and network.

The time was evening. The old clock in the hall, that had been ticking on for nearly two centuries, struck the hour of nine. The room was in perfect order. One gas jet between the windows burned low, but its faint flame outlined the willowy figure of a young girl, who in graceful but despairing abandon sat before the table, her hands clasped and her head bowed upon them. Strange shadows flickered upon the bookshelves and the wall. The docketed papers on each side the window seemed vying with each other as to which could reflect the most grotesque picture. One tortured or doubled itself so that it made an idiot's face staring dully forward. The other, being composed of small papers held by a hand-brace, framed the perfect figure of a little stout man in a little long surcoat, while the paper-holder sent its caricature over to the opposite wall in the shape of a crocodile's open jaws. There was something depressing in the whole *personnel* of the room, in the very atmosphere, at the close of a dreary November day; for, though carriages were whirling through the streets, filled with fair and splendidly-dressed society women, bound for ball or opera, the wind blows fiercely, and the storm beats with heavy fingers whatever palpable thing it can reach.

Mrs. Forester had gone to a party, from which Sylve had excused herself, pleading a headache. When Mrs. Forester offered to remain at home, she would not hear of it—so, very reluctantly, the lady left her charge lying on the bed, her face buried in the pillow.

"Everybody will inquire for you," she said, as she turned away in no very good spirits, for she had become accustomed to this bright, beautiful face, and liked to see it admired and sought after. She had not been in society so long that she felt quite lost when she went alone, and she almost dreaded the evening, and made up her mind to return early. No sooner was the door shut than the lovely, listless face came at once out of its obscurity, and Sylve listened eagerly as the retreating footsteps grew fainter and fainter. Then the muffled sound of the front door shutting reached her ear—then the grating of carriage-wheels mingled with the gusty growling of the wind, and Sylve sat up in bed. She threw her unbound hair back from her forehead and uttered a sigh of relief.

"There, she is gone, and I know she'll be miserable without me. I don't care, I shall have this whole evening to myself—at least enough of it"—she consulted the pretty watch at her belt; "but she may, and probably will, return before eleven. I must make the most of my time."

She arose, bathed her eyes and forehead, for she really had suffered from overtaxed nerves, and carelessly put her abundant hair back with a few pins. She had been with Mrs. Forester now nearly twelve months, and was more than delighted with her reception by all the friends of Mrs. Forester. Adulation suited her; admiration she exacted in a way known to romantic modern young-ladydom. Her toilets were perfection, and she had already begun to queen it royally over the hearts of the young men who worship at every new shrine.

Sylve was of the world worldly, and it was strange that this night of all nights she should

have allowed a temporary malady to keep her at home. She had often gone before in worse pain, for she was subject to headache, and the effort had invariably driven off the malady. Sylve had an object in view. Her imagination had not been idle concerning herself and her prospects since she had been an inmate of Forester House. That Flix was at work for her she knew; but why should he remain away so persistently? Girl-like, she had begun to weave a romance for herself. She had always loved him when a child, and now the mention of his name set her pulses leaping. Sometimes she would go by herself into the room where his portrait hung and sit before it an hour at a time. It was painted in oils, and made, apart from its likeness, an exquisite picture. Flix had surprised and delighted his mother with this masterpiece on her return from Europe. None of the gayest and brightest and handsomest of Sylve's recent admirers thrilled her with spoken praise or admiring glances as did the large soft eyes of this painted picture. She fancied they followed her every motion and smiled down upon her, and the consequence was the child—she was yet scarcely more than that—was deeply in love with her guardian before she knew it—yet not so much with him as with this rare and speaking semblance. It was something delightful to her to nurse these feelings in secret. She would most artfully lead Mrs. Forester always in the vein to talk of Flix, while she listened with a beating heart to his praises. Dexterously enough she learned that Flix had never yet seemed to fancy any lady of their set.

"What he may do where he is, I don't know," said Mrs. Forester, "but I don't think he will fancy those Southern beauties; and if he did, he would be sure to take me into his confidence."

"How do you know he is heart-whole? He may love somebody, or, at least, have loved somebody, and kept it a secret from you," said Sylve, with affected carelessness.

Mrs. Forester shook her head.

"Oh, I am very sure," she said. "He was a very boy, though of age, till within two or three years, and he keeps what he calls a day-book, in which he notes down important matters, chance thoughts, little poems—for he has the gifts of an *improvisatore*—and favorite quotations from the authors he likes. Some time ago I was anxious to find something regarding a book I had not seen for years, and just as he was going away for the last time he handed me his day-book—three volumes for the three years. 'I'm sure you'll find what you want, or something akin to it, in one of these,' he said, 'for I copied many good things from that book,' and so he left them, merely telling me to replace them in his desk. What a methodical fellow he is! Why, my dear, there's a row of them. I think he must have begun to keep them ten years ago."

"And did you read all of them?" queried Sylve, looking up from her sewing with a flushed face.

"Certainly not, my dear; nor did I read these—I merely glanced them through. Here and there I read the impression that certain young ladies had produced upon him, and I can assure you, Sylve, there was no love in a line he said. Sometimes I am very much afraid that he will give all his heart to his business, and never marry at all."

"But I should have been tempted to read the rest," said Sylve, whose eyes were shining under her lowered lashes, and whose heart beat fast as she thought to herself, "He shall love me; I will make him;" and at that moment she felt as if all power were hers.

"I trust not," said Mrs. Forester, gravely; "my son's private letters and papers, though the keys of his desk and of his business-boxes are in my possession, are as sacred to me as if they were locked away in some bank or safe. That is a point of honor with me, and should be with every lady."

"Yes, but with his mother—I thought—"

Sylve stammered, whose notions of right and wrong were more or less clouded.

"He is a man now, you know, and not under my guardianship. I have really no more right to his confidence than if I was a perfect stranger. If he chooses to give it to me, well and good."

The conversation led to other matters. Sylve was very curious to know more of her own history. She vaguely remembered her father—she held her mother's memory in a true and tender sort of love that more resembled worship. Mrs. Forester was always reticent on this subject. Sometimes she would laughingly refer to Sylve's early history, and repeat the pranks that used to set the small household in commotion.

"I wonder Mr. Forester did not hate me," said Sylve, once, after the narration of some of her exploits.

Mrs. Forester shut her lips, but the flicker of a smile passed over them as she cast a half-doubting, half-mirthful look aside at Sylve.

"If I could only get at those day-books," thought the girl, day after day, "I should know what he then thought of me."

From dwelling on this matter it became a passion. She was perfectly certain that in those day-books much must be put on record concerning her. It was her first desire in the morning, her last at night. If she could but get the keys. It might be unjust—it might be even indelicate, but she did not stop to consider either of these phases. She had not been carefully trained. Motherless and fatherless at an early age, the pliant mind had been open to any and every defacing finger. She had from the first learned to screen herself from consequences by any means, honest or dishonest. Not that she was, or deliberately tried to be, bad in any respect—she inclined too much to be well thought of, and valued the good opinions of others more than they were often worth. It did not look to her a sin to gain possession of the desk-key, and find out about herself, and particularly what sort of an

impression he had of her. He had never been to see her at the school. She had often pondered upon that. Why should she care? Why should she have such a hungry longing to conquer him, when she might have hosts of younger admirers at her feet? She could scarcely have told why, except that she remembered that on several occasions in her girlhood she had conquered him.

Her thought and longing always reverted to the key. She found it one day detached from the chain on which it usually hung, and did not go so far as to take it and secrete it upon her person. She merely slipped it into a drawer and shut it up.

"If she misses it," she said, to herself, "she will look for it and find it. If she goes down to dinner without it, she will have forgotten. Then, if the key still is in the drawer, I will prevail upon her to go to the party to-night alone. After that the whole house is mine."

That day a letter came from one of her school-friends—a clever, fussy girl—who had always felt a great affection for Sylve and shielded her from severe punishment more than once. This girl had never ceased to implore Sylve to come and pay her a visit. It was now nearly two years after the war and Sylve had been the confidant of Salome Braddock through all that terrible period, for the latter had left school over a year ago.

"I think that now we have seen the worst," wrote this Southern girl, "and we are getting our homestead in order. Fortunately we have not suffered as our neighbors have. You remember I often spoke to you about my neighbors Eva Lewin and Raphael Wilde. Both Colonel Lewin and Colonel Wilde were killed in battle. The house of the former was destroyed by fire, but Raphael Wilde is well-provided for, and he is at college in the North. But for poor Eva Lewin the situation is terrible. Their house, standing on the road as it did, was almost completely destroyed, and I really don't know what the poor little thing is going to do. But what I write you for now is to come and see me before your Winter closes, if it is possible. And if we could only get one of your smart Yankee school-marks to come here. There is work enough for her, and several of the planters here are able and willing to pay. She should stay with me—for I am head of the house since my mamma died, and we would all try to forget that she came from the North. Pray, don't tell her that; though, if there is anybody you know of, you might as well caution her to let bygones be bygones." And so the letter ran on—and at its close Sylve sat in a brown study, wondering if it was possible for her to accomplish the journey, and because she thought it might be forbidden, longing all the more to go. Salome Braddock had been her favorite companion at school—a dashing, handsome brunette, full of mischief, and always willing to do the most daring things, provided she could extract fun from it. She had captivated her imagination by her description of the fair Southern country—its hospitable and generous people, its curious customs. At her friend's there were horses in the stable on which one might ride without saddle or bridle. There were streams for fishing and woods for picnics, there were hunting parties and a wild, free life out of doors, whenever one desired it.

Sylve put her letter aside with a sigh. She knew that Mrs. Forester would never consent to her going alone, and it was out of the question that she should go with her. And to leave now, when Flix might come home at any time, and so miss the opportunity of meeting and conquering him—that would not do. She arrayed herself carefully for dinner—she always did, in anticipation of that meeting—and went down stairs. Passing Mrs. Forester's room, she saw that it was empty. She knew that lady had dressed, and ventured in. A fire flickered on the hearth, for, though the house was heated by steam, Mrs. Forester always had a wood fire in the room. A crimson glow pervaded the atmosphere. Sylve stepped within half guiltily, and under pretext of looking in the mirror, opened that particular drawer. The key was there, in all probability forgotten. Sylve suddenly decided to lose her appetite—to complain of languor, and so if possible get excused from the party that night. She did so. Mrs. Forester, as we have seen, left reluctantly, little thinking what sort of a drama would be played during her absence. At last the library-door was locked on the inside, the one burner over the desk lighted and the key was in the desk, the lid thrown back, and there, all in a row, with the name stamped in gilded letters on the back, were the day-books that Flix had used for ten years.

Sylve looked at them in a nervous, almost frightened manner, and for some moments stood perfectly still. It almost seemed as if her guardian were there in spirit, if not bodily presence, looking over her shoulder.

"But then, of course, he can't see—he never will know," she said, casting two or three timid glances into the corners of the room. Then she sought for the date of her arrival at Forester House—found the books or two years, and sat down with them in her hand.

What she read there changed her cheeks to the hue of ashes. Think of the effect of such a sentence as this upon an undisciplined nature:

"I am getting to hate the very sight of this child, with her great haunting eyes. Surely if ever any human creature was possessed of the devil, she is. And yet I pity her, for her antecedents have been so terrible that I scarcely wonder that she is just what she is."

"The responsibility is too much for me. Sometimes I think she will do what her mother did, and ruin some poor soul."

"My mother!" gasped Sylve. "Do what my mother did? Oh, what can he mean? If he were here, if he were only here, I would surely ask him!" She referred again to the book, turning the pages over wildly. It had

an awful fascination for her. And she would light upon such passages as this:

"My sweet ward has done an irreparable mischief to-day. I am becoming absolutely afraid of the sight of her, child though she is. I am sorry I ever tried the experiment of taking her under my roof. She has worn my mother's patience completely threadbare; the very servants hate her. I wonder if the spirit of murder descends from parent to child? And still I pity the poor, stubborn little wretch, though I can find no words to tell how thoroughly I dislike her. I pity her; she has an unfortunate heritage. Oh, woman! woman! did you know to what terrible influences you subject your children you would never go astray—"

Here the book fell from Sylve's palsied hand. She had in that moment passed judgment on her mother, in ignorance, but none the less with an agonized conviction of its truth.

"I see it all now!" she cried, springing to her feet, her face, pale as death, before, now suffused with blushes. "Oh, my God, how can I live? And he knows it, and Mrs. Forester knows it—and that is the secret she has hinted at, and that is what these terrible words mean. I will not live here under such disgrace. They may get the money and give it to some one else. What do I care for money when he knows that shameful thing about me? Oh, mother! mother! Come from the grave and tell me it is not true!"

For a few moments she walked to and fro in a very storm of passion, wringing her hands and moaning, but shedding not a tear. Her eyes were dry and hard; her features rigid. It was long before she stopped before that fatal desk again. When she did she took up the volume for the next year. It contained accounts of expenses, comments on letters that had been sent, regarding her, from her teachers, and which always ended by statements of his own personal aversion. These things were like dagger-points to the sensitive heart of Sylve. Had she been the wickedest creature alive, he could not have expressed a more thorough dislike.

"And all these years he has been hating me—hating!—while I—"

she covered her face all over with her hands, and trembled from head to foot. She had keen sensibilities, more's the pity, and it was hard that her first trial of life's responsibilities should be so very cruel. She had begun to think and feel like a woman, and had really and honestly tried to improve herself during the last three or four years; but now she felt—what was the use? Flix Forester hated her, and though she tried to hate him, she could not. The very savagery and lawlessness of her real nature, that she had so fought against, forbade it. No one can tell what bitter years of agony seemed to have been compressed in those few moments into that young, hitherto hopeful, heart. She threw herself down, her face on her hands, but as yet she could not shed a tear. Her nature was elastic, and might bear up even under such a blow as this, but at present all sorts of mad thoughts ran through her brain. Death was all she longed for; if she could only die! Why not? There were plenty of means, and, after all, death was the only cure for such a disgrace.

She started up from her seat, pressed the hair back from her temples, grew suddenly, strangely calm, locked the desk, carried the key to Mrs. Forester's room, then stood irresolute in the hall.

"Which way would be the best, I wonder, and the quickest?" she half-sobbed. "Let me think—let me think."

So she went slowly down the stairs, the train of her crimson silk gleaming under the full glow of the gas as it fluttered from stair to stair, and the rich brown hair showing tints of gold as it fell, for she had loosened it again over her shoulders. Never had she looked so beautiful; never had men seen the fire in her eyes that made them so startlingly brilliant. On she went, scarcely heeding where. The door of the saloon-parlor stood open; she entered listlessly, walked twice to the shadowed end, for it was only lighted by the hall chandelier that, as she passed the doorway, made her look like a beautiful spirit shining out of the darkness for a moment only to enter it again. Suddenly she locked her hands tightly together. She had become aware that she was not alone. As she stood straining her eyes, a figure did come out from the recess by the window. It was that of a man, tall, handsome, bearded. He looked at her with astonishment, blended with admiration.

"Is this Miss Sylve?" he queried, in a voice low and full of music. "The servants told me you were gone out with my mother. I am Flix Forester."

Yes, Sylve knew it from the first, but she could not speak, only stood for a moment, her eyes fixed upon him, like one fascinated. Then with a strong shudder and a cry that was sharp with anguish, she lost all presence of mind, and turned and fled from the room.

"Just what I should have expected," he said, with a bitter smile.

(To be continued.)

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

(Continued from page 311.)

"No, I am not mistaken," she says, with unusual decision of manner. "And it is this which troubles me. I have tried in every way to make him listen to reason—and so has mamma—but in vain. Perhaps if you told him that he was acting very foolishly, he might believe you. He despises the counsel of women."

Major Falconer laughs. "That is the fault of his youth," he says. "I will speak to him, if you think it worth while, but I doubt if my influence is greater than yours."

An hour or two later, as they sit at tea, to

which he invites himself to stay, he fulfills his promise.

"I was surprised"—surprised in the tone of not pleased—to see you riding again this afternoon with Miss Ashford, Herbert," he says, gravely. "You are acting very unwisely in paying such marked attention to so notorious a flirt, unless you want to make your breach with Miss Reynolds final."

It is so rarely that his guardian makes an ill-natured remark, especially about a woman, that Mr. Bruce shrinks a little at this speech. Rallying, however, he answers, coolly:

"The breach is final, so my conduct does not concern Miss Reynolds."

Major Falconer looks at him keenly.

"Do you mean to say that you consider your engagement permanently broken off?" he asks.

"That is what I mean, sir," is the reply.

"My dear Bertie!" says his aunt, in a tone of protest, while Adelaide looks at him with silent reproach.

"You would not look upon a man who endeavored to win the regard of Miss Reynolds as trespassing on your rights, then?" says Major Falconer.

"Not at all, sir. It is a matter of indifference to me who wins her regard."

"After such an explicit assurance as that—to which I call upon your aunt and cousin to bear witness," says the major, "you must not reproach me if by chance—or management," he glances at Adelaide here, who returns his smile bravely—"I should be the man to secure it."

"I shall not reproach you, be assured, major."

"Very well. I take you at your word," rejoins that gentleman.

CHAPTER V.

IT is not easy to judge by any outward sign what Herbert Bruce feels when, in the course of the ensuing week, he sees his guardian take the place so lately occupied by himself, as a constant attendant upon Miss Reynolds—her accepted, or soon to be accepted, lover, if the gossips are to be believed. Even his aunt and cousin are at fault in deciding whether the philosophical composure with which he conducts himself, is the result of genuine indifference or Spartan fortitude. Mrs. Dunning inclines to think it the first, Adelaide fears that it may be the last. She is practicing a little of the same herself, and a fellow-feeling often makes us wondrous clear-sighted as well as kind. To say that she blames either Annette or Major Falconer would not be true, for her nature is a reasonable one, and she acknowledges, without hesitation, that both have acted with perfect fairness. But she feels a dull pain on her own account, and, to do her justice, a much sharper one on Bertie's. She is not positively in love with Major Falconer; she is only conscious of a tardily awakened admiration which might easily ripen to love; and for herself, therefore, it is only a regret for what might have been, which troubles her a little. But she knows that Bertie loves Annette with his whole heart, and she is apprehensive that his seeming calm may end as she has predicted more than once that the affair would.

Her prophetic instinct is soon justified. One morning her maid, on entering her room, finds a letter lying on the floor, which has plainly been pushed under the door, and half an hour afterwards Major Falconer is somewhat startled by a summons from Mrs. Dunning, who begs that he will come to her immediately.

"We are in great anxiety about Bertie," is the concluding sentence of her hasty note.

It is needless to say that very few minutes elapse after he has read this before Major Falconer presents himself in Mrs. Dunning's breakfast-room. He finds her sitting disconsolately beside the fire, her face very sad, her eyes showing traces of tears, which she is wiping away as he enters. In reply to his question of "What is the matter?" she informs him that "Bertie is gone—gone to Memphis!"

"All we know," she continues, as he stands in silent consternation at her side, his face actually turning a shade pale, "is that he took the midnight train, leaving a short letter to Adelaide."

Can he see the letter? the major asks, and he would like to see Adelaide herself.

A servant is sent with this message, and soon returns, bringing the letter; but Adelaide begs to be excused, she is not dressed yet. Major Falconer takes the inclosure from the envelope which has just been given him, and, after reading the half-dozen lines which it contains, says:

"I will follow him at once. Fortunately the day train is faster than the one he took. I shall be but a few hours behind him."

While Mrs. Dunning is asking him in a tone of faint protest—for she is evidently much comforted by his determination, and, besides, knows that protest is useless—whether he thinks it would be right to risk his own life because Bertie, against all advice and entreaty has run into this danger, he is writing a few words on a page of his note-book, which, tearing out, he gives to the servant, who is still waiting, to carry to Miss Dunning. Only a few words, but they have a magical effect on that young lady. She starts up at once from the bed on which she was lying prone with her face buried in a pillow, bathes her tear-stained face, dresses hastily, and hurries down-stairs.

Her mother and Major Falconer are at breakfast, the latter talking cheerfully. But as he looks up and sees her, his face takes the expression which a man's face always assumes at sight of a woman's tears.

"Are you really going after Bertie? and do you think you can persuade him to come back?" she says, eagerly, as she sits down to table.

"I am going, and I hope to persuade him to

come back. If I don't, it will not be for want of trying," he replies.

"But how will you find him?"

"By inquiry at the headquarters of the Howards. He will go there immediately on his arrival to offer his services."

The girl sighs convulsively, but does not say anything more, and as her gaze is bent on the cup of coffee which has been placed beside her plate, and which she is mechanically trying to sip, Major Falconer has full opportunity to watch her face unobserved for several minutes. Mrs. Dunning, who, like most elderly ladies, has certain favorite medicines which she regards as specifics in the treatment of certain maladies, is impressing on him the necessity of using these remedies, and of following the directions she is giving him, in case that Bertie or himself take the fever before he can get the headstrong boy away from the danger.

"I will remember what you say," answers the major, "and if you will put up a small package of medicine for me—"

"That is what I meant to do," says the lady, delighted to find so docile a disciple. "I will see to it at once."

"If you please"—as she rises to leave the room—"for"—glancing at the clock on the mantelpiece—"it is almost time."

As she sweeps out of the room, on her philanthropic object intent, the major, without even a smile at the success of his small stratagem, says at once to the daughter:

"I am afraid you blame me, Adelaide, as I blame myself, for this folly of Her—"

"Don't say anything harsh of him!" she interrupts, quickly, looking up with something like a flash in her eye. "I will not bear that."

"I was not about to say anything harsh. But you do blame me, then?"

"No. I always try to be reasonable. Bertie told you that his engagement was broken, and, of course, you had a right to marry Annette if you and she liked."

"If you acquit me of fault, why do you speak so coldly, and turn from me as if you could not endure to let your eyes rest on my face? You are thinking hard things of me, I am sure!"

She hesitates an instant, but then says, icily, "I do think that when there are so many women in the world, you might have left to poor Bertie"—her voice chokes—"the only woman he ever cared for."

"And do you think I wanted to take her from him?" Major Falconer asks, a little indignantly. "I had no more thought of marrying Miss Reynolds than you have of marrying your cousin himself."

"Then why did you make him think you had?" she demands, passionately. "Why did you make him desperate, and send him off to—"

She bursts into tears, but pressing her handkerchief impatiently to her eyes, forces herself to swallow her sobs, and adds, in a cold tone, "Excuse me! I did not mean to reproach you. I ought not to have come down-stairs. I am not fit to see any one."

She rises from table, and is about to leave the room, when Major Falconer arrests her progress by placing himself between her and the door.

"Adelaide," he says, and, half-wild as she is with terror about Bertie, she starts at the tone of pain in his voice, "are you going to leave me without saying good-by?—without one thought whether I shall live or die?"

Mrs. Dunning returns at this instant, and the clock begins to strike as she crosses the threshold, reminding Major Falconer that he must go. There are hasty farewells; tearful on Mrs. Dunning's part—silent on Adelaide's. At Major Falconer's last words, there comes a revulsion of feeling to her—a recollection that he, too, and for Bertie's sake, is going into the danger she so fears for Bertie. She would like to say something to him—to ask his forgiveness; but she is literally incapable of articulation. She even forgets to offer him her hand when he turns from her mother to herself to bid her good-by; but he takes it, presses it closely, and, addressing Mrs. Dunning as well as herself:

"I hope to bring Bertie back safe to you. I will telegraph as soon as I find him, and will write, of course," he says, cheerfully, and is gone.

Weary, lingering days of wretched anxiety follow. On the first evening, as Adelaide sits on the piazza-steps, with faint white streaks of moonlight all about her, though she is herself in shadow, she is startled to see two figures pause at the gate, which is some little distance from the house. Her heart gives a bound, but sinks again at once, as she sees that it is not Bertie and his guardian. Only one person enters, while the other passes on, and as this one approaches, she sees the pale face of Annette Reynolds.

"Adelaide, have you heard from him yet?" the girl says, in a sobbing voice.

"No," answers the other, coldly. "There has not been time to hear."

"When do you think you will hear?"

"It is impossible to say."

The tone of the speaker is so hard and curt that Annette, sitting down beside her, bursts into tears.

"Why do you speak to me so?" she says, passionately. "You know it is not my fault—you know it is not!"

"I told you he would go, and that you would wish then you had prevented it," says Adelaide.

"How could I have prevented it?" cries Annette. "Oh, you are very unjust. He never came to me; could I go to him? What could I have done?"

"You need not have flirted with Major Falconer, and encouraged his attentions until everybody said you meant to marry him," says Adelaide, bitterly.

"I never thought of flirting with him, and never for a moment imagined that any one

would say such an absurd thing!" cries Annette. "And I could not have believed, Adelaide, that you would reproach me so unjustly!"

"I don't mean to be unjust," says her friend, "but I am so miserable."

Silence for a minute, while the two girls try to check their tears, and then ignoring the mutual reproaches just passed, they begin to discuss their hopes and fears about Bertie—of which, alas, the latter predominate.

Major Falconer does not telegraph as soon as they expect, and when at last Mrs. Dunning receives a telegram and letter almost at the same time, neither are at all encouraging. The letter, written immediately on reaching Memphis, informs her that Bertie did not go to that place. "The Howards have neither seen nor heard anything of him," the writer says, "which is conclusive evidence to me that he is not here. In fact, I was satisfied he was not, before I applied to them. The arrivals are now, comparatively speaking, so few, that the railroad officials and the habitual loungers about the stations could not have failed to notice him and recognize him from description. Nobody has seen him. I am very glad of this, for the pestilence does not rage anywhere else so fiercely as it does here. The newspaper reports which we thought so fearful, do not convey the faintest idea of the horrors of it, nor will I attempt to describe what would make you sick to the soul to hear. I shall go first to Vicksburg in search of Bertie, and if he is not there, shall look along the line which the fever has taken inland, and, lastly, if he is nowhere near this place, will go down to New Orleans. Rest assured I will look till I find him, or the fever finds me. I may not write again soon, but will telegraph regularly."

He telegraphs from Vicksburg, "Have not found him yet," and for weeks the changes are rung on these words, as, misled by apparently reliable information, he returns to Memphis, and goes from there to Holly Springs and several other places, before finally getting to New Orleans. Then comes a dispatch which Adelaide reads aloud with white lips—"I have found him here, ill with the fever." And then, for another week, come daily bulletins:

"Desperately ill."—"No better."—"Tonight the crisis—no hope, I fear."—"He is still alive—that is all."—"No worse."—"A little better."—"Continues better." And at last, "Out of danger."

Does the joy, the intense, inexpressible relief which those words bring, repay the three anxious hearts which have suffered so much for the agonies endured during that week of terrible suspense? They think so; but still the suspense is not over. They fear a relapse for Bertie, and dread that Major Falconer may take the fever.

"Why does he never say anything about himself?" Adelaide thinks, as letters come now in place of telegrams.

He has taken Bertie into the country, and as soon as it is safe for him to travel, they will return home; for the young gentleman yields to the wishes of his guardian in this, though he would much prefer to remain.

So Major Falconer and Bertie both write, and very unexpectedly one evening, just as Annette (who appears almost as regularly as the darkness, to hear news of her errant lover) is rising to say good-night, they walk in. And the first glance and hand-clasp which the young man exchanges with her assures him that he is forgiven.

It is Christmas Day, and Adelaide Dunning sits alone by the drawing-room fire. She is not of the stuff of which love-lorn maidens are fashioned, and yet she is feeling somewhat love-lorn. It must be confessed she expected, she had even hoped, that Major Falconer would give her the opportunity to reconsider his proposal; it must be confessed she had admitted to herself that if he did give her the opportunity, she would accept it.

He has not given it. Since his return from the West he has been carelessly cordial in manner; he seems to have forgotten that he ever aspired to the character of a lover.

"I deserve it, I suppose, and I shall not break my heart over his inconstancy; but—I am afraid he is not likely to find a rival in my heart, or my fancy—which is it?" she is thinking, when the door opens, and the subject of her meditation appears.

"Tell me," he says, as he advances with grave face, but smiling eyes, "is it defeat or victory for me? Shall I raise the siege of your heart, or do you acknowledge yourself vanquished by 'management'? It is Christmas Day, and I have come to hear my fate."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Potassium Salts have been used for some time in Austria as a manure, and have yielded, so far, better results than any other artificial manures.

Near Sebastopol the pedestal of a bronze statue has been dug up. It is covered with Hellenic inscriptions belonging to the second century before the Christian era.

The Committee appointed by the Royal Irish Academy to investigate the rocks of the districts of the Curlew Mountains and about Fintona has discovered in the supposed "Old Red Sandstone" fossils of Silurian types.

In consequence of the great efforts recently made for the improvement of the several electrical specialties, a Chamber Syndicate of Electricity has been established in Paris. The number of subscribers is seventy-five, and the first meeting took place on October 27th.

The Sixth Meeting of Russian naturalists will be opened at St. Petersburg on January 1st. The committee is composed of professors of the St. Petersburg University—Beketoff, Petrushevsky, Ovsianikoff, Tamintzin, Wagner, Menshutkov and Stransky. The meeting will last for ten days, and will have eight sections: Anatomy and Physiology; Zoology and Comparative Anatomy; Botany; Mineralogy, Geology and Palaeontology; Chemistry and Physics; Astronomy and Mathematics; Anthropology, and Scientific Medicine.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ALEXANDRA, Princess of Wales, has just passed her thirty-fifth birthday.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, the Quaker poet, was seventy-two years old on December 18th.

THE Rothschilds have lately paid in England \$195,000 probate and \$120,000 legacy duty.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE McIVER has been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina.

REV. DR. JOHN HALL, of New York, is said to have received over \$10,000 in wedding fees this year.

A COMMITTEE of the citizens of Philadelphia has been appointed to collect a fund for a monument to the late Henry C. Carey.

MRS. CORNELIA NUTTER, of Waterloo, Iowa, has given \$30,000 to the Garrett Biblical Institute of Iowa to endow a Chair of Practical Theology.

THE Cardinals have advised the Pope not to reopen the Vatican Council. It could not, they say, be held in Rome at present, and no other place could be thought of.

M. MUNKACS, the Hungarian painter, is now instructing in Paris a class of seven Americans, Messrs. Dannat, Shields, Brakespear, Turner, Encke, Weldon and Harper.

MR. JOHN W. GARRETT, who has been elected President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for the twenty-second time, is said to control more than 3,000 miles of steel.

THE prize of \$50 offered by the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art for the best set of twelve tiles, has been awarded to Miss Mary King Longfellow, of Portland, Me.

MRS. GLADSTONE and Lady Rosebery attended all the Gladstone gatherings at Edinburgh, and sat in front of the platform listening attentively to every word, and occasionally nodding an assent, which was pretty and interesting.

MISS STEVENS, a young American lady, has taken the first prize for porcelain painting in London, and has orders from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught. Her sketches of American Autumn foliage are said to be especially beautiful and effective.

AMONG the names most prominently mentioned for the honors of the Methodist Episcopacy next year, at the meeting of the General Conference, are those of President Foss, of Wesleyan University; President Hurst, of Drew Theological Seminary; and Chancellor Haven, of Syracuse University.

MISS JULIA PUTNAM has presented to the Tennessee Historical Society a portrait of her father, the late Colonel A. W. Putnam, who was a lineal descendant of General Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame, and was former President of the Historical Society. The portrait has been placed in the State Library.

It is very probable that General Sheridan will accompany General Grant on his contemplated visit to Mexico and Cuba. General Sheridan's health is not very good at present, and it is thought by his friends that the trip would be beneficial to him. The matter has been specially urged by Generals Grant and Sherman.

MR. OLOF WIJK, of Gottenburg, Sweden, has sent to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania copies of portraits of Gustavus Adolphus and of his Chancellor, Oxenstierna. The idea of planting the Swedish colonies on the Delaware originated with these men, and was carried out by the daughter of the former, Queen Christina.

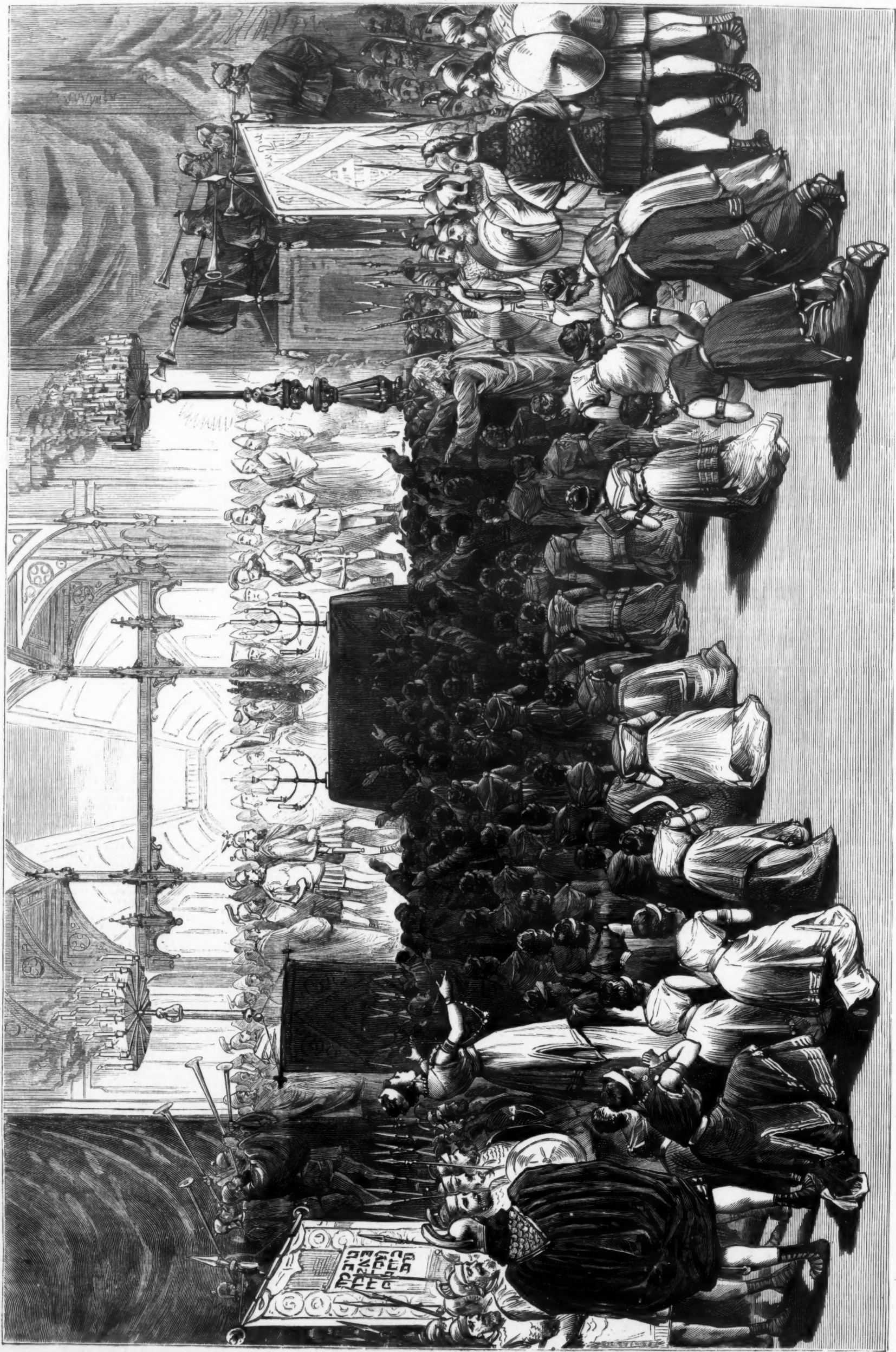
JOCKEYS are tenderly cared for in England. Mr. Crawford, the husband of the Duchess of Montrose, has provided apartments in his house, at Cannes, for George Fordham and his bride, Mr. Fordham having been ordered south for his health, and Lord Rosebery has sent his favorite jockey, Constable, to Madrid for the winter.

THE well-known Captain Pim, late of the Royal Navy, now a member of Parliament, who tried to establish railway transit from the Atlantic to the Pacific across Nicaragua, read a paper, on interoceanic canal routes, before the Society of Arts, at London, on December 17th. He says the Panama route is inadvisable. He favors the Nicaragua route.

THE letter from Vera Sassulitch, which was contained in a revolutionary paper smuggled from Switzerland into Russia, explains that her attempt to kill General Trepoff was made under orders from the Revolutionary Committee. Several persons, including two women, drew lots as to who should kill M. Trepoff, and Vera Sassulitch drew the task.

THE Queen of Sweden suffers greatly from chronic heart disease. Under treatment by electricity at Heidelberg she grew much better and felt encouraged about her health until the receipt of the anonymous letter threatening to kill her son, the Crown Prince, unless a certain sum of money were paid to the writer. This letter so frightened the Queen that she has been obliged again to take to her bed, and her disease has been much aggravated.

TO chronicle death is ever a mournful task; to chronicle untimely death adds the leaven of bitterness to sorrow, and when a strong man, not yet even in his prime, goes down beneath the scythe of the ruthless mower, it behooves us to say, "Thy will be done," James Armstrong Murray, who has died at Kilmont, South Africa, at the early age of thirty-eight years, was "the gentleman and scholar." Born in Africa of blue-blooded English parents, at the early age of fifteen he proceeded to England for the purpose of entering the University of Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself by both his mental and physical endowments, and his name at this moment is as fresh as Alma Mater as that of the captain of the "Varsity Eight." He married into the old Yorkshire house of Althorpe of Dunnington, and on the death of his wife—within one year of their union—he entered into Spanish commercial operations, and with such signal success, and such benefit to Spain, that he was decorated with the highest Spanish Order, namely, that of Carlos III, which bears with it the proud title of Chevalier. His second marriage brought him an all human happiness, his wife being a daughter of the Hon. G. Y. Gilbert, the "Hall," Gilbertville—one of those palatial homes seldom to be met with outside of Merrie England New York. "Thy will be done" yesterday that we wished them "God-speed" as they quitted these shores for their ostrich farm in Africa; and to-day we have to announce the death of one who has borne so nobly and so well "the grand old name of gentleman." After a painful and sudden illness, Mr. Murray died at Kilmont, near Cape Town, on October 29th, leaving a grief-stricken widow and two children to bear "sorrow's crown of sorrow." Mr. Murray was thoroughbred, and over the oak of his honest English nature was laid the exquisite polish of the courtesy of the Haida. He was a man of stainless honor and untainted crest. He was a loving husband, a fond father, and a firm friend. To her whom his untimely death has whelmed with grief we offer our deepest and hearty sympathy.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE CHANUKKA CELEBRATION BY THE YOUNG MEN'S HEBREW ASSOCIATION, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, DECEMBER 16TH—SCENE OF THE SIXTH TABLEAU, "THE DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE."



"BRIGHT-EYES," THE PONCA INDIAN MAIDEN ADVOCATE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BLACK & CO.—SEE PAGE 337.

THE "MINNESOTA" MEDALS.

DURING the past twenty-two months, while the United States training-ship *Minnesota* has been under the command of Captain S. B. Luce, a persistent attempt has been made to elevate the standard of proficiency among the boys who have been enlisted for

purposes of training. Among other incidents, that of giving medals annually to successful competitors in the various branches was suggested. As no adequate provision is made by the Navy Department for such prizes, Captain Luce appealed to the private generosity of the friends of the system, and was enabled to secure for presentation last year several fine and costly specimens of these desirable awards of merit. These were distributed a year ago at Newport, R. I., in the presence of Governor Van Zandt and other distinguished guests. At the opening of this year (1879), Captain Luce again solicited from his friends contributions for prizes, and received such generous responses that he was enabled to offer for competition a superb gold medal and seven silver medals, all splendid specimens of artistic workmanship. These were duly competed for, and, after rigid and protracted examinations, were awarded as follows, the presentation being made by the Secretary of the Navy in person, assisted by his daughter, Miss Thompson, and his niece, Miss West, of Washington:

I. MEDALS AWARDED FOR GENERAL MERIT: 1. The "Bailley" Gold Medal, given by the heirs of

the late Admiral Theodorus Bailey, and awarded to Thomas M. Johnston, of New York, as the boy who, in the judgment of the officers of the ship, stood highest in proficiency and good conduct. 2. The "Officers' (silver) Medal, given by the officers of the *Minnesota* to the boy, who, in the opinion of his shipmates, was most deserving in respect of character and proficiency. This medal was also awarded to Thomas M. Johnston.

II. MEDALS FOR SEAMANSHIP: 1. The "Barron" Medal (silver), the gift of Mr. James S. Barron, of New York, bearing the device, "Look ahead for danger, and aloft for succor"; awarded also to Thomas M. Johnston, the fortunate competitor for the two medals above named. 2. The "Barron" Second Prize (silver), the gift of Mr. Barron, bearing the engraved picture of the *Minnesota*, and awarded to J. Costello, of New York. 3. An Anonymous Medal, of silver, bearing the motto over the ensign, "Touch not with impunity"; awarded to W. E. Conan, of Olneyville, R. I.

III. MEDALS FOR GUNNERY: 1. The "Dahlgren" Prize, containing the device and motto adopted by the late Admiral Dahlgren, and given by his widow. This medal was awarded to D. J. Donovan, of this city, he having passed the best examination in gunnery. 2. The "Lawrence" Medal, bearing an engraving of the United States sloop-of-war *Hornet* sinking the British brig *Peacock*, and the noble motto of the dying Lawrence in a subsequent action, "Don't give up the ship!" This medal was given by Mrs. Mary Lawrence Redmond, of Newport, R. I., a granddaughter of this distinguished naval officer, and it was awarded to William J. Bigelow, of Philadelphia, who made the best shot in firing at a regulation target 1,000 yards distant from

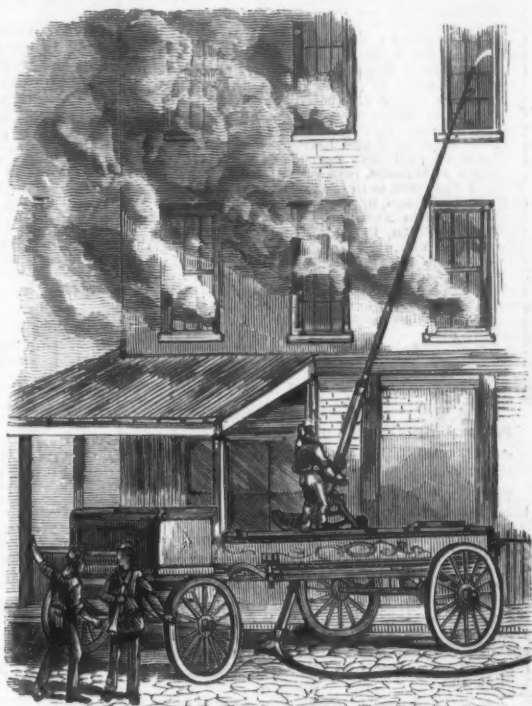
the ship. It may be remarked, in passing, that, in accordance with an established custom on board of the *Minnesota*, the winning crew named their gun the "Hornet."

IV. MEDAL IN THE ENGINEERS' DEPARTMENT: This medal was subscribed for by the officers, and awarded to J. E. Dodge.

A novel feature in the recent review, at Hampton Roads, which, we think, has not received notice, was an exhibition, in one of the *Minnesota's* boats, of the working of the diving apparatus, by which the boys are instructed in submarine warfare. A torpedo properly placed in position by means of this apparatus was exploded by Lieutenant W. McCarty Little with remarkable effect, and was witnessed with great interest by the Honorable Secretary and his party.

THE FESTIVAL OF CHANUCKA.

A VERY interesting ceremony, commemorating the dedication of the Temple of Jerusalem, was held in the Academy of Music, New York, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 16th, under the auspices of the Young Men's Hebrew Association. The history of this festival is, in brief, as follows: In the second century before Christ, when Antiochus Epiphanes was elevated to the throne of Syria, of which Judea was a province, Greek influence was making strong inroads on the customs of the Jewish people. Kingly patronage was doing its work in securing desertions from the ranks of the Jews, and even reached the



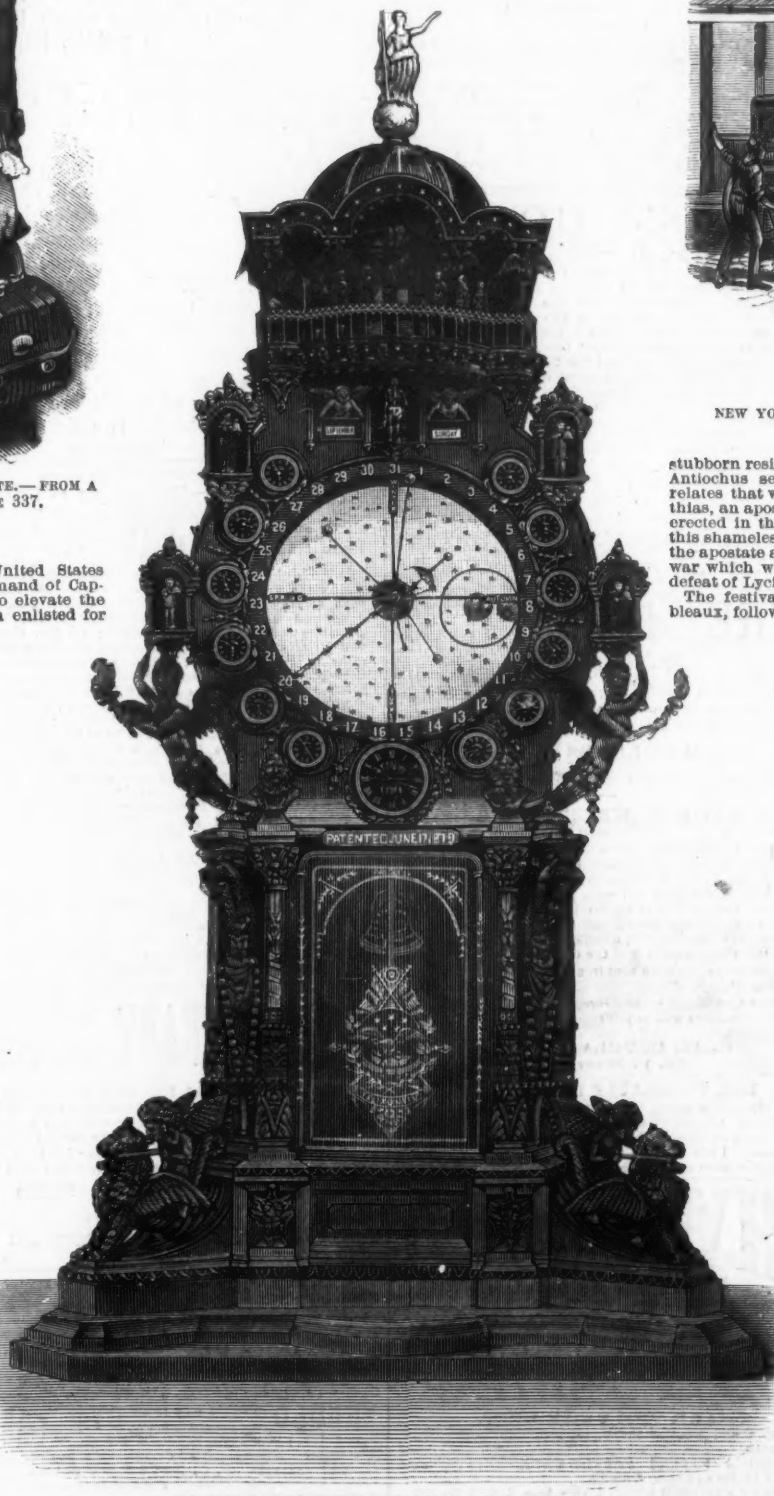
NEW YORK CITY.—NEW WATER-TOWER IN USE BY THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.—SEE PAGE 340.

stubborn resistance. To Mattathias, whose influence was well-known, Antiochus sent an emissary, who never returned alive. History relates that while the royal messenger was in converse with Mattathias, an apostate Jew advanced to the altar of Zeus, which had been erected in the market-place, and offered an oblation. The sight of this shameful act so enraged the great Jew that he forthwith slew the apostate and then fell upon the royal messenger. Thus began a war which was successfully concluded by Judas Maccabeus, in the defeat of Lycias, Regent of Syria.

The festival at the Academy of Music consisted of six grand tableaux, followed by a ball. In five of the tableaux the above history

was outlined. The sixth, which forms the scene of our illustration, was a grand work of realistic art. The preceding one represented the triumphal return of Judas Maccabeus to Jerusalem. The grand procession was led off by Miss Eva Childs and Miss R. Childs. They were followed by over a hundred young ladies with cymbals, and also incense-bearers, slaves carrying precious vessels and jewels, Judas, preceded by a banner with the words, "Who is like unto Thee, oh God?" Judas's brothers, Jewish soldiers, trumpeters, banner-bearers, Syrian captives, and maidens with harps. After the intricate march was ended, forty Jewish maidens with cymbals danced. They were divided into four parts, and one division wore blue, another red, another white and gold, and the fourth white and silver. In the stately dance these colors blended or separated like a kaleidoscope. At a stroke from a pair of cymbals behind the scenes the lights were changed from gold to green, or to blue, or to red, while the dancers grouped themselves into motionless statues. Suddenly the curtain at the rear of the stage was lifted and a very brilliant light streamed out. The

interior of the temple was revealed. On one side was the Minorah, in the centre the altar of sacrifice, and on the other side the altar of incense. High priests, priests and Levites, in Biblical dress, were performing their official duties. Judas and his brothers were in the attitude of worship. The choruses were rendered by the children of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum; the incidental music was by Eben's orchestra; the accompaniments by Downing's military band; and the grand tableaux were under the management of the well-known Professor Carl Marwig, famous for his arrangements of the children's carnivals. It was nearly midnight when the curtain was finally run down and the dancing began. This is said to be the first time the festival has been made the occasion of a public display in the city. It is always observed in Jewish families and in the Synagogues.



AN AMERICAN NATIONAL AND ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK.

Temple itself, for it is narrated that the high priests Jason and Menelaus were seduced from their allegiance to the living God through court influence. At this crisis in the history of the chosen people, Mattathias, the sire of Judas Maccabeus, stood out from among the faithful to stem the overwhelming influence of polytheism. Jason and Menelaus were not inactive converts, for they are charged with preaching, with eloquent zeal, the doctrine of their new masters, and it is further charged to them that they permitted the Temple to be plundered. Unable by regal favor or the influence of his new vassals to compel the faithful Jewish people to forsake their God, Antiochus practiced great cruelty, and put thousands of Jews to death. At Modin, the home of Mattathias, the Syrian King found

W. J. BIGELOW.



J. COSTELLO.



W. E. CONAN.



T. M. JOHNSTON.



D. DONOVAN.



MEIER'S ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK.

MR. FELIX MEIER, of Detroit, Mich., has devoted ten years to the construction of an American national and astronomical clock. It is eighteen feet high, eight broad, and weighs two tons. It has a great variety of automatic devices, but the most remarkable are those connected with the striking of the time. At the end of every quarter-hour an infant in a carved niche strikes with a tiny hammer upon the bell which he holds in his hand. At the end of each half-hour a youth strikes, at the end of three-quarters of an hour a man; and at the end of each hour a graybeard. Death then follows to toll the hour. At the same time a large music-box begins to play, and a scene is enacted upon a platform. Washington slowly rises

MEDALS OF MERIT AWARDED TO DISTINGUISHED BOYS ON THE UNITED STATES TRAINING-SHIP "MINNESOTA."

from a chair to his feet, extending his right hand presenting the Declaration of Independence. The door on the left is opened by a servant, admitting all the Presidents from Washington's time. Each is dressed in the costume of his time, and the likenesses are good. Passing in file before Washington, they face, raise their hands as they approach him, and, walking naturally across the platform, disappear through the opposite door, which is promptly closed behind them by a second servant. The astronomical and mathematical calculation, if kept up, would show the correct movement of the planets for 200 years, leap years included.

When the clock is in operation it shows the time at Detroit in hours, minutes and seconds; the difference in time in New York, Washington, San Francisco, Melbourne, Pekin, Cairo, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Vienna, London, Berlin and Paris; the day of the week, calendar day of the month, month of the year, and seasons of the year; signs of the zodiac, the revolutions of the earth on its own axis, and also around the sun; the revolutions of the moon around the earth, and with it around the sun; also the moon's changes from the quarter to the half, three-quarters and full.

FUN.

THE best thing out is a bad cigar.

HORN springs eternal in the spinster's thought, Man never is, but always to be, caught.

THERE is something in store for us all, but it takes money to persuade the clerk to hand it out.

THERE are two classes who cannot bear prosperity—one of them being those who can't get a chance to bear it.

"HOW LONG shall girls be courted?" asks an English newspaper. Not later than two o'clock in the morning, we think, except when it rains.

BYRON once said of a lady whose tongue suggested perpetual motion to every visitor that she had been dangerously ill, but was now dangerously well again.

It is strange how many statesmen there are in this world who are afraid to stand within arm's-length of the money question and touch it with a pair of tongs.

It has been demonstrated in Paris that when a man pounds his thumb with a hammer he is twice as mad as when he strikes his elbow on the door-frame.

DID you know a barber to own that he had cut you! He never does it; he simply goes for a piece of alum, and casually remarks, "Well, I guess I shaved that spot a trifle too close."

AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENTS.—Land Steward (to tenant farmer). "Well, Glee, what are you going to sow in here?" Farmer. "Ain't 'sactly made up my mind, sir; but if we could put in a few stewards and land-agents—they seem to thrive best on the land nowadays."

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES.

A MODEL DRUG STORE.—In the Continental Hotel building, Philadelphia, is A. L. Heimbolt's drug-store. The interior is decorated with a quiet taste, of which the proprietor is largely possessed. The rarest as well as the most common drugs are kept, and prescriptions are compounded with promptness and great care. The line of ladies' requisites, notions, perfumery and patent medicines is as near complete as is possible. The service is polite, and the trade very large.

HOLIDAY TABLES supplied with A. WERNER & Co.'s "AMERICA" EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE are certain to be popular and well patronized. This favorite brand has been steadily winning its way to the front during the past few years, and each succeeding season shows constant and deserved progress.

THE SCHOMACKER PIANO.—In that famous Grant procession in Philadelphia one of the most striking features was the magnificent piano of this firm. The tone, touch, action and case are alike wonderful, and reflect great credit on the enterprising firm. Like the Broadwood of London, or the Erard of Paris, the SCHOMACKER PIANO have achieved a world wide reputation. In addition to their general superiority, they have a specialty in the use of their Patent Electro Gold wires, which produce greater power, purer and a more musical quality of tone, and are not liable to be affected by atmospheric action. At their beautiful warehouses, No. 1103 Chestnut Street, the leading artists congregate, and here it is where the elite make their selection from a vast stock of highly-finished Grand, Square and Upright Pianos.

OUR PROGRESS.

AS STAGES and stage routes are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of DR. PIERCE'S PURGATIVE PELLETS, which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts, and warranted to cure all irregularities of stomach, liver and bowels. Sold by druggists.

CUTICURA SOAP

Is prepared from Cuticura in a modified form, and is positively indispensable in the treatment of skin and Scalp Diseases. We recommend it for the preservation of the skins of infants, for gentlemen who shave and are troubled with tender faces, for those who desire a clean and wholesome Skin and Scalp, and for all purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery. Its delightful and refreshing fragrance equals or surpasses the finest Parisian Soaps.

INACTION of the Kidneys and Urinary organs cause the worst of diseases which HOR BITTERS cures.

BURNETT'S KALISTON, as a wash for the complexion, has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, redness and roughness of the skin, etc., curing chapped hands, and allaying the irritation caused by the bites of mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

MORE health, sunshine and joy in HOR BITTERS than in all other remedies.

From Rev. Dr. Taylor, in "Christian at Work," December 11th, 1879.

VERBUM SAP.—The popularity of "SAPANULE" is increasing with the increase of the use of the article. Either for man or beast the lotion is excellent, subduing inflammation, allaying irritation, and producing an invigorated condition of the skin and flesh. Mr. Robert Bonner is not given to issuing statements complimentary of remedies which he has not tried. The following certificate which he has cheerfully given speaks volumes in favor of "SAPANULE":

Office of the Ledger,

New York, Dec 23, 1879.

This is to certify that I have used the Lotion known as "SAPANULE," and find it to be an excellent article for allaying inflammation.

ROBERT BONNER.

HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE.—No gentleman's table should be set without it. A genuine relish.

CURE FOR COUGH OR COLD.—As soon as there is the slightest uneasiness in the chest, with difficulty of breathing, or indication of Coughs, take during the day a few "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

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GREAT progress has been made within a few years in the art of Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, Fish and Meats in tins, and in consequence the consumption has largely increased. As yet, however, canned goods are not generally thought to be "fresh," and some brands are not, perhaps, entitled to be so considered. Those packed by us, however, are Hermetically Sealed at the sources of supply, when they are in the best possible condition, by a process which preserves the much-to-be-desired fresh, natural flavors; and they are really in better condition, fresher, more palatable and wholesome than many so-called "fresh" articles which are exported for sale during considerable periods of time in city markets. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where customers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is, therefore, to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use THURBER'S BRANDS.

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The housekeeper who once uses GAFF, FLEISCHMANN & CO.'S COMPRESSED YEAST, cannot be induced to abandon our pure extract of grain, which is a natural leaven, for a counterfeit article or a chemical compound, both of which are to be avoided if good health is a first consideration with the consumer.



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Is the highest achievement in the manufacture of Gold Pens and the result of experiments for more than twenty years. The "RECORD" Pen is produced by a skillful combination of the two precious and non-corrosive metals; 16 kar. Gold and Platinum, while the ordinary gold pen contains an alloy of copper, reducing its fineness without yielding that elasticity, density and steel like temper which the costly Platinum supplies. The "RECORD" Gold Pen Points are of the best Iridium. (Diamonds,) indestructible with fair treatment, and polished to glass like smoothness.

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corrupt matter forming in the upper part of the nose and dropping into the throat, or removed by constant hawking
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is ever aggressive, although often its victims are unconscious of its progress. The inflammation of the mucous mem-
brane may become so great as to cause ulceration or sloughing, and the bones of the nose begin to rot away. Any
one who reaches this stage may indeed be pitted. No disease can be more disgusting or more terrible to think of.
Thousands suffer with this disease without knowing its nature or the great danger in neglecting it. Many thousands
die every year with consumption who a few years or months before had only catarrh. If neglected while a cure is
possible, it may rapidly develop and the symptoms of quick consumption announce that it is too late. As the air
breathed into the lungs all passes through this mass of corruption, and becomes contaminated with it, sooner or later
all the bronchial tubes and lungs are sure to be affected by the disease, if not checked in time.



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It is a disease, which makes life so miserable
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and its health-giving power is felt at once. The medicine is not taken into the stomach, where it is not wanted, but
is deposited directly on the diseased surface of the air-passages, in the ulcerated cavities of the head, and in all the
air-vesicles of the lungs. By it all ulcerated and inflamed surfaces in the respiratory organs and nasal cavities are
as quickly healed as ordinary sores on the hand or other parts of the body by the application of the best liniment.

THE ANTISEPTIC power of this remedy is of vast importance in view of recent investigations
of parasitic origin, caused and propagated by minute animalcules floating in the air. The corrupt matter dis-
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halation new life and health is imparted to the whole system, and with every exhalation the impurities and health-
destroying matter are carried off. As this process is repeated the blood becomes purified, cleansed of all poisonous
and deleterious matter, and circulates freely. The lost appetite is restored, the digestive organs are enabled to do
their work properly, and the entire system is built up, invigorated and vitalized.

Thus it cures the disease first by destroying the cause, second by the most soothing and healing balsams,
vaporized and deposited as a local application to the inflamed surfaces in every part of the nasal cavities, and
in all the air passages and lungs, and third by purifying, vitalizing, and building up the entire system.

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and spitting, nasal deformities, disgusting odors, and finally consumption and premature death. From first to last it
is ever aggressive, although often its victims are unconscious of its progress. The inflammation of the mucous mem-
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one who reaches this stage may indeed be pitted. No disease can be more disgusting or more terrible to think of.
Thousands suffer with this disease without knowing its nature or the great danger in neglecting it. Many thousands
die every year with consumption who a few years or months before had only catarrh. If neglected while a cure is
possible, it may rapidly develop and the symptoms of quick consumption announce that it is too late. As the air
breathed into the lungs all passes through this mass of corruption, and becomes contaminated with it, sooner or later
all the bronchial tubes and lungs are sure to be affected by the disease, if not checked in time.

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[HOLIDAY DOUBLE NUMBER.]

AT CHRISTMAS

By Etta W. Pierce.

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen!
Let nothing you dismay,
For Christ, your Lord and Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem;
The stars shone through the gray,
When Christ, your Lord and Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day."

BEYOND the solemn rows of black green pines; beyond the high wall, clasped by the close, snake-like arms of the leafless woodbine, some one, in the chilly twilight street, was singing that old carol. Jacquita started and listened.

It was Christmas Eve—she had almost forgotten the fact—Christmas, the time for "peace on earth and goodwill towards men." A shiver passed over her shapely figure.

She paused in her feverish walk and looked up at the sky; it was sombre with coming storm. Far in the west a streak of wavy light marked where the sun had set. In the same direction she could see the river, frozen blue and hard, the spires, the chimneys, the big, busy mills of a manufacturing New England town, and at the head of the bridge which spanned the broad stream, with that streak of sunset shining on its gloomy windows and heavy roof, a stone building—gray, sinister, depressing—the county jail.

The girl was pacing a narrow walk, hardened to flint by the bitter December frost, and lined with rows of whispering pines. In the openings between their scaly trunks, a brown lawn was visible, a frozen fountain, a terrace, a balustrade and the red gable of the old brick house, where many generations of Mathers had lived and loved and died. Suddenly—in a chamber of the second story—a lamp flashed out like a great star. A girlish shape moved across the window, a dazzling young face was pressed to the pane. Jacquita, turning, saw it, and clinched her hands.

"Curse her!" she hissed, through drawn white lips—"curse her!"

The face vanished. She began to walk up and down again under the pines—up and down, with the haste of one who is trying to walk away some intolerable pain. She was a handsome creature, with a dash of hot, foreign blood in her veins. Wild Jack Mather, the black sheep of his family, had voyaged, in his head-

strong youth, to the West Indies, and there married a Spanish creole; and from this mother Jacquita inherited her name, her dark, panther-like beauty and her fiery, tumultuous nature. As she paced that dreary path, under the bitter, leaden sky of Christmas Eve, her long rich dress trailing over the fallen brown needles, a heap of white wool, thrown in a disordered mass, about her shoulders, there was

something almost fearful in the girl's appearance. Her face was like death—never under the coffin-lid could it be whiter. An unutterable anguish filled the great black eyes; the soft, curved mouth was pinched and drawn. She looked like one who was fighting some desperate battle with the Prince of Darkness—fighting, and losing ground every moment. "Oh," she whispered, "must I stand by and

see them happy? Must I? I cannot—I will not! I shall kill them both!"

"God rest ye, little children!
Let nothing you affright,
For Christ, your Lord and Saviour,
Was born this happy night.
Along the hills of Galilee,
The white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth,
Was born on Christmas Day."

She paused. The singer had entered the walk, and was approaching her with a careless, unconscious air. A tall, elegant fellow, fair as one of the old Vikings, with just a touch of gold on the soft flaxen of his hair and beard. Half way down the path, he stopped, drew out a match and lighted an after-dinner cigar. As he flung down the lucifer, Jacquita Mather took a swift step forward and stood before him.

"Gaston!" He gave a languid start.

"You here, Jack? Isn't this Arctic atmosphere rather bad for you? A dolorous Christmas Eve, eh? There's a storm in that sky, and it will burst before morning."

There was a storm in the girl's face, also—that death-pale face, flashing through a drift of night-black hair.

"I want to speak to you, Gaston—there are times when one must speak or die!" she cried, in a labored voice. "So this is your bridal eve—you are going to marry Emily Mather?"

He removed the fresh cigar from his lips. His careless blue eyes opened wide.

"In just two hours by the clock! What a question; and—Good heaven! you are as white as a ghost! In the name of all that's unpleasant, Jack, what are you doing in this gruesome walk, at this hour of day? I heard Madam Mather asking for you not ten minutes ago."

She flung back her head with a frightful little laugh.

"I am indulging in a retrospect, Gaston. I am living over all the days and weeks that we spent together here, before Emily came from school. Oh, if I could see her lying dead before me at this moment, I would joyfully suffer the rack, the fire—any torture known to man, and, after death, a thousand years of torment!"

He was an easy-going fellow upon all occasions, was Gaston Steele—careless by nature and self-indulgent. These words gave him a very unpleasant shock. He flung down his lighted weed.



AT CHRISTMAS.—"YES, IT WAS EMILY. A CROOKED, LOW-BENDING BOUGH SUPPORTED HER LIKE AN ARM OF FLESH."

"Jack, are you mad?"

"I think my hatred for her began years ago," she went on, all unheeding. "She was an orphan, so was I. Both came here to live with gran. I had the face of my Spanish mother. Gran looked upon me coldly, but she loved fair, sly, wax-doll Emily. At school it was the same. Do I not remember how our French teacher, Monsieur Renaud, used to say to me: 'You two are cousins, but you are a devil, and Mademoiselle Emily is an angel!' Teachers and pupils adored her and distrusted me. Then I fell ill, and was sent home to gran, and here I found you—do you remember? You had come to spend a vacation at Mather House. You were the son of a man whom gran had loved many years ago."

"Yes, I remember," he answered, beginning to quake inwardly. He had an instinctive horror of scenes.

"Do you remember our walks under these very pines? The long hours spent in your boat on the river, our rides up and down the land? You found it very amusing to flirt with me, did you not?"

"Yes, I did," answered Mr. Steele, frankly. "How was I to know, at that early stage of our acquaintance, that you were totally unlike other women?"

"Mather House was a stiff, dull place. It pleased you to kill the time at my feet. You were an adept at flirtation—I knew little or nothing of the art. From the first, we were, as you must acknowledge, unequally matched. All the same, it was good fun for you; it delivered you from the demon of ennui. You had no care for anything beyond that."

"Stop, Jack, stop! You are too hard upon a fellow. By Jove! I don't deserve it."

"Have you forgotten the night, out there on the terrace, when you kissed me, Gaston?" A streak of crimson flashed across her white cheek as she said it.

"I have forgotten nothing," he answered, uneasily, "but, 'pon my soul, I wish you would not go on like this! Women are queer cattle; one never knows just how to take them. Yes, it was a bad business, I confess; but I liked you remarkably well, my dear child, and heaven knows I meant no harm!"

She laughed again.

"You liked me! And I—I would have died for you, Gaston."

"Jack, I am awfully sorry," he said, in a remorseful tone. "You know my easy-going ways. I never dreamed that you were taking the matter so seriously."

"Then Emily returned from school, and the end came. You saw her, and trampled my heart under your feet."

"I did nothing of the kind. Be reasonable, Jack. Why will you talk so? You make me abominably uncomfortable."

She did not seem to hear him. She dashed her clenched hands out into empty air.

"That was a month ago; and to-night she is to be your wife. What ardor—what haste! You love her—yes! Everybody at Mather House knows that. The moment you looked in her waxen face I was forgotten. So it has ever been since the days of our childhood. Emily was born to be my bane. Well, I have one thing still left to me in life—just one—revenge!"

She stood before him in that gray Christmas gloaming, her fierce Spanish eyes ablaze, her lips white with pain, her rich black hair blowing in the shrill wind that swept down the pine walk, stirring all the dry, brown needles in its frosty breath.

The careless languor had vanished from his blond face. He looked shocked and dismayed.

"Jack, you make my blood run cold! I am deeply grieved and ashamed of myself—indeed I am. My cursed careless temperament, which never thinks beyond the present moment, is to blame for it all. But don't abuse Emily—I can't bear that; and don't talk of revenge—that's scarcely Christian, you know, on this particular evening. Is there any reparation which I can make for the wrong I have unwittingly done?"

"No," she flashed; "it is too late for reparation."

He knew that quite as well as she did. He laid his hand lightly on her arm.

"Jack, you are a mere child. Your foolish fancy for me will pass, like a dream of the night. A year hence you will laugh to think of this hour. Some one has truly said: 'We always believe our first love is our last, and our last love our first.' Come, shake hands and be friends. It destroys all my happiness to see you in this mood."

His touch seemed to drive her to frenzy. She struck down his hand passionately.

"Friends!—never!" she stormed. "Not in a year, or a decade, can I forget the misery you have wrought for me. Destroy your happiness!—she set her white teeth—"I wish I could! I will try—I will do my utmost!"

"Jack, Jack, you are positively beside yourself."

"If I am, it is you who have made me so. Oh, why did you pretend to love me, Gaston? Why did you come here to make my bitter life more bitter? What is to become of me now?"

He was at his wit's end. His face was as pale as her own.

"My poor child, let me take you in out of this dreary night—out of the shadow of these sinister pines. By to-morrow you may be able to listen to reason."

A strange smile dawned on her pale lips.

"Who knows what may happen before to-morrow? We dance and rejoice to-night—in the morning we may mourn and weep, Gaston!"

Her black eyes dilated, her voice sank low; she took a step towards him.

"There's a spirit waiting in this place—I feel him close beside me—a spirit that has work to do at Mather House. Shall I tell you his name? Death!"

"Jack!" he cried, in a horrified tone—

"Jack! what do you mean?"

But he spoke to unheeding ears. She had turned, and was flying up the ghostly walk and across the brown brown lawn towards the house.

The frozen grass crackled under her feet, the biting wind whistled through her rich hair. Along the west wing of the old mansion stretched a terrace, darkened by evergreens.

As Jacquita mounted it she saw—or fancied she saw—the figure of a man standing at its far end, with face uplifted toward a row of lighted windows.

In the gathering darkness she could discern only his outlines, and these seemed strangely familiar.

He did not wait to be inspected, for the instant he heard her step in the brittle grass he started, wheeled quickly, and vanished as if by magic.

Jacquita entered the big, wainscoted hall of Mather House. A door on her right stood open, and, as she was fitting by, the sharp voice of Grandmother Mather called to her. Reluctantly she stepped into the room.

A square, low-ceiled parlor, finished in fragrant cedar-wood. A rich old furniture stood up against the walls; red-berried holly and pale mistletoe, and great clusters of spotless Christmas roses, ornamented the high, carved mantel and the faded old family portraits.

On a hearth of rare old tiles blazed and crackled an enormous wood-fire—a genuine Yule log—and before it sat Grandmother Mather, a stately, hard-featured old woman, in lace and black velvet, giving instructions to a housemaid, who was filling the Japanese vases with hot-house flowers.

"Come here, Jack," she cried, as her granddaughter entered. "Good heaven! what has happened to you, girl? Where have you been?"

"In the pine-walk, gran."

"Alone?" suspiciously.

"No. With Gaston Steele."

The angry blood leaped into the old woman's wrinkled cheek.

"You shameless girl! Do you know that you have set everybody in the house talking of your passion for Emily's lover? He might have been better employed on the eve of his wedding. And you—oh! I have no patience with you! Go and dress immediately. Nina has put the last touches to your white silk and tulle, and you will find moss roses and a set of pearls on your toilet-table. It is my desire that you attire yourself suitably for Emily's marriage."

Jacquita stood facing Mrs. Mather on the warm, bright hearth. She flung back her defiant head.

Many a time the old woman had sought to break that fierce will, but had never yet succeeded.

"I wear white silk and roses at Emily's wedding, gran! I would die first! Let people talk. I am past caring for trifles. Since I must appear at the ceremony, since it is your positive command, I shall choose my own dress."

"Jack, for Heaven's sake, do nothing that you will regret," cried the old dame, in angry alarm. "You have betrayed your passion for Gaston Steele to every one. Now let Emily depart without any more scenes. Your wicked temper, which you inherit from your foreign mother, will yet, I fear, bring you into serious trouble. I really believe you would do Emily bodily harm if you could."

Jack clinched her small hands.

"I would, indeed, gran—the utmost harm that one can do another! I shock you—yes, you have always loved Emily, and disliked me. But I—I hate her, hate her, hate her!"

The housemaid gave a frightened jump, and dropped her flowers. Mrs. Mather put up her delicate old hands.

"You dreadful child! Go away! It is plain that you mean to disgrace me to-night. I think I may be pardoned for loving Emily more than you. Why, I actually feel afraid of you at times. Had Gaston chosen you for a wife, he would have deserved my deepest pity. It was well for him that he fixed his choice upon Emily. Go, and for this evening, at least, try to hide your absurd infatuation for another woman's lover; try to conduct yourself as one bearing the name of Mather should."

Sharp, merciless words.

Her pale lips tightened a little, but she made no answer. She turned quickly from the lighted hearth, from the wrathful old woman, and fled up the stairs.

On the landing, before Emily Mather's chamber she paused suddenly. She could not pass that threshold—she must look in.

Some demon seemed holding her, till she should thus torture herself.

Desperately she opened the door, and saw a room full of light and bridal splendor. Servants and bridesmaids were moving about it, and at the toilet table a hairdresser was putting the last touches on the bride's blond coiffure.

And that bride! She sat before her mirror, lost in troubled thought, and nervously twisting a slip of pink note-paper round and round her jeweled finger. A lovely creature she was—

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

There was weakness in her sweet red mouth, and insincerity in the gentian-blue eyes which had won Gaston Steele's fickle heart from the fiery Spanish girl.

As the door opened, and she discovered the dark, devouring face on the threshold, a nervous scream broke from her lips; she flung down the bit of pink paper.

"How you frightened me, Jacquita!" said Emily Mather, coldly. "Come in, if you wish."

But Jacquita did not wish.

"Come in and help me to dress," urged Emily, in a mocking tone. She knew the girl would have died sooner than lend her hand to such a task. "How dreadfully you look, cousin! Gran must take you to a physician—one," *sub voce*, "that can minister to a mind diseased."

Jacquita made no answer, only stood and gazed balefully at the speaker, as some lost spirit, on the verge of the abyss, might gaze at one in heavenly places.

Then she closed the door, and walked slowly away to her own chamber at the far end of the corridor.

An hour later a bridal train swept down the broad stair of Mather House, and entered the cedar parlor.

Emily Mather, in white satin and orange flowers, with superb diamonds—her fond old grandmother's gift—blazing in her soft blonde hair, and on her lily arms and bosom, looked like an angel.

Pale she was—ghastly pale—out pallor is becoming a bride.

She clung nervously to Gaston Steele's arm; but that was not strange, for if a woman has nerves at all, they are sure to assert themselves on such an occasion.

As for the bridegroom, he had not yet recovered from his interview with Jacquita in the pine-walk. That unlucky encounter had shaken him out of his usual careless ease, and sobered all his joy.

Nevertheless, he supported his bride most tenderly, and his blue eyes dwelt with open adoration upon the lily face under the cobweb veil.

In truth, they were a pair to be envied. Gaston Steele was rich, and the wise ones whispered that Emily Mather was sure to inherit her grandmother's fortune, to the utter exclusion of Jacquita.

It was enough to make an old heart young again to look upon the happiness of these young creatures, blessed with all the best gifts of life.

A crowd of admiring guests filled the great room; but where was that little vixen, Jacquita? She had not yet appeared. Grandmother Mather, handsome and stately in her black velvet and point lace, was watching the door anxiously. What scandalous thing was she likely to do?

"I regret that I did not send her away," thought the old dame. "I feel certain that she will bring me to grief to-night."

The next moment she looked, and saw Jacquita entering by the door. Horror! Could she believe her eyes?

The girl had put on a dress of deepest black. In one dreary, unbroken line it swept from throat to feet!

Not a flower, not an ornament—not even a frill of white—relieved this abominable costume! Her face was paler than even the bride's. Her great black eyes burned with volcanic fire.

The guests stared, whispered, shrugged their shoulders.

Grandmother Mather grew purple with wrath. She would have given half her worldly possessions at that moment for the pleasure of boxing her granddaughter's ears; but that could not be done at Emily's wedding. So, like some threatening shadow, some shape of evil omen, Jacquita, looking not to the right hand nor the left, speaking to none, caring for none, made her way through the crowd to a distant window, and turned her back deliberately on the bridal pair.

There, like a black, graven image, she stood through the ceremony, staring blankly out into the freezing night.

Her eyes she could control, but she could not shut her ears.

"Till death do ye part!"

The solemn, irrevocable words pierced her like dagger-points.

It was done—he belonged to Emily!

Close by her side she heard a guarded voice say:

"That awful Spanish girl! She is in love with the bridegroom. Madame Mather ought to put her in a strait-waistcoat."

"She looks like a death's-head at the feast," answered another. "That dress is shameful—it gives me the horrors. I dare say, she will do some desperate thing before the night is over—cut her own throat, perhaps."

"Or the bride's."

Under the chandelier, wreathed with waxen holly, stood the happy pair, now one—evermore one, to receive the good wishes of their friends. Neither had yet seen Jacquita.

Grandmother Mather swept across the room and grasped the girl's arm.

"Go, and congratulate Emily, as everybody else is doing," she whispered.

Jacquita kept her sombre eyes fixed on the night without.

"I will do nothing of the kind. I am no hypocrite, gran."

"You little hornet! That dress—I only wish I could tear it off you! You will be the talk of the whole town to-morrow. For decency's sake, do as I bid you!"

Jacquita clinched her bloodless hands in the obnoxious folds of the mourning-gown.

"Wish her joy with my lips, gran, when at heart I would be glad if she lay at the bottom of the frozen river out yonder? Not I. Let your guests talk. Do you think I care? No!"

"You will feel my wrath hereafter, Jack."

"I have felt it many times already. It does not frighten me."

A few moments later, Gaston Steele and his beautiful bride saw a strange apparition sweeping down the long room toward them—a girl, all in black, from head to foot, colorless as death, wild-eyed as some angry hawk. She approached, not to hold out a friendly hand, not to speak good wishes. She cast upon the two one baleful, withering glance, one look of

deepest, hate, then swept by, and vanished in the hall.

"Thank heaven!" whispered Grandmother Mather in Emily's ear. "that is the last of her for to-night. You will now have peace."

The doors of a gorgeous supper-room were thrown wide open, and thither the crowd flocked.

"Did you see that love-lorn Jack?" whispered the bride to her handsome, happy groom.

His face fell.

"Yes," he answered, in a low voice.

"All in black for your wedding, Gaston! Ridiculous creature! How she hates me to-night, and oh, how she loves you!"

"My darling," said Steele, gravely, "do not talk of her. I have confessed all my sins to you. Had I never seen your face I might have loved Jack, but when you came it was impossible. Heaven pardon me for the pain I have caused the poor child! An ordinary girl would never have given a second thought to such a flirtation; but there is nothing ordinary about Jacquita; she is unlike other women."

"Which is very fortunate for the other women, Gaston."

"I do not deny that. Pray, let her not spoil our happiness, darling. We have no thoughts to spare for her to-night."

Without, all was pitchy darkness; not a star could be seen in the bitter black sky. Within, music sounded through the rich old rooms, flowers died, breathing sweet perfumes, bright fires blazed, Bordeaux and Burgundy shone in the long-necked Bohemian glasses, wonderful enormities of French cookery delighted the heart of the epicure, lights shone, laughter and talk made a joyful hubbub everywhere.

Supper was over, and midnight was approaching, when Grandmother Mather suddenly missed the bride. She looked around the crowded rooms, but saw no Emily. A singular uneasiness seized the fond old woman. She hurried to Gaston Steele, who was talking with a group of ladies in a corner.

"Where is Emily?" she asked.

"Gone up to her dressing-room," he answered; "she will be down again directly."

Mrs. Mather waited ten long minutes, then called a servant.

"Hasten to Mrs. Steele's dressing-room," she said, nervously. "and tell me if she is there—I feel as if something unpleasant had happened."

The girl rushed away, to return immediately with tidings that the bride was not in her dressing-room, nor anywhere above-stairs.

"Gaston," cried gran, growing pale, "help me to find her at once!"

He caught the alarm promptly. From him it passed to others. In five minutes, groom and guests were looking for Emily Mather. They looked in vain, however—she was not in the house.

"She must have stepped out upon the terrace," said Steele, in an unsteady voice, "or into the grounds."

"How odd—upon this freezing night!" cried some one; but a light was brought, and Steele sprang out on the terrace, calling his bride's name. No voice answered. He leaped down the stone steps into the garden.

"Emily, my darling!" he shouted, in wild alarm. "where are you?"

No reply. In the centre of the lawn was a statue of Pan, and leaning against it, he suddenly perceived a black object, as motionless as the heathen god himself. He rushed forward, and held up his light. The object turned, and he saw the white face, and deep black eyes of Jacquita.

Her head was uncovered, the wind tossed her rich, rippling hair. Her locked hands hung straight down before her. She was standing there, utterly alone, in the bitter Christmas night.

"Jacquita!" cried Gaston Steele, seizing her almost roughly by the arm. "what are you doing here? Where is Emily?"

She stared at him blankly.

"Emily? How should I know? That is a strange question to ask of me. You see what I am doing—nothing!"

"Emily is not in the house—we cannot find her. Have you seen her, Jack! Has she passed this way?"

She gave a low, mirthless laugh.

"Passed this way?—you are crazy! What could she want here? Is your bride given to meandering the garden on Winter midnights? It is a bad hour, and decidedly bad weather for a solitary stroll."

"Have you seen her, Jack—have you seen her?"

"No, I have not seen her," she answered, tearing herself from his hold.

He rushed across the lawn. Moved by some sudden impulse, she followed him. He made straight for the sombre pine-walk, and entered it, still shouting the name of the missing girl.

Silence. But half way down the path the gleam of a white dress arrested his frantic step. He flew toward it.

"Emily—Emily! Good heaven! what a scare you have given us all! Whatever are you doing here, darling!"

Then he stopped; he lifted his lantern—an awful cry escaped his lips.

Yes, it was Emily. Her slight figure leaned against the rough trunk of a pine, a crooked, low-bending bough supported her like an arm of flesh. A crimson shawl was thrown about her shoulders; her long bridal garments trailed on the brown needles. At her feet a handkerchief had fallen, making another white spot in the darkness. On her arms and bosom and in her fair hair the diamonds still sparkled mockingly. Her head rested against the scaly bole of the tree.

A great agony and horror was frozen on the beautiful face: the wide-open eyes stared vacantly into the awful night—eyes that would never again look love to Gaston Steele's. The pale lips had smiled their last—yea, and for the last time answered the voice of her bride-

groom. There, in the darkness of that terrible Christmas Eve, upheld by the arm of the tree, stark, still and awful, stood Emily Mather, the bride of an hour, stone dead.

Gaston Steele caught her in his arms. Her crimson shawl fell to the earth. Had the sanguine shade of the wrap tinged her bridal dress? Down all its length he saw a strange red stain. What was it?

He laid his hand upon her heart. The hilt of a stiletto—a curious thing in silver filigree—met his touch. She was dead, the lovely, the adored bride—dead—foully murdered on her marriage night, and but a few rods distant from the room where the wedding-guests had laughed and chatted in unconscious gaiety.

Far and wide, through the shrubbery rang the bridegroom's agonized cry. In an instant a score of persons had reached the spot. Gaston Steele stooped and picked up the handkerchief which lay on the pine needles at the dead girl's feet. A name was stamped on its embroidered corner. He looked at it by the lantern light, then turned slowly, and faced Jacquita Mather, who was standing, as if paralyzed, in the dreary walk, staring at the awful sight before her.

"My God!" cried Gaston Steele, in a voice of unspeakable horror; "it is your handkerchief—yours, Jack! Oh, wretched girl, what have you done?"

She did not speak, only looked at him, saw the frightful accusation in his eyes, and without word or sound, flung up her arms and, fell senseless to the earth.

There was a medical examiner among the wedding guests; Emily Mather was borne into the house and laid in that cedar-parlor, where she had stood an hour before to receive the congratulations of the company.

Wild, frightened faces, sobs and lamentations, filled the flower-decked rooms. Grandmother Mather was mad with grief. Who could have done the deed? This girl, with her lovely face and gentle nature, had not an enemy in the world. Stop! She had one! The same ghastly thought began to take form in the hearts of all present; but suspicion became certainty when Grandmother Mather begged to see the weapon which had ended her darling's life. It was brought, and at the first glance, she screamed out as if she had received a blow. "Jack's!—it's Jack's! Look, Gaston!"

He looked, and a shudder shook his strong figure.

"You gave it to her before Emily returned from school. She has always used it to cut the leaves of her books."

Yes, he recognized the weapon. Where was the Spanish girl? In her room. Somebody had restored her to consciousness. The guests stared at each other. What would the inquest of the morrow bring forth.

Christmas morning dawned, wild and gray. A few flakes of snow fluttered down from the overburdened clouds.

The great festival of the year had come, but its joy could not penetrate the old brick house among the pines. Gloom and death reigned there.

The coroner and his jury held possession of everything. In the cedar parlor a rigid examination of the members of the household was in progress.

Gaston Steele went up to Jacquita, who stood at the corner of the hearth, warming herself by the open fire. She wore the black dress of the previous night, and her bearing was singularly calm and courageous.

"Jack," he said, in a low voice, "say but these words, 'I am innocent,' and I will believe you, come what may."

She looked him fearlessly in his haggard face.

"I am innocent."

He wrung her hand in silence. Grandmother Mather entered, leaning on her maid. At sight of Jacquita she screamed.

"Take that girl away! Never let me see her again—never let her come near me! Away with her!" Gaston Steele led her to a seat.

"For heaven's sake!" he whispered, "do not talk like that! You will do her incalculable harm. Already the whole town believes her guilty."

"She is guilty!" cried gran, loud enough to be heard by every one.

Whether she was or not, the information collected from the different witnesses told with damning effect against Jacquita Mather.

One by one the servants testified to what they called her "tantrums," and the threats which she had openly made against her cousin.

Grandmother Mather told of her furious jealousy, and her infatuation for Gaston Steele—statements which the latter person was obliged to corroborate, though he did so with much seeming reluctance.

"Miss Mather has a passionate temper," he urged; "no importance should be attached to her wild talk. In fits of wrath it is not her custom to weigh her words properly. She would never have harmed a hair of her cousin's head."

He had taken his stand for the suspected girl. She knew instinctively that every other person in the house was against her, but Emily's husband was her friend.

Throughout her own examination Miss Mather maintained the most perfect composure. Had she not cherished a jealous hatred toward the deceased? Yes. Had she not on several occasions vowed to do her injury? Yes. Was the handkerchief which Steele had picked up at the feet of his bride, her property? Yes. How did she account for the finding of it there with the dead girl?

She had walked under the pines at sunset, and dropped it then.

The stiletto was shown. Did she recognize that?

Yes. It was a keepsake from Gaston Steele. By accident she had left it on a rustic bench in the garden the day before.

How could she explain her presence in the shrubbery at the time of the murder?

She had gone thither to think her own thoughts. She had not seen Emily nor approached the pine-walk. She did not love her cousin, but no thought of doing her actual injury had ever entered her mind.

The coroner's jury promptly decided that Mrs. Emily Mather Steele had come to her death by means of a weapon called a stiletto, in the hands of one Jacquita Mather. And the latter person was at once arrested.

In the gray Christmas afternoon a close carriage appeared at the door of Mather House.

The sheriff and an officer stood in the hall, ready to conduct the prisoner to the jail across the river.

Jacquita descended the stair, cloaked and veiled. At its foot Gaston Steele waited.

She went up to him, deadly pale, but perfectly quiet and composed.

"Gran will not see me," she said, and her lip quivered a little—the first sign of emotion that she had yet shown. "Will you take my good-by to her, and say that I forgive her for all her hardness to me this day?"

He nodded. The sheriff handed Miss Mather into the carriage, and followed her with his assistant.

After them came Gaston Steele, and seated himself by the side of the prisoner.

"I am going with you," was all that he said.

Down the snowy drive they rolled, and out into the street. All about the stone gates groups of people stood, waiting for the vehicle. A curtain was drawn across the window. Jacquita could not see them, but she heard the yell which they raised as she passed.

They, too, believed her guilty. There was a turbulent population in the town, and throughout its borders the murder had created an intense excitement.

Rapidly the carriage rolled down to the bridge which spanned the river. Scarcely had the horses crossed the heavy planks, when a portentous murmur was heard—the hoarse, mingled voices of a gathered crowd. The sheriff looked grim.

"I'm afraid there's trouble ahead," he said, to Gaston Steele.

Even as he spoke the horses came to a halt. A dozen pairs of hands were laid on the carriage-door. The sheriff and Steele tried to hold it fast; but in a moment it was torn from its hinges.

Then they saw all about them a sea of threatening faces. The way was choked, the horses were surrounded; further progress was impossible.

"Let us pass in the name of the law!" shouted the sheriff.

A derisive cry answered him.

"Hand out that she-devil!"

"Show us the murderer!"

"Hang her here on the bridge!"

Bricks and stones came flying into the carriage.

One struck the sheriff full in the forehead, and knocked him back in his seat insensible.

His assistant sat paralyzed with terror. Gaston Steele flung himself before the prisoner, shielding her with his own body.

"Let us see her! Drag her out! We will see her!" roared the crowd.

Brawny arms were thrust through the door; Gaston Steele beat them down. He was struck in the face by some flying missile; the blood gushed out—he did not know it.

The frightened officer had drawn a pistol, but his hand trembled so violently that he could not hold it.

"Fire, in heaven's name!" urged Steele, but the man hesitated, and his principal still lay senseless in the bottom of the carriage.

"We will see her—we will see the murderer!" roared the rabble anew.

Gaston Steele sprang out on the carriage-step, and confronted the sea of faces.

"Cowards!" he thundered, "there is no murderer here, only an innocent girl, as guiltless of blood as your own sisters and wives!"

"Who the deuce are you, who dares to say that?" called out a gruff voice by the carriage-wheel.

"I am the husband of Emily Mather!"

Dead silence.

Defense from such a quarter was both odd and impressive. The mob fell back involuntarily. The driver seized the opportunity to lash his horses, but they had not advanced a dozen yards when they were stopped again.

"Let us see her!" persisted the crowd;

"innocent or guilty, let us see her!"

Steele felt a light touch. It was Jacquita's hand.

"Move," she said, "and let them see me."

He obeyed. The crowd pressed up, looked in at the door. Lo! there was a girl scarcely more than seventeen, grand and unflinching as some little queen, her proud dark eyes full of quiet scorn, no shade of fear, no sign of guilt visible on her marvelously beautiful face.

Back fell the curious, jostling, menacing throng. At the same moment the officer rallied sufficiently to discharge his revolver over the gathered heads.

The driver struck his horses anew, and this time no hand detained him. The vehicle dashed forward and entered the jail-yard. The big gates clanged upon it, shutting out the crowd—shutting in Jacquita Mather.

Steele bade her good-by in the jailer's room.

"Ah!" she shuddered, as she looked up in his wounded face. "What a day this has been! You are hurt—you are bleeding. I think you saved my life out there by the bridge. But for you, they might have killed me. It is not a valuable life," with a pathetic little smile, "but still I must thank you."

He pressed her cold hand.

"Thank heaven, you are not harmed. Take courage, Jack. Light must soon be thrown upon this monstrous mystery. You cannot be detained long in this place."

And then he went away, and left her in her narrow prison-cell.

Emily Mather was laid to her rest in the ancient family tomb across the river.

Gaston Steele remained at Mather House. He could not leave the place till after the trial of Jacquita; moreover, its broken-hearted old mistress clung to him as to a last support; but his belief in Jack's innocence exasperated her greatly.

"I understand," she stormed. "The thought of her weakness for you makes you indulgent towards her. I tell you she killed my darling, and I shall live to see her hanged as a murderer."

"How can you talk like that?" cried Steele, sternly. "She is your own grandchild—as near to you as was Emily. God forbid that you or I should live to see anything of the kind!"

"She is none of mine, now. I repudiate her—I cast her off; I will never call her by my name again."

"Hard words!" he sighed, "hard words!"

An hour or two after this conversation a housemaid was passing through the hall of Mather House, and lo! at the foot of the oaken stair she stumbled upon her mistress, lying prone upon her face, and breathing heavily.

The girl lifted her up. Her limbs were like lead, her eyes were fixed. She could neither stir nor speak; she was stricken with paralysis.

Gaston Steele carried the news to Jacquita.

It was late of a wintry afternoon—the twilight was creeping into the jail with stealthy gray feet. He found the young prisoner reading a little German Bible in the silence of her dreary cell. Her finger pointed to these words:

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall become as white as wool."

As the iron door opened to admit the visitor, she closed her book, and arose quietly. He had not seen her for two weeks, and the change in her appearance startled and amazed him.

In the sharpened outlines of her figure; in her great melancholy eyes, fierce no longer; in her air of quiet dignity; in her wasted, subdued face, he could scarcely recognize the fiery, impetuous Jacquita of old.

"What brings you here?" she asked.

"I have tidings for you," he answered; and then he told her of the new calamity which had fallen upon Mather House.

"She will die, thinking me guilty," said Jacquita, with a dry, choking sob. "Gaston, there is something I wish to say to you."

"Say on."

A streak of sunset light was fading off the whitewashed walls of the cell. Her hollow eyes followed it, as it slipped slowly away, then she spoke:

"It was on the night of your marriage. I had just come in from the pine-walk. You know all the wicked things which I said to you there; but you do not know the purpose that was in my heart. I meant to put an end to my own life before morning—to fling the shadow of my death upon the happiness of your bridal. That was the revenge which I meditated—that only. As I passed the door of Emily's room, I stopped and looked in. She was sitting at her toilet, and on her face was a pallor—a trouble, altogether new to me. She held a slip of pink note-paper in her hand—she was twisting it nervously about her fingers. I think—I am almost sure—there was writing on the paper. As soon as she saw me, I passed on. A simple incident, you will say, scarcely worthy of mention, yet it haunts me by day and night. I dream of it when I sleep; I think of it when I wake. I see her before me constantly, with that pale, troubled look on her face, and that bit of pink paper twisted about her hand. Gaston, I wish—I wish that paper could be found!"

The appeal in her tone thrilled him to the heart.

"It shall be," he cried, "if it is still in existence."

"Go back to Mather House and search for it. Has her room been disturbed since her death?"

"No."

"Then you will find it there. I saw her fling it from her as I looked into the chamber. I cannot tell where it fell, but you will find it somewhere—somewhere! It is strange, is it not, that I should attach importance to so foolish a matter? When drowning, you know, one will catch at straws."

Gaston Steele hurried back to Mather House. The sick old grandmother was sleeping, watched by careful attendants. He went straight to Emily's chamber, put down his lamp upon the mantel, and began a minute examination of everything in the room. After long and patient search, in an obscure corner, under the lace-draped toilet-table, he found a bit of pink note-paper, twisted out of all shape, and with some writing in pencil traced upon it. Smoothing out the wrinkled surface, he held it to the light, and, with difficulty read these words:

"I shall wait for you in the walk of pines till midnight. I conjure you, by your old love for me, to meet me there."

No signature was attached. Gaston Steele staggered to the window and flung up the sash. He felt sick and faint. None but a lover could have written those words. From bridegroom, from friends, Emily Mather had stolen away on her marriage-eve to meet in the lonely pine-walk the writer of that note and—a cruel death! Steele held the cursed paper in his hand, the cold wind blew in his face, and out of all his bitterness and grief a sudden joy was born he knew; he felt that Jack—poor, erring but deeply-wronged Jack was saved!

The next morning he presented himself at the jail. She was waiting for him, with a strange expectancy in her face.

"You have found it!" she cried.

"Yes," he answered, and placed the slip in her hand.

She gave a great start, as her eyes fell on the penciled lines.

"I know this writing," she said, looking up in wonder at Gaston Steele.

"You know it?"

"I have seen it scores of times," smiling sadly; "it is that of Monsieur Renaud, our French master at the school. Did I not tell you that he used to call me a devil, and Emily an angel? I had a strange fancy that I saw him on the west terrace of Mather House the night of your marriage. He was very fond of Emily in her schooldays, and I think she cared a little for him—in foolish girl-fashion."

"Enough!" cried Steele, with a stern, white face; "you have solved the mystery of my wife's murder!"

An hour later, the pink paper was in the hands of an officer of the law, who went immediately to the school, where Monsieur Felix Renaud taught his native tongue to fashionable young ladies, and arrested the handsome Frenchman.

Jacquita was set free. Gaston Steele carried her back to Mather House; and scarcely had the door of her cell closed on Monsieur Renaud, when he made a full confession of the secret passion which had long existed betwixt himself and his fair, fickle pupil, Emily Mather, and the wild jealousy, the temporal madness, which, when he found her false and lost to him for ever, had led him to the commitment of her murder.

Grandmother Mather breathed her last in her granddaughter's arms. Gaston Steele had told her the story which was now on every lip, and she looked remorsefully up into the girl's face, feebly articulated one word, "Forgive!" then fell back on her shoulder and died.

There was no will, and but one heir to the old woman's fortune—Jacquita Mather.

Gaston Steele went abroad. At parting, Jacquita said to him:

"You were the only person who believed in me. I shall never forget that."

He pressed her cold hand in both his own.

"May God send you happier days than you have yet known," he cried, fervently.

A sad smile flitted across her lips.

"I was not born for happiness," she answered, and then he went his way.

Years passed. Again and again Christmas Eve came and went—four had gladdened the wintry world since the murder of Emily Mather. The fifth arrived in storm and cloud, with a wild wind blowing through the sombre pines, and white snow drifting about the strong gates, and along the deserted terraces of Mather House. Dinner was over, and by a blazing log on the hearth of the cedar parlor sat Jacquita all alone.

Her heavy black dress swept the quaint old tiles; her ringless hands, full of spotless, Christmas roses, lay listlessly in her lap; her great solemn eyes were fixed on the merry Christmas fire. A handsome woman she was; older than her years, sadder than one with so much of wealth and strength and beauty should have been. With the outer world she mingled little; but the poor and the afflicted for miles and miles around Mather House knew her well.

The storm beat across the windows. Night was falling fast—the blessed night of the Nativity. Shadows gathered in the corners of the room. A faint perfume arose from the flowers in her hands. Softly she began to sing these lines of the old familiar Christmas carol:

"God rest ye, all good Christians!
Upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians
Was of a woman born;
Now all your sorrows He doth heal,
Your sins He takes away,
For Christ, your Lord and Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day."

Was there any healing for sorrow like hers? A faint noise startled her. She lifted her eyes, dim with tears, from the happy fire, to find that the door had opened, and that some one—a man, a stranger—was standing upon the threshold looking in upon her.

Her heart gave a great bound. She arose to her feet, dropping her Christmas roses. As she did so, the apparition stepped into the cedar-room. Was it a stranger? Travel had darkened his face, and the years had given it a gravity which it had never worn of old, but time nor change could not deceive Jacquita's eyes. He held out his hand eagerly.

"Pardon me for entering unannounced. Your servant told me I should find you here. Jack, Jack!—ah, I have been too sudden—you are faint!"

She looked about to fall, but by a mighty effort she rallied, and faced him bravely.

"Yes, it is sudden. I did not think to ever see you again, Gaston."

He looked at her fixedly, marked the changes which the years had wrought in her rich beauty, and a light flashed into his face, a great tremor shook his voice.

"Have you no welcome for me, Jack? It is Christmas Eve, and I have come from the antipodes to tell you that I love you—to ask you to be my wife. Since we parted, I have thought of you constantly—your face has followed me in all my wanderings. Can you forget the past—can you be happy without me yet?"

There was a moment of silence. The north wind whistled by the window, the fire snapped on the hearth. She raised her lovely tear-wet eyes to his face.

"Gaston, are you sure of your own heart?"

"For five years it has beat only for you—yearned only for you," he answered, sadly. "Is not that test enough? Oh, my darling, do not doubt me now!"

Mutely she stretched out her hands to him. He snatched her to his heart.

"I am not sure," he said, with a heavy sigh, "that I have not always loved you!"

And the winds roared, the snow fell, the black night settled over the sombre pines; but Christmas Eve had brought joy and peace, and the healing of the old sorrows, at least, to Mather House.

THE TRAMP OF SHILOH.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

Yes, bread! I want bread! You heard what I said;

Yet you stand and you stare,
As if never before came a Tramp to your door
With such insolent air,



"CAME A TRAMP TO YOUR DOOR."



"MY HOME IT WAS BURNED."

Would I work? Never learned.—*My* home it was burned;

And I haven't yet found
Any heart to plow lands and build homes for red hands
That burned mine to the ground.

No bread! you have said?—Then my curse on your head

And, what shall sting worse,
On that wife at your side, on those babes in their pride,
Fall my seven-fold curse!—

Good-by! I must learn to creep into your barn;
Suck your eggs; hide away;
Sneak around like a hound—leave a match in your hay—

Limp away through the gray!

Yes, I limp—curse these stones! And then my old bones
Were riddled with ball

At your Shiloh.—What you? You battled there, too?

Well, you beat us—that's all.

Bread! money! and wine! sir? Madam, I dine
At your feet—and please, sir, I pray
You'll pardon me, sir—that fight trenched me here,
Deep—deeper than sword-cut that day.

Yet even *my* heart with a stout pride will start
As I tramp. For, you see,
No matter which won, it was royally done,
And a royal American victory.

But I go. Sir, adieu! *Tu Tityre*. You
Have Augustus to friend,
While I—Yes, read and speak both Latin and Greek;
And talk slang without end.

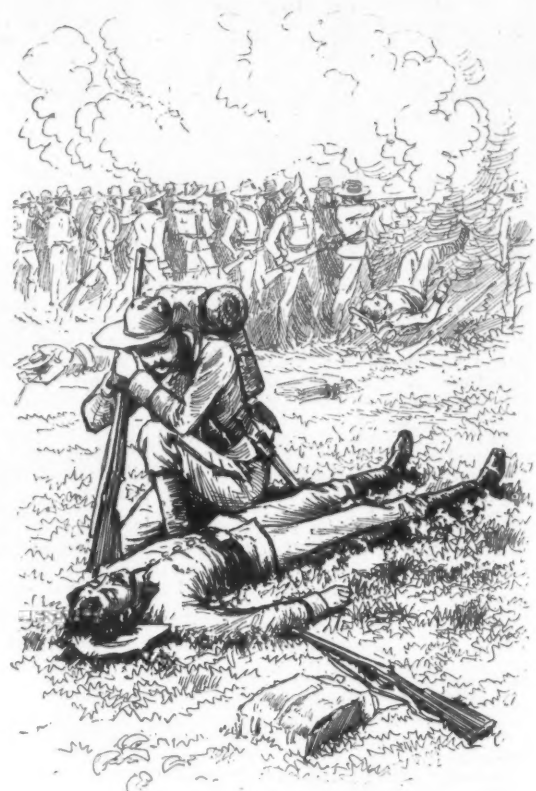
Hey? Oxford. But, then, when the wild cry for men
Rang out through the gathering night,
As a mother that cries for her children and dies,
I dropped all, and came for the fight.

What! sit? Sit and tell how we fought—how we fell?

Tell to *you* who did kill?—

'Neath your cursed Northern vine set me down and drink wine?—

That wine warms, and—I will.



"I KNELT DOWN IN BLOOD BY HIS SIDE."

That laugh was his last! When the bloody wave passed

I knelt down in blood by his side.

On his brow, on his breast—what need tell the rest?—

I but knew that my brother had died;

Then I sprang to my horse. I sought death in my course,

Dashing on till I fell 'mid the brave.

But, disdained still by death, I came back with my breath—

But the place where he fell was a grave!

When a storm wracks the sea, great wrecks there must be,

And waif, wood and stray drift ashore;

And, so pardon me, please, for I am of these.—

But, good-by, I will bother no more.

What! wounds on *your* breast? *Your* brow tells the rest?

You fought at my side and *you* fell?

You the brave boy that stood at my side in that wood,

On that blazing red border of hell?

My brother! My own! Never king on his throne

Knew a joy like to this brought to me.

God bless you, my life; bless your brave Northern wife,

And your beautiful babes, two and three.



"MY BROTHER! MY OWN!"

We flew home—fool, that I brought him home here to die

When she, with her last fevered breath,
Had implored this right arm keep him sacred from harm,
And then followed our father in death.

Yet I know he had pined had I left him behind
Safe bound by gray Oxford's bars,
And his proud soul had cried in his valor and died
To ride at my side in the wars.

How young, and how fair, and how noble—but, there!
This wine, or the sudden sunrise—

Sir, when we last stood in the place, and he last raised his face,

I saw there my dead mother's eyes.—

'Twas Shiloh! We stood 'neath that hill by the wood—

It's a graveyard to-day, sir, you know;
And he smiled like a child, even laughed, as the wild

Dogs of war at our throats were let go.



A DEEP CHRISTMAS SNOW.—"HE OVERTOOK A YOUNG WOMAN STRUGGLING THROUGH THE DRIFT, ALMOST RIDING HER DOWN. IT WAS THE VERY PERSON WHO HAD WRITTEN HIM THAT LETTER HE HAD CURSED WITH SUCH VEHEMENCE."

A Deep Christmas Snow.

By WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

"It is still coming down," said the beautiful watcher at the window, hopelessly.

Doctor Ezekiel, sitting before the open grate, leaned back with a luxurious sigh. Curious red and yellow lights were reflected upon his glasses; but no heat could give his face a color. He was not a handsome man; but no one could have justly called so intellectual and energetic a countenance homely.

"You should see the snows they have in the North," he said, getting up and crossing briskly to the window. "Pooh! My dear Mrs. Stuart, this is nothing."

"It seems a great deal to me; and how is it that in some places it is so much deeper than in others? The face of the tobacco-field is quite hidden, and the road nowhere, and the church there looks like something drawn on a slate."

"The gale makes the snow drift," explained the doctor, standing now exactly beside the handsome widow, and looming tall and slight above her. "You shall see a sight more wonderful than this to-morrow—I dare say, people will not be able to get about at all. I perceive that we are in for a real old-fashioned storm," and he laughed with rather grim enjoyment. "But I don't mind; I relish it."

"Still, when one thinks of the poor old villagers—"

"One need not do so, I am sure; I prefer to think exclusively of ourselves, Madeline," and he placed his slender arm about her waist. She shuddered a little—an involuntary movement—for it was instantly followed by a quick, side-long glance of inquiry at his face. He, however, was still intently watching the white downfall outside.

"On reflection, I conclude that I had better go to the post-office at once," he said, suddenly. "The longer I delay the worse it will be."

"But do you expect very important letters?"

"No; but there will be newspapers, I dare say. We must have something to read to-morrow."

Mrs. Stuart did not object further, and the tall, pale doctor left the room, and in the hall put on his heavy coat and seal cap, and so betook himself to the stable. A few minutes later he rode past the window on his great black horse,

waving his hand and smiling to the beautiful lady who watched him.

It was indeed a tremendous snow-storm. Dr. Ezekiel buffeted his way with grim enjoyment, being a man who liked difficulties, and had a malicious sort of enjoyment in overcoming them. He spoke with a sharp and obdurate encouragement to his horse when the great beast stumbled; but it was the outcome of good-humor and a nervous system braced by the keen atmosphere.

At the post-office window he chatted rapidly and pleasantly with Mrs. Brown, while she selected his letters and papers, laughing and blushing. The bystanders stopped in their conversation to listen deferentially. All knew the great man and admired him; knew also that in two or three days he was to marry the beautiful mistress of Red-rose Farm; knew that they had met at the Springs in the Summer and been mutually attracted; knew that the doctor was rich and that the match would be suitable in every way.

He mounts again and is away, holding the bridle with his left hand, and his two letters in his right, which, one after the other, he opens with his teeth and reads. And suddenly the second one, at the instant his eye lights on the handwriting, draws a whistling curse from him, keen as the edge

of that icy gale blowing about his ears. He reads though, as it were, in a glance, and then tears the paper into bits and lets it drift with the snow-flakes behind him.

Dr. Ezekiel was scarcely in such good-humor now. The big horse struggled and floundered, the snow almost up to his flanks, and his master rained anathema, and even struck him with his fist.

"Curse the road! I'll go through the church-yard."

So they entered the gate, the doctor kicking it to behind him with a vicious clang, and away they went across the graves, and past the monuments, and by the more elaborate sepulchres. In the very middle of the cemetery loomed up the Stuart mausoleum with its time-worn legend, "Hodie mihi, cras tibi," which arrested the horseman's eye, and he bestowed a pallid sneer upon the quaint lettering. Underneath the floor of that narrow house slept the late tenant of the other and more imposing residence yonder.

"The majesty of buried Denmark rests peacefully," mused Dr. Ezekiel, with his strange smile, stopping in front of the door; "and I conjecture, therefore, that he quite approves of his widow's choice. 'Cras tibi,' eh? In that case it is well to be assured of one's accommodations."

He was off his horse in a minute, and two brisk strides brought him to the iron door; but though not locked, it was not so easily opened. Still, this slight, wiry man of forty had much more strength than one would have supposed, and after a brief struggle the portal yielded with a protesting groan. The doctor peeped in and looked about, a good deal amused in his sardonic way, although the source of his pleasure would have puzzled a stranger. The doctor was, it must be understood, the late Mr. Stuart's heir, a contingency never dreamed of by that old gentleman; but so things had turned out—heir to all that handsome fortune, the beautiful widow, the splendid estate, and finally to a bed in these quiet sleeping-quarters. The two Latin words he therefore applied as a prophecy.

He remounted and rode on again; it was a profanation; but he did not often consider the feelings of the living, no more those of the dead. And just as he turned about the huge monument that marks the resting-place of "Eleanor Digby, a native of England," with the particulars in epitome of her history, he overtook a young woman struggling through the drift, almost riding her down. It was the very person who had written him that letter he had cursed with such vehemence.

She was thinly clad for such bitter weather, and her face was blue and pinched. The rising of one of the dead about her could scarcely have brought such a scared look into her great blue eyes as the sight of the living Dr. Ezekiel, notwithstanding he was the very person she had visited this part of the world to see.

"So you have carried out your threat?" he said, with his malign smirk.

"I have, Maurice," she said, keeping a wary eye upon him as if she half-feared he would do her harm. He was whiter than the snow falling so slowly and sadly about them. "I intend to do all the rest that I said. I have been in the village there long enough to learn everything."

He thought a minute.

"Now, see, Lucy; don't be a fool. It is quite true that I am going to marry this widow; her husband left her more than a hundred thousand in her own right, unconditionally."

"You can't marry her while I live. I am your lawful wife, and I have the certificate," returned the woman, doggedly.

"I am going straight on up to the house there and tell her so. The snow can't keep me back. I'll fight the snow, I'll fight you, and I'll fight her, but what I'll have my rights."

"Tut, tut! Now



UNCLE CHARLEY'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.—JUST THEN THE FRONT-DOOR BELL RUNG LOUDLY; ALL THE CHILDREN RUSHED OUT, AND STARED WITH ASTONISHMENT AS TWO BIG CHINESE BOYS ENTERED HAND-IN-HAND.—SEE PAGE 327.

Lucy, can you listen a minute? We can talk quietly here: I only want you to hear reason. I have never loved any one but you."

Poor Lucy uttered an unpleasant laugh. "I am going to marry this Mrs. Stuart for your sake. She is delicate, and after I get her money she will not live long; and her little boy is delicate, too. It was I who saved his life at Crystal Spring. When they are both gone, Lucy, it will be Peace and Paradise for us, hey?" and he snapped his fingers. "You shall see, then, whether I loved you."

"I should be a fool, indeed, to trust you again, Maurice," said the girl, shaking her head, but already beginning to waver.

"Ay, without security; but you will have the marriage certificate and can hold it over me—the impending sword. Think of it, child. A hundred thousand—there's a power of diversion in that; dresses, dinners, drives, travel, music and mirth!" and he laughed harshly but gayly. "What say you?"

"I say, no. I am mad, I know; but I'll never willingly give you up to another."

"Then you send me to the State Prison," he returned in a lower voice, bending down from his horse, glancing this way and that. "I've forged a note that falls due next month. A prison for me means poverty—rags and hunger for you, my love. Just look at the dilemma—a palace and a prison on either hand; which will you select?"

The wretched creature looked down and with the point of her shoe poked at the snow for a minute or two, deliberating; and then raising her head, with ever so sad a look upon the thin but still pretty face, said:

"Can you give me some money now? I am staying at the hotel, but have nothing to pay my board."

"Not a penny; but come up to the house to-night and you shall have enough to keep you two months. I keep what I have in my trunk."

"To-night—in this snow?" she exclaimed, aghast.

"You don't appear to be much afraid of the snow," he returned with a sneer. "We have seen deeper in the North when we used to go to singing-school. Come up to the house between eight and nine, and stand outside—there's an arbor; I'll steal out and go back with you. The walk's nothing. It is Christmas Eve, and Mrs. Stuart will have company, and I'll not be missed for half an hour or so. Come through the churchyard here, and don't let yourself be seen. Take thick wraps. You will come, Lucy?"

"Yes, but it is bitter weather to be out."

He leaned down and kissed her, and as they parted she began crying; but he was in haste, and kissing his gloved fingers and smiling, he resumed his way. She looked after him until he had disappeared in the mist, and then started to trudge back to the village again.

Meanwhile, a scene, just as strange in its way as this, had taken place at Red-rose farmhouse.

Five minutes after Dr. Ezekiel had crossed the window, his beautiful affianced sitting before the fire, in a reverie, heard the door open behind her and her colored butler announce:

"A gentleman, Mrs. Stuart."

Mrs. Stuart rose and discovered a figure in the gloom. The butler proceeded deliberately to light the lamp, there being of course no gas in this isolated region, and at the instant it flashed the stranger pronounced the word:

"Madeline!"

He came toward her rapidly, with both hands outstretched; but she shrank back.

"Oh, John! it is you." There was something almost of horror in the recognition.

"It is, Madeline," he answered, stopping short. "You scarcely seem as glad to see me as I expected. At the moment I heard you were single again I left everything and hurried to you."

"I have been single almost two years," she said, with a kind of sob. "I thought you were dead or had changed your mind."

"Changed my mind!" he laughed bitterly. "I was almost cut off from civilization, you must remember. In those mining-camps little is known of what goes on in the outside world, and the mails come and go irregularly. I had no letter from you, and should still have been in ignorance of your husband's death, had I not seen a paragraph in a newspaper speaking of your presence, with your little boy, at some watering-place—Crystal Springs, if I remember aright. But what does it matter, Madeline? You are free, and I have come."

"I am not free."

"Not free?"

"Circumstances have enmeshed me strangely. My heart is as true to you, John, as it ever was; but I have promised my hand."

John Greenlaw dropped into a chair. "You promised it to me long, long ago."

"Don't upbraid me, John; for the sake of the unchanged love I bear you. I have something so singular to tell you that it will sound to your practical ears like a romance; but it is heaven's own truth."

She went quickly to the window and glanced down the road, and then came back.

"I am, I think, the most unhappy woman on earth. You have heard of one person being in the power of another—that is my situation. At my very hearth sits the pale tyrant whose slave I am."

"Madeline, is this a jest you have planned to frighten me?"

"I wrote to you soon after my husband's death, and waited patiently for your reply, but none came. Last May my little Willie was taken ill, and I went to Crystal Springs, a very quiet place, where I knew no one." She was speaking hurriedly, like one who expects every minute to be interrupted. "There were fortunately very few people there, and they, like myself, seemed to have come for rest and retirement. But there was one man"—and she shuddered—"who by imperceptible degrees made my acquaintance, first gaining my attention by the silent interest he displayed in my little boy. This person scarcely looked at me, and never addressed me a word; but I heard through the servants that he was a physician, and had made many inquiries about the child; his name was Doctor Ezekiel. My curiosity was

piqued, and I observed him more closely. He seemed a thorough gentleman—quiet, well-bred, sensitive, and with something about him that awed other people—the influence that one always observes in a commanding intellect. My boy grew alarmingly worse, and in a moment of terror I sent for Dr. Ezekiel. How the rest happened I cannot clearly recall; but from that first interview I seemed to be under a spell. My Willie grew better or worse just as his physician pleased, and Dr. Ezekiel scarcely left me a moment to myself; when I at length refused to see him, my boy sank to the point of death, and only recovered when this man was once more summoned. I saw by this time that he admired me; but still it was one day a great shock when he said, sitting by the bedside with my child's hand in his: 'Madam, you have seen that I understand my profession pretty well. I can cure your boy entirely for a proper fee. 'Tis a handsome one; but I don't want it till the boy is himself. Be my wife,' and he uttered his strange, harsh laugh. I ordered him from the room; but two hours afterwards sent for him again, and that night before I slept I had sworn to be his bride, as he demanded. Willie recovered almost immediately, and Dr. Ezekiel, who has been living in this house for nearly a month, is, before the close of this Christmas week, to be my husband."

"It shall not be, Madeline!" cried John Greenlaw, striking the table with his fist.

"But I am under oath, taken of my own free will. There is absolutely no escape."

"I shall kill him. Where I have lived for the last five years, when a man becomes objectionable he is removed without much ceremony."

"John, you are speaking under excitement; such things cannot be done here. Would you ruin yourself and me and all? Remember that, all things considered, this man is not to blame. I believe he truly loves me, and it was all chance, and I voluntarily took the risk named in the compact. If Willie had died, the doctor would have lost."

A rapid footstep in the hall arrested her voice, and the next moment Dr. Ezekiel was in the room. He started slightly as he saw John Greenlaw, piercing him with his keen glance; but crossed the carpet to the fire, where, after an introduction, which he acknowledged ceremoniously, he warmed his hands at the blaze.

"'Tis bitter weather, sir," he said, using the old-fashioned contraction, as was his custom. "We shall see the coldest Christmas ever remembered in these parts, and the deepest snow. You are from the West, sir, I hear? They have deep snows there?"

Greenlaw, obedient to a look from Mrs. Stuart, answered with what politeness he could command; and the doctor related several famous storms he had witnessed in the North.

"This would do very well if it went on," he said, nodding towards the window; "but you'll see that before morning it will turn to rain. Still, for a Christmas snow, I must own 'tis quite presentable;" and he chuckled at the red coils, the shadows playing over his pale face like smears of blood.

Tea rang—it was just six, but had been dark an hour since—and they went out. The doctor continued his reminiscences, eating and drinking energetically, and his gold eyeglasses flashing in the lamplight; and he put a great many questions to John Greenlaw about life in the mining-towns, which that handsome savage answered a little sullenly. Madeline watched the dialogue with anxiety, as she might have looked on at foil exercise between two hot-tempered players. But the Westerner was no match for the accomplished physician, who scored half a dozen palpable hits to the other's one.

So they returned to the parlor, Dr. Ezekiel with a quiet and knowing smile, for by this time he had comprehended the situation exactly—this Greenlaw was an old admirer, and jealous. His extravagances would spice the coming festivities considerably.

"You are to spend the holidays with us, Mr. Greenlaw?"

"Yes, sir; I propose remaining here for some time," said John, sternly and pointedly. "I know of nothing at present that will prevent."

"Dieu dispose; but I am sure we shall be glad to have you. Do you play cards—whist?"

"I can follow whist; but eucheure—"

"You lead at eucheure, eh?" said Ezekiel, with his polished sneer, getting up and finding the cards. "'Tis a pretty game; but sadly vulgarized; nowadays the best hands at eucheure are generally grimy."

John Greenlaw was by no means a dull man, but he had none of that alertness of mind which distinguished the doctor, and which people must have who hope to hold their own at repartee; and, moreover, he could not keep his temper, which is another thing fatal to wit. So he made no answer to the physician's remark, but looked on with a glum stare while the cards were shuffled and dealt.

The little assembly now proceeded with a three-handed game; but there was not much merriment, or even skill. Cards and one's dinner, to be enjoyed, require the same sauces—appetite and good-humor, and there is no real appetite without good-humor; there is of course, hunger—the animal vacancy—quite another thing. This game played with all interest, and with at least one of the players in a bilious temper, and the others constrained, was a failure.

After a while, John Greenlaw flung down his cards, saying that he could not stand his ill-luck.

"Ay," said the doctor; "luck does seem to be against you, to be sure."

The Westerner flashed a look of hatred at him; if it had been a pistol bullet Dr. Ezekiel would have fallen dead to the floor. But, happily, looks no more than thoughts are fatal, and the doctor, replacing the pack where it belonged, asked for some music.

Madeline played, but her mind was far away. When the performance was over, John Greenlaw expressed fatigue and a wish to go to his room, and this broke the party up, to the evident relief of every member.

It was fast getting on to eight; but winter nights are long in the country, and ten answers to

the city midnight. Cook and housekeeper, having to be up early on Christmas morning, had prudently retired already, and this rambling old farmhouse was silent. John Greenlaw, in his room, sat before the fire, with a flask and tumbler on the table beside him. He had already indulged in a potation of Western strength and depth, and another glimmered luridly in the tankard. His thoughts were boiling and bubbling. That white-faced, smirking adventurer! "What an evening, which I had meant to be so happy! I came on Christmas Eve, delaying expressly, and a pretty end to all my castles in the air! But he has had his laugh—now follows mine, and they say that he laughs best who laughs last."

He stood up and drank his dram, and then took off his coat and boots. What a tall, stalwart, handsome fellow! No match for the doctor, intellectually, I confess; but if there were to be a physical trial of strength, John Greenlaw might get what odds he liked.

He crossed to his trunk and took out something lithe, graceful and sinister—one of those pretty Mexican knives that figure in jealous ambushes after a ball, sometimes—and hid it about him. He was ready! He opened his door and looked down the dark passage and listened; and then with stealthy foot he went out.

The drama elsewhere had not been standing still. Dr. Ezekiel, having made sure that all the doors and windows below were fast, went whistling softly to his room, the lamp in his hand throwing a glare over his face that gave it a more corpse-like look than ever. There was business before him this bitter night, but you would scarcely have thought so. He seemed more like a man, who, not knowing how to get rid of a dull evening, good-humoredly concludes to spend it in bed.

But at the instant he had closed his door he glanced at his watch, slipped on his hat, coat and rubber shoes, and then took down from a shelf a traveling medicine-chest. The interior disclosed some dozen or two small vials, but Dr. Ezekiel's rapid hand pounced on the one he needed and he slipped it into his coat-pocket.

Then he opened his window. The gale was blowing furiously and the snow still descending like a curtain; a tremendous puff blew into the room sending his books and pamphlets flying in every direction. Outside there was a strange mixture of white and dark—something, indeed, of mystery and horror.

"Hey!" laughed the doctor. "It will turn to rain and sleet after a while, and we shall have regular Cape Horn weather for Christmas Eve."

He extinguished his lamp and got out on the roof of the balcony; with the nimbleness of a cat he glided along, and in ten seconds had reached the ground below.

He glanced up at the angry sky with one of his odd smiles. "A good night to go to heaven, my Lucy!" he murmured, and set out to keep his appointment.

Christmas morning, Jackson, the apothecary in the village, looked at his thermometer and found that it marked seven degrees below zero; and observed that the oldest inhabitant, if a truthful man, could not beat that.

It was indeed the most remarkable Christmas, in respect to weather, ever known. The snow had drifted in some places to a depth of ten and twelve feet, and the rain and sleet which had begun about half-past eight the previous night, had frozen it into solid masses of ice. Many animals had perished; more than one human being, it was conjectured, had shared the same fate. On the neighboring railroad trains had been abandoned at various points, and passengers had taken refuge in the adjoining farmhouses.

On Christmas Day everybody was of course snow-bound: after a path had been laboriously dug to the well and another to the barn, people did not go out, but sat by roaring fires and told stories about previous cold spells, ever and anon getting up and going to the window for a glance upon the cold, white world.

At Red-rose Farm its beautiful mistress was first down after the servants. Then came John Greenlaw, rather pale and sulky; and the grave colored waiter announced breakfast.

"Where is your friend, the doctor?" asked John, with a slight contempt, as he sat down.

"He is usually very early," said Madeline; and she sent the servant to his room.

He came back, and made a startling announcement—the doctor was not in his room, and evidently had not slept there; the bed was undisturbed.

John Greenlaw looked a little confused. "It is quite true; he could not have been in his room all night," he said, like a man considering something.

"How do you know?"

He waited a minute.

"Well, I may as well be frank. After we had gone up-stairs, last night—less than half an hour, perhaps—I visited his room, and he was not there. I wished to see him to demand some explanation of his conduct towards me during the evening. He had amused himself with sneers, sarcasms and other insults from the time he had put his eyes on me; and it was my purpose, I don't deny, to call him to account for it. But, as I tell you, the room was quite dark and no one there, and I waited till I grew sleepy and then returned to my own. But you need not be frightened, my dear Madeline; he will be sure to turn up, shortly."

She sat with her gaze resting on the damask cloth.

"I don't know—I had a very bad dream; I don't think I was ever so frightened. I fancied that he came to me and told me that our marriage could not take place—that the powers of evil had come for him and taken him away; and with a dreadful smile of horror and despair he vanished."

John laughed. Madeline, with a troubled look, went up-stairs and made a closer examination, and of course discovered that the doctor's hat, coat and rubber shoes were missing as well as himself, rendering it pretty plain that his departure, if not his absence, was of his own volition.

Still, it was strange—what could have taken him out on such a night as the previous one had been? Madeline, for some reason of her own, was anxious and troubled, and sent a servant, if he

could make his way there, to the village to inquire. It was something like attempting to reach the North Pole; but the man succeeded and spread his news and asked questions.

Among others who heard was a young woman stopping at the hotel, and who immediately fell into a kind of hysterical fit. She confessed that she had had an appointment with Dr. Ezekiel the previous night in the grounds at Red-rose Farm, but owing to the state of the weather had not attempted to keep it. She, too, had had a distressing dream, and was sure something had happened to him. She had seen him held under water by a monster fish. The sages of the village immediately came to a unanimous conclusion—the doctor had been overwhelmed in the snow; it would be hopeless to look for him till a thaw came—and, indeed, impossible.

Christmas Day opened drearily at the Red-rose Farm; an indefinable shadow brooded over the place. Madeline wore the same look of anxiety, and John Greenlaw moped. And so passed the three following days, and then came the thaw. The thermometer ran up to seventy degrees, and the snow melted from the fields and roads like magic, and great floods took place all about.

Stimulated by the offer of a reward from Madeline, searching parties went out to look for the missing Dr. Ezekiel, and every hole and corner was thoroughly explored. The mystery was taken up by the newspapers, and some astounding facts were developed.

A great deal of the previous history of the missing man was brought to light. He turned out to have been one of those spectral miscreants one can scarcely believe in. He had figured under various aliases in many places. In one Northern village he had been tried for his life for poisoning a wealthy old lady who had been induced to make her will in his favor; but his defense, turning upon the nature of poisons, and conducted with consummate ability by himself, had got him off, to the confusion of the "experts" produced by the State. Other frightful stories were told of him, and it was shown beyond dispute that he was one of the most infamous villains imaginable.

All this, however, did not help to explain what had become of him, except among some pious folk, who were satisfied that the Prince of Darkness had carried him off bodily. More skeptical philosophy was disposed to believe that he was still alive, and, snugly concealed somewhere, had the sardonic enjoyment of reading those things about himself, and the endless theories in regard to his fate.

It was beyond dispute that not the slightest trace of him could be found, and, after the most thorough investigation possible, the search was given up.

Meanwhile, John Greenlaw continued to reside at the farm. The weeks flew on, and one day he approached the subject of the marriage. Madeline showed confusion and a disinclination to talk of it; and the same thing happened a few days afterwards.

He went out of the house, and had walked a little way when a thought struck him, and he returned hastily and presented himself before Mrs. Stuart with a haggard face.

"Madeline, I understand you now at last. You believe I know more than I should of the fate of the missing man! Is it possible you think I took his life?"

"Oh, John! forgive me; but every miserable conjecture has crossed my mind. I know he insulted you, and—and you are so high-tempered—and then the customs of the lawless society in which you had lived—and your own confession, that you had visited his room—"

"Well, it is only natural that something of the kind should have occurred to you; still, I swear that more mistaken you could not have been. My instincts told me that he was a scoundrel at the instant I came into his presence, and on Christmas Eve I did go to his room with a knife in my hand to make him apologize for his conduct towards me before you; but he was gone—I did not see him—I saw no one. You can scarcely believe me, Madeline; but it is true."

"If there were only some proof."

"Proof! Is it possible that suspicion has attained that growth in your mind? Is it possible that, living here all this time, I have been looked upon as a murderer? Heaven knows it is time for me to go!"

He perhaps thought she would exhibit some agitation at this threat; but there was no such sign. He was indeed a hot-tempered young man, and his anger grew violent.

"Proof!" he exclaimed. "If people who might be guilty are investigated after this fashion, why should you not stand the test too? You had as much reason to desire his death as I—more! When we come to weigh motives, let us put yours in the balance also. Who knows but God and yourself what were your movements after we quitted the parlor that miserable Christmas Eve?"

She had risen to her feet, white as death. She could not speak, but stood pointing with a tremulous finger to the door.

"Go?" he said. "Certainly I will go; after to-day this is no fit place for me. And now I swear, Madeline, that I shall never come again under this roof until this mystery is cleared up. Farewell."

And he was gone, in rage and bitterness, and pretty nearly hating her. So we see that Dr. Ezekiel, notwithstanding his departure, had left a legacy of mischief, and whatever his bodily fate was, still evidently active in spirit.

John Greenlaw quitted the room fuming. He put on his hat, and, telling the servant that he would send for his trunk, set out to walk to the village.

As it was a pretty long stretch by the high road, people on foot generally took the short-cut through the churchyard. And this, fortunately, was the path chosen by our impulsive friend, John; and, to prolong the suspense no further, I will state at once that it led to the solution of the great mystery.

Just as he entered the little iron gate he met old John Wyke, the sexton, running feebly, with his hands raised in horror, and dismay in his weather-beaten face.

"Oh, sir! For the love o' God, come quickly! He's found—the missin' man is found!"

Greenlaw followed him quickly, and in a few minutes they reached the Stuart mausoleum. The door was open, and old Wykes pointed within.

On the floor, with his knees drawn up, and his arms around them, and his hands clasped, sat Dr. Ezekiel, quite dead, and already a horrid object. He was looking straight before him, with the same mocking smirk he was accustomed to wear when anything amused him in life. You would have almost imagined that his disappearance had been a piece of voluntary waggery, and that he had died in the enjoyment of it.

But something beside him told a different story—his handkerchief and a bottle of nitrate of amyle. He had evidently suffocated himself.

The facts were these:

On Christmas Eve the doctor left his room to keep his appointment with his wife, Lucy; but he had no idea of meeting her in the grounds. He pressed on through the churchyard with the design of catching her as she came by. His purpose was to suffocate her with the amyle, which leaves no trace, and bury the corpse in the snow, where, when the storm was over, it would be found and the death accounted for on natural grounds.

The tempest was beyond anything he had ever experienced, and it was only by almost superhuman effort that he managed to get on. Eventually he reached the Stuart vault, and, recollecting his little adventure there that afternoon, he concluded to take refuge within it. He did so, without thinking of consequences, closing the door.

Outside the wind continued to blow and the wind to drift, and in a very little while it was piled to a great height against the vault on all sides; and then began the rain and sleet.

It is difficult to conjecture when the miserable man first realized his situation; but he must have perceived at the moment he tried to open the door that it was hopeless. He was imprisoned by a compact mass of ice, to move which was impossible; he might as well have tried to move the great globe itself. It is not probable that he gave himself up to despair at once; with so hopeful and energetic a temperament the effort to escape must have been tremendous.

He certainly lived through Christmas Day and the day following, no doubt working hard all the time, and waiting for the thaw which he knew must follow before long. But in his position hours were ages, and his sufferings who can imagine? Still, it is probable that not till about the fourth day that, succumbing to horror and despair, he used the amyle to destroy himself. It was in the afternoon of this day that the thermometer began to rise.

Such was the fate of Dr. Ezekiel, so long involved in doubt, and the cause of so much pain and misunderstanding.

John Greenlaw, after looking at the ghastly spectacle for some time in silence, turned away and walked back to the farmhouse.

Madeline from the window saw him coming, and hastened out to the porch to meet him. His countenance told her that he had momentous news.

"He is found!" And in a few words he told the story, holding her hand in his. When he had finished they went silently in together.

Uncle Charley's Christmas Party.

By AUNT FANNY.

ONCE upon a time there lived an old bachelor who loved children! He had a fine house, which he delighted to fill with little ones on every possible occasion. He gave them parties on Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Eve, Fourth of July, and every other holiday he could make for them. In short, he was the pleasantest, kindest, dearest old "Uncle Charley" of a bachelor that ever turned everything upside down and topsy-turvy to please the small people; and I only wish that all the merry little men and maidens reading this story had known him, so that they, too, might have gone to his delightful parties.

Had known him? Why, bless your dear hearts! there's a chance yet; for he is living and flourishing at this very moment.

And now I am going to tell you of his last Christmas-party, and let you into the secret that there is to be another one just like this coming Christmas, if all goes right. Perhaps you and I may receive an invitation, and that you may well believe, would be charming!

But, before I begin, I must tell you how I came to be invited to the last one. I was visiting at the house of a friend, who has five delightful children—Frank, Alice, Beckie, Coaxie, and the baby, who, as yet, has no name at all. One morning we were sitting at the breakfast-table, eating, talking and laughing, when Mary (the maid) brought in four little paper boxes, which she said the postman had just left.

"Why, my name is on one of them!" said Frank.

"And mine on another!" cried Alice; "and this is for Beckie, and that one for Coaxie."

Frank took his box and the others took theirs, amid quite a twitter of curiosity. Off came the covers, and a little flat cracker dropped out of each box at the same moment.

"How funny!" exclaimed Frank—"a cracker! Something's printed on it! What is it?" and he read:

"On Christmas Eve
Come and see
Uncle Charley's
Christmas-tree!"

"Hurrah!" he joyfully shouted; "it's an invitation to a party at Uncle Charley's! and he has sent it on a cracker!" upon which everybody burst out laughing—for it seemed so droll to bake invitations to a party upon a lot of crackers.

"What shall we do with them?" inquired Alice. But little Coaxie, who was only four years old, knew already what to do. She had privately tasted her invitation, and finding it good, was eating it up as fast as she could, whereupon the rest eat theirs, and seemed to enjoy them very much. The next day I also got a cracker-invitation, which Coaxie obligingly ate up for me.

This was a week before Christmas, and the children did not know how they could wait so long;

but it passed very pleasantly, and the crisp, bright moonlight Christmas Eve came at last.

It did seem as if Beckie and Coaxie would jump out of their pretty white dresses, so much joyful jumping did they do, and the eyes of Alice and Frank shone with delightful anticipations. Frank went down-stairs three steps at a time, and Alice danced through the hall to the sleigh, as if she had wings on her feet. As I said, it was a bright, moonlight evening, but very cold. There had been a fine fall of snow, and the sleighing was excellent—so everybody was bundled up as warm as toast, and all the children crowded merrily into the sleigh, pulling me after them, and telling John, the coachman, to hurry, as it was extremely important to be at Uncle Charley's at the very beginning of the fun.

Such a blaze of light as the hall-door of the house flew open! Such a laughing crowd of gayly dressed children as rushed out of the parlor to see who had come next! Such a lot of little mites of children all clinging fast to Uncle Charley as he tried to struggle up to welcome us! And it was really worth a dozen "grown up" parties to see the good man with a very high shirt-collar on and a new white cravat in honor of the occasion; his face all smiles, his great handsome brown beard curling up with good-humor as he kissed the children, and shook hands with me, after which hearty welcome we took off our wraps, and all trooped into the parlor.

It was the front parlor. The sliding-doors were shut and locked, for several of the boys had tried to open them and could not succeed. Then they peeped through the keyhole, and announced to the rest that they saw something shining splendidly between the windows. The girls, too, poked to peep, "guessed" that it must be the Christmas-tree, and told each other about the funny cracker notes, and, strange to tell, every one of them had eaten her invitation up, which information caused a merry trill of laughter to run all through the room, and when one of the girls asked Frank what he did with his cracker-invitation, and he shouted out, "I ate it up!" and all the boys hearing him cried, "So did I!" their hearty laughter came in like a jolly chorus.

Just then the front door-bell rang loudly. All the children rushed out, and stared with astonishment as two big Chinese boys entered hand-in-hand, scuffling and waddling up to Uncle Charley, each making three low bows in succession.

They wore long white jackets, or shirts, over embroidered dark-blue petticoats, under which were baggy blue trousers. On their heads were pagoda hats, with a bright button on the top of each. Their hair was shaved off in front, but hung down behind each head in a long plaited pig-tail. On their feet were queer-looking black shoes, with immense white soles and turned-up toes. The boys had yellow skins, broad flat noses, long nails, and twinkling, slanting black eyes, and they looked for all the world just like the pictures we see upon Chinese fans and tea-chests. After Uncle Charley had shaken hands with them, each said, in a grave tone:

"How do? You belly muchee vell? We velly vell, allee samee."

These boys were the sons of a rich Chinese nobleman, or mandarin. I must tell you here that Uncle Charley had lived many years in Canton, where he was well known and respected, and from whence he had shipped many cargoes of tea. The mandarin had begged Uncle Charley to become guardian to his sons, whom he had sent to our country to be educated in our language and customs. They had been here one month at an excellent boarding-school, and they had received invitations to spend all their Christmas holidays with Uncle Charley.

The children, quite forgetting their politeness, kept looking at them in silent astonishment; then little Coaxie seemed to have something on her mind. Her real name was Eleanor; but long ago she had been called "Coaxie" because she was such a dear, coaxing little thing, and she had kept the name ever since. She went softly up to Uncle Charley and asked him, in a sweet, hesitating voice:

"Uncle Charley, tell me, what for made Dod put the hinges of their eyelids on so crooked?" at which the children could not keep from bursting out laughing; and as Ah Sin and To-To laughed too, it was considered quite a comical speech.

And now the click of a key in a lock was heard, and the sliding-doors were rolling slowly away out of sight. The children hurried into the back-room, where the brilliant light of a hundred wax-candles amid the branches of a splendid fir-tree caused each of them to utter a great, breathless "Oh!" of delight and admiration. Festoons of Chinese lanterns were hung from side to side of the room, at the sight of which Ah Sin and To-To exclaimed, "Mellican feast likee Chinese, allee samee. Good!" upon which Frank whispered to one of them, "Did you get your invitation on a cracker?" and he answered, "S'pose this clacker Mellican clacker—no allee samee Chinese clacker; he makee fire-go pop!"

"Oh, yes," returned Frank; I know. We have your fire-crackers, too; we fire them off on the Fourth of July;" upon which Ah Sin bowed and said "Tankee," as if he had received a compliment.

But the tree! How heavily the branches hung, laden with beautiful presents for everybody! What lovely and good and useful things that kind old bachelor uncle had provided for his dear little friends! Dolls for the girls, with dolls' houses, resting on the table near—for they were much too large for the tree; skates for the boys, with big sleds under the table, boxes of tools, boxes of building-blocks, paint-boxes, wagons, fire-engines, puzzles, and quantities of books, which, I think, were the best presents of all. For each one there was a tiny lace bag of candy, for Uncle Charley did not wish to ruin the health of the children with too many sweets.

When all the presents had been distributed, and everybody had exclaimed over them and danced around them, the good old bachelor made a little speech.

"Dear children," he said, "to-morrow some—perhaps all of you—will go to church, to celebrate the birth of Christ, and to thank God for His goodness to us all, and afterwards you will dine

upon roasted turkey and other dainties. But"—and here his face grew tender and pitiful—"you must know that many a poor child will have no Christmas-present, and very little to eat. There will be no 'merry Christmas' for them. I have tried to remember this, and to-morrow some of these poor little ones are coming to dine with me. They will keep me from feeling lonely in this house, which will seem so big and empty when you are gone. Ah Sin and To-To will stay with me to-morrow; they will see the poor children's Christmas-tree, for they also are to have one. Would you like to look now at the things which are to be put upon it?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried all the children. Then Uncle Charley opened a closet-door, and there upon the shelves were piles of warm jackets for boys, and sacks for girls; nice woolen comforters for their necks, and stockings for their feet. But this was not all. Oh, no. There were dolls, and skates, and balls, and tops in plenty; for, let me tell you, poor children like toys quite as well as rich children do; indeed, a great deal better, for they get so few of them that they prize them accordingly.

The children gazed with the deepest interest upon the presents which, on the next day, were to make so many poor children happy; and dear little Coaxie went up to Uncle Charley, and after taking two gum-drops out of her lace candy-bag, and, dropping them into her mite of a pocket, she cooed out, in her sweet voice:

"Here, Uncle Charley, take my candy-bag and give it to a poor 'little girl.'"

Upon which he caught her up, and kissing her rosy cheek, he said:

"God bless my little darling!—so I will."

I think that a tear fell from his kind eyes upon Coaxie's white dress, but I will not be certain. The little child's generous act fired the rest, and every one gave something out of their abundance for the poor children. Ah Sin presented his own private chop-sticks, with which he ate his rice, and which he always kept in his pocket; and To-To took the shiny button from the top of his pagoda hat, as his most precious possession, and put it on a shelf in the closet. It is true that these two were droll-looking Chinese boys with pig-tails and slanting eyes; but that was no reason why they should not have hearts as tender as the rest.

After this there came a very great surprise; for, when the closet-door had been closed and the children went back to the front parlor, they found Mr. Punch in his house, bowing and grinning at them. In a twinkling all the chairs were placed in rows, and the play of "Punch and Judy" began. Punch beat poor Judy, and the baby, and the policeman, and killed them all, one after the other, singing a song and dancing a jig as each one fell down dead—to the intense delight of the boys, and the consternation of the girls, who told him with great indignation that he ought to be ashamed of himself to behave so cruelly. The littlest ones were so distressed, that they began to cry, when Uncle Charley hastened to tell them that it was all make-believe. Punch, Judy, the baby and all, were only wooden-dolls, which a man, shut up in a box, held in his hands, and banged about against each other, while he talked for Punch and the rest in a high, squeaky voice; at which the little ones brightened up and were comforted, though not one of them would have banded her doll in such a dreadful manner even if she knew and could realize that it was made of kid and sawdust.

After this entertainment, Coaxie sang this little song in a voice as sweet as a robin's.

"My Kitty is white, with a pretty pink nose;
She sits by the fire and counts all her toes.
Hey, Kitty! ho, Kitty! come here and play,
And don't sit counting your toes all day!"

Then Ah Sin stood on one leg, and sticking the other straight out before him, he whistled such a funny tune! He shook his head from side to side, his arms went up and down like pump-handles while he pointed up with his fore-fingers, and every once in a while he twirled round and round, which, perhaps, was when the chorus came in. It was so droll that the children laughed until they were breathless; and when Ah Sin got through he, also, was so breathless, that it would have been quite a boon if Mr. North Wind could have come in at the window and presented them all with an extra breath or two apiece.

Not to be outdone by his brother, To-To started up, and favored the company with this impromptu song in pigeon-English:

"Chinese velly good boys, come to Mellicky,
Eat plenty rice—that every day.
Night come; To-To go to sleep quickie,
Ah Sin, he chin-chin on the tum-tum play."

At which Ah Sin laughed heartily, and poked To-To in the side. Ah Sin was very fond of music, and spent his evenings learning to play on the banjo—while To-To went to bed, and snored away like a trumpet for a chorus.

Then Ah Sin, who seemed to have his frolicking machinery wound up so tight that he couldn't stop, said, with the merriest twinkle in his slant eyes, that he knew "A Mellican sing-song, velly nice, allee samee." Pointing his long fore-fingers up in the air, he began swinging round till his pigtail stood out horizontally and described a great circle; then, coming to a sudden standstill, he sang in a voice like a distressed cat with the end of its tail shut up in a door:

"Was gal named Moll had lamb,
Fleas allee samee white snow.
Evly place Moll gal walkee,
Ba-ba hoppe long too."

It lnn found to school allee samee one day;
My thicke this time no rule;
Little chiles make plenty laugh and play
Allo time ba-ba leadee book in school."

Ole gal scoldee, "You catchee sclope; gaout!"
Ba-ba go—thinkee stay near;
Allee samee outsidy, walk 'bout;
Bym-by, Moll gal makee 'pear."

What for makee ba-ba love Moll gal so?
Little chiles allee samee makee cry.
Moll gal love ba-ba velly muchee know;
Chin-chin allee samee leason why."

This elegant performance was received with shouts of laughter and applause. The Chinese boys became quite the "lions" of the evening—and they learned the American games so quickly. They joined the little ones in "Oats pease beans,"

and were as good as the best in guessing, "shouting proverbs" with the bigger ones. After playing these games, all were regaled with ice-cream, delicate sponge-cake, and as much lemonade as they wished; and before they had quite finished this dainty refreshment the nurses and fathers came to take them to their homes, and the delightful party was at an end.

"Oh, how I do wish it would begin over again," sighed Coaxie.

"So do I! So do I!" chorused all the others. But that could not be; so the little ones kissed Uncle Charley; the big ones shook hands, and all thanked him for their presents, and the pleasant time they had had, while the Chinese boys, who were to stay, kept bowing like mandarins, and saying:

"Goody-by! I likee you velly muchee. Velly good place, Mellicky. New Yo'k City velly good. Canton City velly good, allee samee. Muchee snow and lain here, makee street velly wet. No snow in Canton City, and velly lit lain. Goody-by;" and they kept on bowing and smiling so earnestly that their slanting eyes were nearly shut up.

I wish they could tell you in their comical English, how, on the next day, the house was as full as an egg of poor children, with many of their poor, tired mothers who had long known Uncle Charley as their best earthly friend. The hard-worked women sat resting, and looking so grateful and happy, while the children received their gifts. But how can I picture their joyful, thankful faces when each one was afterwards presented with a warm, handsome blanket shawl! And, oh! didn't the nice hot dinner taste delicious? So much of it, too! Roast beef, chicken-pie, all sorts of vegetables, and good strong tea—which was almost the best of all—it seemed to comfort them so, and then tied up in papers all ready to take away with them, quite a quantity for each, of tea, sugar, and flour. For my part, I really think that this party was far finer than the other. It filled Ah Sin with such admiration for his guardian that he exclaimed:

"Uncle Charley velly good, poor childlun chop, chop, and women chin-chin goss topsidy house for he." (Poor child run very fast, and women pray up-stairs for him), and To-To added:

"He first-class New Yo'k mandarin," both of which speeches were very high compliments in the best pigeon English—which the boys had heard all their lives among the English who lived in Canton.

But they were learning a better English, and as they were very bright, no doubt they will soon talk as we do. And this very coming Christmas, as I told you, there is to be another party. The Chinese boys will be invited. I know that now they wear the same clothes that American boys do. At first they were unwilling to alter their dress; but they were sensible little fellows, and soon discovered that "one must do in Rome as the Romans do"—that is, conform to the customs of the place you are in; so now the long pig-tails of Ah Sin and To-To are cut off, and the jet-black hair grows thick and short all over their heads. To be sure, they cannot change their yellow skins and little slanting eyes; but their hearts are just as tender and generous as those of the best of the boys I know who have rosy cheeks and big bright eyes.

Mr. Punch is already engaged, and we will hope to get invitations, which, if not baked upon crackers, will be something just as original, droll, and delightful.

New England in the Olden Time.

IT was in the brave old days, while the names of the brave John Smith and the beautiful Pocahontas were as yet familiar in the mouths of the sturdy New Englanders as household words, that Rosa Carew, the "White Rose" as she was called, prepared to decorate the manor-house with all the bravery of holly and ivy, for Yuletide was at hand with its gladness, its joys and its greetings. It was Christmas Eve, and she stood in the great hall, her fair cousin Alice beside her, gayly chanting as she flew hither and thither the words of the old song:

"When berries, red berries,
Are hung up on high,
Remember, sweet maiden,
Your lover is nigh.
When berries, white berries,
Hang over your head,
You'll be kissed by the lover
You're fated to wed."

The hall was in a jovial litter. Retainers were busy in nailing up the bright glistening leaves, clothed with red, busy in filling tankards with home-brewed ale, busy in sorting gayly-plumaged game, busy in bearing Christmas greenery, busy in carrying groaning dishes. Rosa stood in their midst issuing directions with laughing graciousness, and was about to fill a flagon with her own fair hands, when her father entered the hall, accompanied by one Master Jasper Mortimer, the very sight of whom caused the fair girl's heart to leap beneath her bodice.

"What is this pretty thing," demanded Rosa's father, with a laugh in his eye, as he held on high a sprig of mistletoe.

Rosa blushed deeply as she smilingly replied: "Twas sent me, father, to remind me of our Christmas sports in England."

"Oh," laughed the sturdy old gentleman, as, turning to Jasper, he explained. "Hung on high at this season, it confers a pleasant privilege. He who can bring a young maiden under these white berries may claim from her—in all modesty and honor—a salute."

"By my halidom, a gracious custom, if it be observed with due reverence," exclaimed Master Jasper Mortimer, and, placing the bough which he had taken from the hands of his host, he gayly cried: "By your leave, fair Mistress Rosa."

And as the red roses on the lips of the White Rose were kissed, her Cousin Alice sang merrily:

"When berries, white berries,
Hang over your head,
You'll be kissed by the lover,
You're fated to wed."

And that kiss turned the White Rose into Dame Rosa Mortimer.





A Ghastly Revelation.

By N. ROBINSON.

MY friend—ay, friend—George Cavendish, died upon the fourteenth day of December, 1872. We had been flung together upon the world, had fought a heavy fight against desperate odds; fought it boldly and well. He succumbed to brain-fever. Although we had been estranged for some time, I attended him with an aching heart, heard his wild, incoherent ravings, his low valedictory sigh, and received the last look he was ever destined to cast upon this side of his untimely grave, ere he started on that mysterious journey we must all—high and low, simple and gentle—travel, *à one*.

Unnerved, unfit for work, and with a sense of utter desolation hanging darkly round me like the mourning-cloak which I had worn at the funeral of my departed friend, I rejected all offers of sympathy, all overtures of companionship. I was indeed alone!

Christmas was at hand. Right merrily the standard of holly and ivy was unfurled to the crisp, wintry breeze, and the Christian world, aglow with preparation, was reveling in visions of home mirth and home happiness.

How to avoid Christmas was my one abiding thought.

Remain in London? No!

Accept the invitation of the De Traffords, of Trafford Chase, to a party as joyous as that which assembled at Dingley Dell? No.

I would remain in my chambers, and let my own sorrow eat into my own heart.

Upon the twentieth of December, Humphrey Pallas, a man with whom I was intimate, called to my chambers on a matter connected with a case in which I held a brief.

I was in the act of stepping into the street when I encountered him, and a paltry half-minute would have saved me the interview. If Humphrey Pallas had been stopped by a friend, delayed at a crossing, attracted to a shop-window, the current of my life might have run smoothly on. But it was not to be. It was written otherwise.

He was in deep mourning for his young wife.

"I have shut up the old rookery in Staffordshire," he said. "The word Christmas is absolutely hateful to me."

The tears rushed unbidden to his eyes, and a choking sob bespoke the great grief welling up from his heart.

"Rookery?" I observed, wishing to divert his thoughts into another channel.

"Yes, rookery. It was built in the reign of Queen Anne; and, with the exception of a new wing to replace a portion of the building burned down by the Jacobites in the '15,' it remains, furniture and all, a musty, fusty, tumble-down old place; but I haven't the heart to touch stick or stone of it."

"Have you closed the place?"

"Hermetically sealed it, and dismissed the servants, with the exception of one old crone that Janet, my wife, seemed to have a regard for."

"What are your plans?"

"I have none. Of one thing—only one—I am certain, and that is, that I shall go out of England for Christmas."

The idea came to me that I should like to spend my Christmas at Maberly Hall. My dead friend had passed many a happy day there; had spoken of the quaint old place over and over again, had flung his incoherent thoughts upon it during the hideous ravings of his death-illness.

"I should like to stop at the Hall during the forthcoming so-called festive season, Pallas, if you wouldn't mind it."

"You?"

"Yes."

"Is it possible that—?"

"It is my mood, old fellow, and you will not balk it, will you?"

"Not I, indeed. You are a thousand times welcome, but you'll have a dull time of it."

"*Couleur de rose* would sicken me just now."

A few words, and the details were arranged. A few words, and the seal was affixed to a resolution binding me, while memory lasts, to one ghastly—let the narrative speak for itself.

I started upon the afternoon of the twenty-third by the four o'clock train from Euston Station.

A dull, dead, heavy, drenching rain was sullenly falling as I alighted at Stately Station.

"I require a fly to take me over to Maberly Hall."

"There be no fly *here*, and there be nobody *there*," was the laconic observation of the official whom I had addressed.

I resolved upon walking. There was nothing else for it. My luggage consisted of an old-fashioned carpet-bag, into which I had stowed a change of dress, and a packet of private papers belonging to George Cavendish. I had brought these papers with me in order to be enabled to peruse them at leisure, and to place myself face to face with the past by the sad, solemn link of the handwriting of the dead man.

Slinging the bag across my shoulders, and lighting my pipe, I set out into the darkness for Maberly Hall.

The silence of that night I shall never forget. It was unnatural—appalling; not a dog barked, and the plash of a rat into an ink pool alone broke the horribly monotonous muffled echo of my own tramp, tramp. The darkness was intense, and when the road became overshadowed with the gaunt branches of the leafless trees, I was compelled to probe my way with my umbrella, like one smitten with a sudden blindness. Twice I struck a match—once, but not an instant too soon! Another step and I had fallen headlong into a disused quarry-hole, the hideous depths of which my miserably feeble, flickering light utterly failed to fathom.

I reached the lodge at Maberly Hall. My instructions were so complete, that I was enabled to open the wicket gate and pass through, as though such had been my daily practice from childhood.

The avenue leading to the Hall lay before me as cavernous as a railway tunnel.

I plunged into it.

Was there no hand to force me back? No signal-pole to denote caution? No red light to warn me of my danger?

I had walked, possibly, about four hundred yards in a darkness so intense that, had I been blindfolded and placed in an apartment from which every ray of light had been excluded, my vision could not have been more securely sealed. I held my bag in my left hand while I groped my way, by means of my umbrella, with my right. My matches had become damp and were rendered utterly useless.

I suddenly stopped, without exactly knowing why or wherefore—stopped, and could feel my heart beating up in my very throat—beating to suffocation.

A strange, sickening sensation crept over me, as though some foul and filthy animal were crawling upon and covering me with its noisome saliva.

One awful second! One flash of thought; and I knew that I was not alone!

I have not been brought face to face with death at the cannon-mouth. I have not been upon the verge of eternity on the deck of the sinking ship.

I have not been placed in any of those perilous positions where men are tested to the uttermost limits of their endurance, and therefore I cannot determine whether I am what is termed a brave man or a cowardly one; but that shock, such as startled my very soul, was so fraught with so much mysterious horror that no nature, however bold—no human mind, however evenly balanced by philosophy, or fortified by the subtleties of religion, could have experienced it without recoiling, as in a swoon of an indefinable terror.

This I felt in my soul.

There was something beside me in the cavernous gloom, and that thing was not of this earth!

I called up my reasoning powers to strike one blow in my behalf and crush down the maddening thought by the sheer weight of common sense.

I endeavored to speak, but my mouth was dry and parched and my tongue refused its office. A cold perspiration bathed me from head to foot, and I literally shook in a very palsy of terror—terror, unaccountable terror.

I would have given thousands of golden sovereigns, had I possessed them, for the company of the filthiest plague-stricken wretch ever vomited from prison or hospital—thousands of golden sovereigns for a single glint of God's dayshine. Every instant I expected to be touched by the thing!—every instant that it would reveal its presence in some awful and some freezing manner.

I crouched as if for a spring, every nerve, every fibre, at its highest tension.

Suddenly the impulse came upon me to fly, and I unhesitatingly obeyed it.

I rushed through the darkness with a swiftness that must have destroyed me had I come into contact with any resisting object. A second before, and I had been treading with the caution of feebleness and age. Now I was dashing onwards, with life, dear life, awaiting me at the goal.

The spurt passed away, and I slackened my pace, but the same nameless terror clung to me, for the same presence evoked it. Where was I? Was this avenue interminable, or had I crossed the Plutonian shore, and entered the region of perpetual darkness? Was I doomed? Was I—At length, when nearly spent, for my heart was in my throat, a dim shadowing told me that the avenue had been passed, and that the deeper darkness ahead was the looming up of the Hall.

I staggered to the steps, reeled up to the great door, and, after a little groping, reached a knocker, which I clutched as a drowning man clutches the plank or rope that is to bear him to safety, and thundered wildly—thundered with a din that would have awakened the dead.

Awakened the dead!

My appeal was responded to. The last bolt had drawn back, and the door was about to yawn for me, when, great God! a clammy, icy hand was laid upon mine, while two soulless, lightless, ghastly eyes, embedded in a green ooze—

My flesh quivers as I recall the supreme ecstasy of the horror of that unearthly gaze.

The old crone, who had flung open the portal as though I had been an expected and honored guest, led me, shaking with the ague of terror, along a series of gloomy passages. This by the aid of a solitary candle, which rather seemed to make the darkness more visible than to afford the necessary adjunct of light. The shadow upon the wall, as we silently traversed the corridors, seemed weird and witch-like, and singularly *en rapport* with the fever of my thoughts.

How closely I followed that old hag, the touch of her limp garments being priceless companionship.

A bright fire crackled in the huge grate of the oaken wainscoted room, into which she ushered me, and, although I leant over it until I could have fairly shrieked with pain, I could not touch the ice in my heart, the ice in my marrow, the ice in my soul.

Upon a small table, drawn cozily to the hearth, stood a decanter, labeled "Brandy," from which I poured about half a pint, draining it at a gulp. Then, and only then, did I muster up courage to gaze at the back of the hand that had been touched by the thing. Did that awful touch leave any mark? No; my hand, remarkably white, seemed whiter than usual. Was I, then, suffering from a spasm of overheated imagination? Had my senses for a brief interval become unheinged, and my mind loosened from its moorings? Had reasoning power been hurled from its throne, and had thought danced a wild measure in my hitherto unexcitable brain? All these questions I asked of myself, but no answer did I receive, save one.

"The presence is here—is with you. No effort of yours, mentally or physically, can free you."

With something akin to a shiver I perceived that the table was laid for two persons.

Surely the wretched old hag, who was busying herself with the fire, did not intend to plague me with her company. Humphrey Pallas had distinctly informed me that the Hall was untenanted, save by this woman, to whom his dead wife had taken a fancy.

Humphrey Pallas knew, too, that I was in no mood for company.

"You have laid the table for two persons," I

shouted into the old woman's ears, for she was very deaf.

"Ees, I heave—that's right," with a hideous chuckle.

"Was the table laid for me?"

"Ees."

"Did you expect me?"

"The measter sent word that you was comin'."

"Is there anybody else coming?"

"Ees."

"Who?"

"One as won't be denied—one who is always here—Mister George Cavendish."

I reeled as if struck by a bullet!

The mention of my dead friend at such a moment! The mention of my dead friend in such a manner!

"Mr. George Cavendish is dead," I cried, hoarsely.

The old woman shook her head slowly from side to side, and, with a hideous leer, meant to convey that she was too wary to be deceived by so weak an invention, chuckled.

"No—no, sir; he beant dead. I seen him this very night," and, lowering her voice to a whining whisper, she added, "and I seen *her*."

"Her! Whom do you mean?" I cried.

This was the woman's reply:

"She was stannin' on the steps behind him when I let you in."

I sank into a chair. Those soulless eyes, floating in green ooze. That clammy clasp—

I was feebly struggling in an ocean of horrors, every wave dashing me on to the fire-laden shore of insanity.

I dare not question the hag any further—at least not yet.

The woman was sober.

"Remove those," I yelled, pointing to the extra knife and fork and plate.

"He's sure to be here," she mumbled, as she reluctantly carried out my order. "Dead, indeed! There's many alive that's thought to be dead, and many dead that's thought to be alive. And there be many out of their shrouds that ought to be in them, and there be some in them that ought to be hale and hearty and bonnie this awful night."

As she spoke, a gust of wind rattled every door and shutter in the old hall, while a moan, as of a lost soul upon receiving condemnation, made itself heard over the howling and whistling and clattering of the storm.

"Ay, ay, a bad night to be out o' doors. A bad night to be lying in the bottom of the pool amongst the rotten weeds, with horse-leeches twisting in your bonnie brown hair."

The woman was thinking aloud. Then, as if suddenly recalling time and place:

"Will you take your supper now, sir?"

I nodded assent. Anything to get rid of her. Even my own eddying thoughts were preferable to such weird companionship. Supper? I could not have eaten a mouthful to have saved ten thousand lives.

"That's your bedroom—the sheets are well-aired and laundered. They was at the fire all day yesterday, and all day to-day."

She pointed to a door at the extremity of the apartment, a massive oaken door, black as ebony, and overlaid with grotesque carving. It resembled the entrance to a vault. The room which I occupied was low-ceilinged but very spacious, with an oaken floor, and wainscoted in oak; the furniture was of the same material. Over the gaping fireplace a small mirror, in an elaborately carved oaken frame, stretching its ornamentation all over the panel, reflected the sepulchral light of a moderator-lamp.

A few portraits adorned the walls, and a well-worn Turkey carpet covered the greater portion of the floor. There were two doors to the apartment, one by which I had entered, the other leading to the bedroom.

The brandy was doing good work, and the blazing fire was aiding and abetting it. As I tasted the one, and gazed at the other, I commenced to almost to realize that the recent horrors were but the outcome of an imagination rendered morbid by grief, coming upon overwork, and I played the realities of the present against the dim unrealizations of the immediate past.

For a moment I thought of returning to London, but the idea of having to pass through the terrible darkness of the avenue dispelled the intention, while an angry howl of the wind, and the fierce pattering of rain on the window-pane, told me it would be worse than folly to think of stirring upon a night when even a dog would not be turned adrift.

"Pshaw!" I cried, aloud. "What has come over you, John Hallows? Are you mad, or drunk, or dreaming? Are you awake, man? You have all that you have been sighing for. A lonely Christmas in a lonely old house. Fit into the situation, and make yourself at home!"

Upon opening my carpet-bag, for the purpose of taking out my slippers, I discovered that it was soaked with rain. The wet had penetrated, and such articles as happened to lie towards the outer edges were considerably damped. Amongst these the packet of papers belonging to my dead friend. I instantly hastened to dry the packet, and for that purpose placed it tenderly inside of the fender, but without loosening the string.

Some of the papers curled under the pressure of the heat. One of these would seem to have forced its way almost out of the bundle. I took up the packet for the purpose of thrusting it back into its proper place when the following words, written in George Cavendish's unmistakable hand, met my startled gaze.

"To be read by John Hallows only, and to be destroyed by him the moment he has finished the perusal."

I plucked it from the packet. This paper was to be read by me, John Hallows, and then destroyed *instantly*.

I resolved upon reading it there and then.

Oh, why did I break that seal?

Oh, why did not that icy, clammy, oozy hand intervene between me and that paper, and bear it beyond mortal reach?

A strange foreboding of evil smote me as I broke the seal. I was treading upon the verge of a precipice.

"To you, John Hallows, I reveal the ghastly triumph of an unprincipled man over a weak, loving and defenseless woman."

These were the words with which the document commenced. These were the words which seared themselves on my brain.

Taking a gulp of the brandy, I pulled myself together and began to read.

"John Hallows. I am about to tell you all—*all*, mind you. I write as the thoughts come to me. I attempt no style. I make no effort to shape my ideas. I take them rough-hewn out of the stone, yes the stone, which was once a beating, bounding, palpitating heart, full of red blood, full of the champagne of youth and of love."

"I shall extenuate nothing. I will not go in for special pleading. Special pleading will be of little use to me at the bar before which I shall have to defend myself from *her* impeachment. What I write is absolutely true. It is the confession of a dying—of a dead man."

"While you read this, John Hallows, wherever you may be—in palace or hovel, on the mountain side or in the depths of the deepest mine, on railroad or steamboat, on horseback or on foot, in a crowd or alone, in the twilight or moonlight, I shall lean over your shoulder and read it with you, paragraph by paragraph, line by line, word by word."

Merciful heaven! I felt those soulless orbs peering over my frozen body. That clammy, oozy hand stretched forth to turn the page with mine, and yet I *must* read on.

"John Hallows, you know the Haymarket Theatre. You know the stage entrance in Suffolk Place. My friends, the Kendals, were playing in 'Pygmalion and Galatea.' I had accepted an invitation to sup with them, and to take a seat in their brougham to their villa at Kensington. The House of Commons clock had just rung out eleven as I passed up Suffolk Place. I preferred to finish my cigar in the quiet moonlight to entering the hot, unwholesome, saw-dusty, gassy, orange-peely atmosphere of the theatre."

"Would to God I had never learned to smoke! To the cigar I was then carelessly puffing, I—but I shall tell my story by its own detail."

"A young girl came out of the theatre. I see her now—ay, *now*, John Hallows—at this very instant, standing in the doorway, with the light of the moon silvering her all too lovely face. She pauses to fasten a glove-button with a girlish grace all her own. The button resists, she makes a delicious *mouse* as she struggles with it. She conquers, and smiles as she turns into the street. A man is slouching near at hand—a well-dressed man—in a shiny hat and Poole-cut clothes. He accosts her. She endeavors to pass. He persists. She stands perfectly still."

"If you were a gentleman," she cries in hot anger, 'you would not insult an unprotected girl!'"

"Bah!" he retorts, 'our acquaintance must begin somehow.'

"I desire no acquaintanceship with you."

"But I insist that you and I shall be good friends. I am Lord Arthur Fredhaven."

"Am I free to pass, my lord?" she says, with quiet dignity, 'or am I to return to the theatre?'"

"You'll come and take some champagne with me, Katie Delane. All pretty girls love champagne."

"He snatches her hand and attempts to draw it beneath his arm."

"An uncontrollable impulse seized upon me—an unendurable fire of anger blazed up in my heart."

"I sprang forward."

"Unhand the young lady," I fiercely whispered. "He turned and faced me."

"Who the deuce are you?"

"I am George Cavendish—barrister, Middle Court, Temple, Lord Arthur Fredhaven. Miss Delane, may I offer you my arm?"

"She was trembling violently."

"Do not be alarmed," I whispered. 'It's only cads who insult women.'

"We turned into Suffolk Street, from there into the Haymarket, and on till we struck Piccadilly."

"You have come quite far enough with me, Mr. Cavendish," she said. 'I am quite safe, now.'

"Are you? Don't look round, but a hansom has followed us from the Haymarket, and I've no doubt my Lord Arthur Fredhaven is snugly ensconced inside; so, you see, I am bound to escort you to your residence."

"It is awfully far; Knightsbridge."

"A charming walk, and such a night, Miss Delane."

"We chatted gayly, as we lounged along, and the girl told me the outline of her life."

"Her father was dead. Her mother was dependent upon her late husband's father, a well-to-do auctioneer, for support for herself and three girls, of whom 'Katie' was the eldest. She had received but an indifferent education, and was now but seventeen. The manager of the theatre was intimate with her grandfather, from whom he hired drawing-room and library suits of furniture for stage sets. These business relations caused the auctioneer to visit the theatre pretty often, and, when in good-humor, he would take his granddaughter, whom he employed as a polisher in his warehouse, both before and behind the curtain. Katie Delane soon became known to the employees of the theatre, and was allowed access to the stage, where it was her habit to stand at the wings, devouring the performance, actors, actresses, properties, everything."

"I found the girl *naiïve* and natural to a degree; light-hearted, and her heart of seventeen full of the sunshine of life in the bud."

"Lord Fredhaven had addressed her but a few nights before."

"I was standing at the prompter's side," she said, 'and watching Madge Robertson as *Galatea* coming to life—*isn't* she exquisite?—when this man came beside me, and commenced staring at me till I felt my cheeks actually burning. I didn't even look at him, but left the wing and went up another entrance. I was alone here, and the fellow followed me. He said something, I don't know what, but one of the fly-men came to speak to me and he sloped off. When I went back to the prompt wing I saw him in a stage-box with a lot of

others, and he put up his glass and kept it there ever so long. But I held to my post, and just showed him that I wasn't going to lose my evening's amusement by his impertinence. As I was leaving the theatre, he was in the passage leading to the stage door. 'Good-night,' he said, thrusting a piece of paper into my hand. I flung it away and ran like a redshank down Suffolk Place, nor did I stop till I reached Burlington House, thinking he might be after me.

"Mrs. Delane resided in a shabby little house in a squalid street.

"'Won't you come in, and see mamma? She always sits up for me,' said Katy, as she rang at the rickety bell.

"I was left no option, for the door opened ere I could say yea or nay.

"Come in, Mr. Cavendish,' she said. 'Mamma, this gentleman escorted me home, for that nasty fellow—he turns out to be a lord—that I was telling you about, stopped me near the theatre, and was very impertinent; and if Mr. Cavendish had not been there, he would have been more so; but I would have, she doubled up a dainty little fist and clinched her pearly teeth, 'pounded him well, thumped him black and blue. Oh, I would, Mr. Cavendish,' nodding her head vigorously.

"That theatre is no place for you, Katie,' observed her mother, a tall, thin, faded woman, without an ounce of will.

"Why, it's the only place for me, mamma,' retorted the girl. 'It's the only place I can hear music, I can see acting, I can have real amusement. I rub, rub, rub rickety old furniture all day till my arms feel ready to drop off, and if I hadn't passages from plays to run over, and the hope of seeing a lot more, I think I would take a dose of French polish and go varnished up to heaven.'

"She is very self-willed, but very good, sir,' sighed Mrs. Delane, as Katie smothered her in kisses. 'She can do with me as she likes, and she knows it. I wish she had some one to whom she would—'

"Love, honor, and obey! Thank you, mamma. Not just yet, if you please, courtesying to the earth, and turning to me. 'That's the way Marie Wilton courtesies in the minuet in the 'School for Scandal.' Isn't she lovely? Oh, if I could be Marie Wilton or Madge Robertson! But I have no talent for anything, adding, with a light laugh, 'not even for French polishing.'

"Katie came to the doorstep with me.

"I like you,' she exclaimed, in her own naive way, 'and, oh, yes, I'd like to see you again. If I never see you, my heart won't break, and yours is nineteenth century—stern stuff!'

"John Hallows, as I walked back to the Temple that night, Katie Delane's bright, beautiful, young face confronted me like that glorious portrait, by Sir Joshua, of Kitty Fisher, one which you and I have hung together, and raved and gushed over. I see Katie Delane now—ay, at this very instant! Look at her exquisite, oval face! Look at the dark-brown hair drawn tight from the ivory forehead, fair as May-blossoms. Look at those bluish-gray eyes, set wide apart like those of a child, with a tinge of violet! Mark the bashful yet wild look, full of innocent joy and startled love! See that delicate nose, so piquante in its reticence, those pink, tenderly-carved nostrils! Do you see that mouth? Look at those rich, moist, warm lips—the upper one curling in laughter or scorn, the under one pouting demurely, and all so temptingly! There are teeth! The pearl that Cleopatra dissolved for Antony's sake never was whiter or more lustrous than those teeth! And what a chin! how rounded! how dimpled! Did you ever behold such a type of fresh, piquant loveliness?"

I could almost realize the picture. I knew that he was gazing at it while I read. The letter seemed on fire! Nevertheless, I read on.

"Yes, John Hallows, I thought of Katie Delane all the way to the Temple, and day was dawning over the stone marked Oliver Goldsmith as I entered my chambers. Upon the following morning I passed and repassed the furniture ware-rooms of Thomas Delane, and in my mind's eye conjured the naive girl—her white rounded arm, bare to the elbow, engaged in the dreary and unsympathetic slavery of polishing second-hand furniture into first-class shininess.

"One night—it might have been a week or perhaps ten days—after my first meeting with Katie Delane, I again encountered her, and this time behind the scenes.

"She blushed a rosy red as I took her hand, and I kept that hand in mine; nor did she attempt to withdraw it for some little time, and then it was with a jerk as though the idea suddenly smote her that my hand was not the fitting nest for hers.

"Are you for a walk to-night? I asked, as the curtain slowly descended.

"I don't mind."

"Again I escorted her home. Again she filled my thoughts as I walked back to the Temple—filled them, John Hallows, till I brought myself face to face with the picture, and calmly asked 'Whither?'

"I am a Cavendish, of the ducal house of Devonshire. My mother is the daughter of Earl de Grey; my brother is married to an Essex; my sister to a Grosvenor. We are *sangre azul* to the tips of our fingers, and no *mésalliance* has sullied the stream of purple blood since we came to the front.

"Could I marry this girl?"

"Impossible."

"Then why—"

"Why what?—I asked of the devil in my nature and of my conscience; and the devil in my nature—the devil who has dragged me down to hell—hell, John Hallows, laughed the laugh of Mephistopheles.

"I resolved not to see Katie Delane, and accepted a fishing invitation in Ireland.

"Upon my return, I found amongst my many letters, one which sent a strange thrill through my heart.

"I knew that it was from the girl whom I had at least done something to avoid.

"DEAR MR. CAVENDISH (it ran)—Why do you never come to the theatre? I want to ask your advice. Do not blame me for writing. Pshaw! I do not care whether you do or not.

"Yours, KATIE."

"This letter was four weeks old. Would I reply to it? Why not let her surprise at remaining unanswered turn into anger, anger to contempt?"

"It were better—"

"Why, on the other hand, humiliate and insult this girl. She might be sorely in need of friendly counsel. Perhaps this Lord Frodghaven had been renewing his audacious and infamous proposals, and her heart had bidden her call upon me to again come to the rescue.

"I turned the question over—debated it in my own mind, and in cold blood finally resolved upon letting our acquaintance go by default. It was a momentary struggle, decided by the arrival of a brief in a very important case—you will recall the case, John Hallows—Bodfin versus Thistlethwaite, Queen's Bench.

"For two days I crammed, and on the morning of the third drove to Westminster Hall. As the hansom was dashing down Whitehall I saw Katie Delane walking rapidly in the direction of Trafalgar Square. My heart leaped into my throat. A block took place, compelling vehicles to go to a walk, and as she passed she glanced into the hansom. She started violently, grew deadly pale, looked me full in the face, and cut me dead. I reached Westminster in a state of fever, and how I got through the case is still a puzzle to me. Her pale face and reproachful, yet haughty, eyes, were before me in the Lord Chief Justice, in the jury, in the witnesses and the spectators.

"I dined, or, rather, I pretended to dine, that night at the Club, and eight o'clock found me at the Haymarket Theatre.

"She came in about nine o'clock, and took up her accustomed place at the prompt entrance.

"God! how my heart beat as I approached her.

"How do you do, Miss Delane?" I palpitated.

"She started.

"How pale and thin and anxious she looked.

"Did you receive a note from me?" she demanded, in a quick, brusque tone.

"I did."

"And you didn't answer it?"

"And, ere I could interfere by word or act, she had turned on her heel and had disappeared.

"I started after her.

"Has Miss Delane left the theatre? I asked of the stage doorkeeper.

"This instant, sir."

"I dashed down Suffolk Place, and came up with her as she was turning into Suffolk Street.

"Miss Delane!" I said.

"Well," she cried, stopping abruptly, and facing me.

"I have been away, and—"

"But you got my letter."

"Only on Tuesday morning."

"Why did— Pshaw! Good-night, Mr. Cavendish," and she turned from me.

"Why did I not let her go? Oh, why did I not let her go on her way, John Hallows, and why did I not go upon mine?"

"The devil had me, body and soul, when my right foot stepped one pace down Suffolk Street.

"I followed her.

"Miss Delane, I will not allow you to leave me until I explain—"

"I require no explanation."

"I do not know what I said. I know that I found Katie Delane's hand in mine, and that she was sobbing bitterly—sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Observing that we were being noticed—this occurred in Suffolk Street—I drew her hand in my arm and turned away.

"I want to speak to you," she suddenly exclaimed, after a silence. 'I wrote asking your advice. You must advise me. Mamma is the puppet of grandpapa, so are my sisters. I am to a certain extent, but no further. Mr. Cavendish, grandpapa insists upon my marrying.'

"A subtle sense of relief came to me, a sort of reprieve. A light shone brightly, ever so brightly, afar off, over the troubled waters of my heart. The goal was in sight—I was safe.

"Yes, John Hallows, as God has judged me ere this, and all hope is burnt out in hell fire, I felt a thrill of startled ecstasy when the girl uttered these words. She relied upon me to advise her, and my resolve was taken instantly.

"And it is about the best thing you can do, *ma mignonne*," I exclaimed, in a tone of half-banter.

"You say this to—Listen! and pressing my arm heavily, she went on: 'The man grandpapa wants me to marry is a slim, sleek, canting, sniffling, fair-haired, long-nosed fellow. He reminds me of Stiggins, in 'Pickwick.' Oh, my! that's the very creature he's like, and the volatile girl burst into a merry peal of laughter, again and again repeated.

"Somehow or other the laughter jarred upon me. It told me that her heart was not buried 'full fathoms five.' That it needed no very deep diving to reach it. And yet she was only seventeen, when life is like a Spring shower—sunshine through tears.

"He must have some redeeming quality," I suggested.

"Not one—except his money."

"I employed all the argument of which I was master in an endeavor to induce her to consider before she absolutely rejected this offer. I pictured the result of a refusal.

"Our interview ended thus:

"I will not marry Stiggins—I swear it. Nothing will induce me. I'd work for mamma and my sisters, but I will not marry that creature—anybody. Good-by."

"John Hallows, I was now more in love with Katie Delane than ever, and the question that wove itself with every waking thought was, 'Why not marry her? why not marry her?'

"You remember, my friend, a dinner-party in Brook Street, to which you were invited? You remember that pink-faced doll, Lady Laura Egerton, the second daughter of the Marquis of Abergeidie, who sat opposite you? You chaffed me about her in the smoking-room afterwards. That girl was carefully destined for me by my lady mother. Fortune, family, a pocket-borough in the gift of her father—everything for a rising junior. I flirted, or rather tried to flirt, with Lady Laura, while my very heart-beat was with Katie Delane. I resolved upon traveling the

course laid out for me by my family, to extinguish love's light in the lurid glare of ambition, and seize the golden fruit, when I should still have been eating of the green.

"Marry Katie Delane! Impossible! In the first place, there is the difference in social position. Pshaw! did not King Cophetua wed a beggar-maid. My plea was scattered to the winds. Then came her antecedents. Could she account to me for her life from fifteen to the present day. Any man who marries must take four or five years of his *fiancée's* life for granted. It may or may not be a sealed book to him. It may prove a virgin page. It may be smirched by fair flirtation. It may—but why go on. I was between two fires—love and ambition. Love's fire blazed brightly, albeit a little too luridly; while ambition's burnt calmly, suffusing a dull but soothing warmth.

"I again resolved upon avoiding Katie Delane; but, in order to put a break upon the shock of separation, went twice or three times a week to Covent Garden, where I purchased a bunch of violets for her, a flower of which she was passionately fond, and forwarded them to the shabby little house at Knightsbridge.

"Ah! it was a ghastly fever all this. Ambition tugging at my brain—love tugging at my heart.

"And now, John Hallows, comes the hour, the striking of which doomed my soul to everlasting perdition. I was alone in my chambers. It was near midnight. I was seated in my easy-chair, gazing into the dying embers. I was thinking of her. The wind shrieked and moaned and howled through the dreary and desolate courts of the Temple—shrieked like souls being thrust down, down, down to undying flame.

"A pause in the storm. A knock at my door. I sprang to my feet, a strange warning voice whispering at my heart.

"I flung wide the portal.

"There, dripping with rain, hatless, her glorious hair all over her shoulders, her violet eyes aflame, her tender mouth parted as with a great fear, stood Katie Delane.

"I was to have been married to-night," she moaned as I led her quivering like an aspen towards the fire. 'but I ran away this morning, and—and—I came to you. I have no one else in the world that—that I care to—' and here she burst into a fit of hysterical weeping."

I, John Hallows, had proceeded thus far, and was about to continue the perusal, when a shadow as of some person endeavoring to read over my shoulders fell upon the paper.

A delirium of awful fear seized me!

He was in the room! He was standing behind my back!

Oh, for power to shriek!

Merciful heaven—that oozy hand!

Merciful heaven—those soulless eyes!

I became unconscious. When I recovered my senses I was lying upon the hearthrug. The fire had burnt itself out; but luckily, the lamp seemed still full of vitality. With a fearful, shuddering gaze I slowly peered round the room, expecting to encounter I knew not what of horror.

The portraits frowned grimly from the walls. The dark wainscot looked darker, but he was not to be seen. The shadow was from out the room.

Carefully as the starving, shipwrecked mariner reckons his few remaining biscuits, did I examine the condition of the oil in the lamp, and calculated with feelings almost akin to rapture that it would burn to daydawn. Heaping such fuel as I could lay my hands upon the fire, and finding it unendurably cold—my veins laden with ice, and chilled to the very marrow, I resolved upon turning into bed, without, however, divesting myself of any of my clothes.

Carefully placing George Cavendish's confession in my bosom—I dared read no further—and grasping the lamp in my left hand, I advanced towards the vault-like door, which gave upon my bedroom. I threw it open with a sudden jerk. The apartment was small and wainscoted like the adjoining one. In one corner stood a gloomy-looking, old-fashioned, four-post bedstead, with a heavy canopy and faded silk curtains; in another, a ponderous wardrobe, elaborately carved. The ceiling, representing some event in mythological history, was black with age, and the ebony furniture seemed fitted for the innermost torture-chamber of the Inquisition.

I flung myself onto the bed, where in a few minutes the extreme cold from which I had been suffering exchanged itself for a burning, feverish heat.

To endeavor to sleep was simply a mockery.

Why not finish the perusal of George Cavendish's confession?

I would.

Taking the document from my breast, I drew the table upon which the lamp stood, more closely to the bed. I read the well-known opening words, but ere my eyes could take up the thread of the narrative, the lamp was slowly extinguished.

The agony of being left in the darkness was something terrible. The horror of feeling that the light had been quenched by supernatural agency—that awful link between dead and living, that gulf in whose unfathomable depths lay the secret never yet divulged—was exquisitely appalling.

Like a terrified child, I was about burying my head beneath the bedclothes, when, with a bound, every sense of which I was still in possession concentrated itself in that of sight. My bed faced the door communicating with the room in which I had spent the earlier portion of the night.

That door slowly opened.

The outer apartment was brilliantly illuminated, not by fire, or lamp, or candle, but by a greenish-gray light—a light so ghastly, yet so brilliant, as both to dazzle and to sicken.

Every object in the room stood forth in extraordinary distinctness. The table upon which the supper-tray had lately stood had been replaced by an elegant *fautuil*; a small bunch of violets lay upon the floor. I could have counted the petals.

Was I dreaming?

My heart stood still. I felt that the curtain had only risen upon the mystery; that there was yet much to follow.

Clasping the bedclothes with the clutch of a drowning man, and with eyeballs starting from their burning sockets, I awaited the *dénouement*.

Although my eyes were riveted upon the interior of the outer room, so that no movement, however slight, could, by any possibility, escape me, a female form burst into being, even while I gazed.

She did not walk or glide into the apartment. She absolutely burst, as it were, upon my sight. Her back was turned towards me, and her *seelte* form was the very perfection of symmetry.

Suddenly, and as if perceiving the bunch of violets upon the carpet, she stooped forward, and, rapidly lifting, pressed them thrice to her lips, and then, whilst tenderly placing them in her dress, she turned her face towards me.

It was Katie Delane!

An exquisite face, the dark brown hair drawn tight from the ivory forehead, fair as a May-blossom; bluish-gray eyes and wide apart like those of a child, with a tinge of violet, bashful yet wild, full of innocent mirth and loving confidence. A delicate nose, slightly reticent; a short, curling, upper lip, its companion rich, ripe, demure and pouting. Teeth of pearl, and a charmingly rounded chin. I see that face now. I shall see that face even when the hand of death is slowly glazing my eyes. Would that I had never beheld it, even in the adorable freshness of its piquante beauty!

She seated herself upon the *fautuil*, and from her anxious glances in the direction of the door, and her heaving bosom and changing of color, it was evident that she awaited the advent of some expected person.

A cloud of anxiety would pass across her fair brow, and the lustrous eyes close as if from a throb of mental anguish, whilst her tiny white hands would continually clasp themselves in that nervous pressure by which even strong men, with impassive countenances, betray their inward emotions.

Quicker than thought, the form of a man presented itself. He was tall and slight. He leant his head upon his arms, which he placed against the mantelpiece, and gazed down into the fire; his back was turned to the girl, and his face was hidden from me by his elbows. The girl started to her feet and timidly approached him, touching him gently as if to induce him to turn to her. He repulsed her with a shrug. She appeared to address him (no sound reached me) earnestly, beseechingly, with all her heart, with all her soul, yet he turned not. She plucked the bunch of violets from her bosom, and in a frenzy of passion cast them into the fire, yet he turned not. She flung herself upon her knees, and with an expression of agony such as the human countenance only assumes in the supremest extremity of mental woe, pleaded to him.

Was it for life? Was it for that which should be dearer than life? God forbid! for there was that in the shrug of the man's shoulder which quenched out for ever the slightest glimpse of hope.

She rose slowly, and with despair enveloping every feature as plainly discernible as the writing on the wall, turned from him and was gone. He still retained the same position, his arms against the mantelpiece, his gaze directed down to the fire. He moved his foot backwards and forwards upon the steel bar of the fender, and then—

Yes, and then he turned, and his eyes met mine—fully, fixedly. My heart gave one beat backwards—my brain was on fire!

The man was George Cavendish!

There was something yet to come! Once more I pulled my quivering nerves together for a supreme effort.

The scene had changed—changed as silently and imperceptibly as fade the colors in the rainbow. The light was more subdued; the *fautuil* was replaced by a table—upon the table lay a bundle covered by a sheet.

The same man, or spectre, or demon, stood beside the table. His hair was disheveled as if he had clutched it in a paroxysm of the wildest passion. His eyes were sunken in their sockets, and encircled by black rings with inner circles of a purple-red. His cheeks were livid, and his blue lips drawn tight showed his white teeth standing out like the skeleton ribs of some animal which had been picked bare by birds of prey.

The man, or spectre, or demon, raised a corner of the sheet, and shudderingly cast a hurried glance beneath it.

Slowly, very slowly, and with averted gaze, he removed the entire covering, as if compelled to do so by some invisible power.

Upon that table lay a dead body—the body of a woman—the body of Katie Delane!

Dead—dead—dead!

Her long brown hair hung in massive tresses over the edge of the table, almost sweeping the floor. Her beautifully-formed hands were clinched, as if the agony of death had been exquisitely bitter. Her violet-blue eyes were wide open, staring upwards, and the white lips, drawn tightly together, seemed as though she had endeavored to suppress the shriek which would have been her farewell to her gay life.

But why did her garments cling so closely to her faultless form? Why did every limb, every curve and contour of the beautiful frame reveal itself? Why did something drip, drip, drip, from her hair, her clothes, like the tick, tick, tick, of the death watch?

It wasn't blood. It was water.

The body, as I subsequently learned, had been found in the inky pool at the edge of the wood. She had committed self-destruction. Hurling her soul from her, with one bound she had leaped into the valley of the shadow of death.

Poor lost child, that last look of despair was easily translated—that superiority of anguish, that climax of unutterable, unfathomable, illimitable woe.

The man, spectre, or demon, turned and gazed at the body of his victim. Remorse was gnawing at his heart.

Heart! Where was his heart when that fair young girl had besought of him to restore that to her which, through him and his devilish fascination, she had forfeited? Where was his heart when, in abject humiliation, she flung herself upon her knees at his feet in that very chamber, and prayed for the miserable, pitiful boon of a single

loving word? Where was his heart when he allowed her to go from him to her doom, repaying her life, love, her lost honor, her blanching soul, with a gesture of contempt?

That heart was now on fire—on fire with the flames of hell. Yes, the man, or spectre, or demon, flung himself upon the inanimate form. He clasped the lifeless hands—those hands once so soft and tender and warm. He glued his ashen lips to hers, as if to inhale some sigh that yet might linger near the heart that had throbbed so lovingly for him, and for him alone.

Too late! Awful words, poignant with horror-laden meaning. The man, or spectre, or demon, severed a lock of that dark brown hair, and placed it in his bosom, and then all became dark.

Now, I know the black secret that lay like a clot of congealed blood over the heart of George Cavendish. Now, I had the clew to what had appeared to me to be the ravings of delirium. Now, I could account for the change which altered a bright, joyous and happy nature into a moody, gloomy, reserved and brutal one. Now, the "Open Sesame" was pronounced, the mist was cleared from my vision, and I beheld the Nemesis which drove George Cavendish to his doom.

George Cavendish's confession has never been read to the end by me. The awful revelations of that Christmas Eve wrote the ghastly story in letters of fire.

I entered Maberly Hall young, vigorous, active. I quitted it at



A GHASTLY REVELATION.—"THE LAST BOLT HAD DRAWN BACK, AND THE DOOR WAS ABOUT TO YAWN FOR ME, WHEN, GREAT GOD! A CLAMMY, ICY HAND WAS LAID UPON MINE, WHILE TWO SOULLESS, LIGHTLESS, GHASTLY EYES, EMBEDDED IN A GREEN OOZE—"—SEE PAGE 330.



A GHASTLY REVELATION.—"SHE FLUNG HERSELF UPON HER KNEES, AND WITH AN EXPRESSION OF AGONY PLEADED TO HIM."

day-dawn, aged, sapless, withered, having lived a life, ay, a thousand lives, in a few horror-laden hours.

When I close my eyes at night the spectral scene presents itself with all its appalling details, and the words engraven upon my very soul haunt every waking moment:

"To you, John Hallows, I reveal the ghastly triumph of an unprincipled man over a weak, loving and defenseless woman."

LEFT ON A DOORSTEP;

OR,

Gilbert Romaine's Christmas Gift.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

"IT is a sad thing for you and yours, no doubt; but, after all, it is the old, old story. When a man or a boy commits a crime, he knows that he renders himself liable to punishment, and he means to evade it if he can. Still, he takes the risk and he must abide by it. There has been too much maudlin sympathy with criminals of every stamp. Mercy is a very good thing in its way, but justice comes first. I shall let the law take its course. If this story of yours should impress a judge or jury in your brother's favor, well and good. Now, go away and do not bother me any more about it. Not a man on the street but knows that Gilbert Romaine means exactly what he says."

With that Mr. Romaine waved away the suppliant, a rather shabby girl of sixteen or thereabouts, and turned to his books. She left the warm, cozy private office, and seemed to step out into an iceberg of a world, so cold was her soul and her shivering body. How could she go home and tell them that her errand had been in vain, her last frail hope?

There was a little flurry of snow in the air, and the wind seemed to bite and sting. Shop-windows were frosted over, though it was but mid-afternoon, and there were but few people in the streets. Still, the clumps of evergreens at the corners, suggestive of Christmas trees and merriment, sent out an odorous fragrance, and clusters of scarlet berries served to brighten the gray atmosphere.

What did she care. Oh, how passionately she had hoped to take this bit of good cheer home to the others. She had a dim, hazy idea that if Mr. Romaine forgave and withdrew the charge, Tom might come out of the shameful prison, and in some way be clear and free. He had not forged a note—if the whole world said so, still she would believe him guiltless of that intent. Oh, how could she go home, how could she dance to-night with these leaden feet? And there was Mr. Romaine, in his warm, pretty office, with the pot of purple violets on his desk, with everything the world could give, and yet so coldly cruel, so pitiless. "And to-morrow will be Christmas!" sobbed the child.



A GHASTLY REVELATION.—"WHEN I RECOVERED MY SENSES I WAS LYING UPON THE HEARTHTRUG. THE FIRE HAD BURNED ITSELF OUT."

Gilbert Romaine bit his lip and drew his brow into a little frown. What was there about the girl—but after all, right was right, and unchangeable. The world was drifting faster over to dishonesty every day, there were defaulters, and thieves and forgers—yes, he certainly *was* right, and he turned resolutely to his books.

Conyers, the bookkeeper, was going off on a holiday to visit his motherless children in a little country town with their grandmother. He came in now, as he must leave to catch the train.

"Take this to them, Conyers," he said, handing him two crisp ten-dollar notes.

"Thank you, Mr. Romaine; there will be some happy hearts to-night. The books are all in the safe."

The two men bowed to each other in a polite and kindly way. The twilight dropped down early. Business was through, and Mr. Romaine told the porter to close up, though it was but half-past four. He handed the two younger clerks an envelope himself, and wished them a "Merry Christmas." That was their reward for honesty. If Mr. Romaine was strict and stern with all forms of wrong-doing, he was not a hard master.

Then he put on his handsome velvet beaver, with its seal collar and cuffs, and his warm gloves, and uttered a courteous good-night. Now, the stores were all brightly illuminated, and the children's revel was just beginning. There were gay, glad voices, ringing laughs, questions, answers—here a boy ran against him with a sled, on the other side some one squeaked a toy animal; little girls, with arch, merry faces, not minding the bitter wind that now and then played a prank with a pedestrian's hat or tore apart some poor

woman's shawl. He usually took the horse-car, but to-night he walked along the busy street, watching and listening in an unusual mood. How many people there were in the world—how many children—and he, Gilbert Romaine, had none of kith or kin to ask in for a Christmas Feast. Was there not something somewhere about searching the highways and finding the lame and the halt? Why, if he had thought of it he might have given a little feast to—well, the bootblacks or the crossing-sweepers, or send some turkeys to the Children's Home, and make a few happy hearts.

Where did that girl go? he wondered. Her mother was sick and there was some little children, and Tom Wynne was in prison—her brother. He might have inquired where they lived, he might have—were they very poor? he wondered. He would learn something about them on Friday, when he went back to the store.

He turned into a quiet street where there was no glare of shop windows. Ah, how keen and nipping the wind blew! Overhead, in a dull-blue rift, a few wintry stars began to shine. On and on, around this corner, past the church a square or two, and he let himself in a quiet, aristocratic-looking house with his latch-key.

Ah, how lovely, how warm! Hebe here in the hall had her hands full of flowers—heliotrope, spice pinks and tea-roses. He took off his coat, he rubbed his hands, as he lingered a moment over the register. Then he entered the room across the lower end of the hall, and uttered a long breath of satisfaction.

A fire of cannel coal burned in the grate. It was a handsomely-appointed library, with books, pictures, two or three well-chosen statuettes and some bronzes. A white wolf-skin was thrown over the arm of the lounge, a soft Turkish rug glowed in the light of the fire, the curtains of delicate gray, with little flecks of crimson, swept the floor.

On his table lay three parcels and two notes, gifts and invitations to a Christmas dinner. He smiled a little over them, then his own dinner-bell rang, and he went down to his solitary feast.

Such a commonplace, uneventful life as his had been! A poor widow struggling along, supporting herself with her needle and training her little son in virtuous, gentlemanly ways. Then an uncle asking her to come and be his housekeeper, and they two still living quietly; presently, on the death of the old man, falling heir to the house, living on and on, having one bright, passionate, absorbing dream that went out in ashes; prospering in business, losing youth, caring little for society, making no change until the sweet, grave mother drops out of life.

Seven years before he had come to this house which he had planned and furnished to his taste. He was rich enough now for anything. Women of all ages smiled upon him, invited him to their houses, were sweet, gracious, captivating, yet here he was at seven-and-thirty, and for the first time in many years he experienced a peculiar feeling of loneliness. What had he done with his life, except to make money? Given a little here and there, helped a few business friends in time of trouble, surrounded himself with much that was exquisite and satisfying, and yet—

When his dinner was through he came back to the library and lighted his cigar. The bleak night was securely shut out and arrogantly defied by the ruddy blaze of the coal and the soft radiance of the Argand burner. He glanced at the picture over the mantel, through the dazzle of the blaze and the twilight of cigar-smoke. A young girl, with a bright fleecy shawl about her, the white shapely throat and one shoulder visible, but the outline shaded a trifle by two or three pale golden curls, and dark brown velvety eyes glancing shyly from under long lashes. He had stumbled over it in an artist's studio, and bought it because it looked like her.

The church-bell began to ring. He had half a mind to leave this tempting fireside and go round there—kneel as he used to when a little boy, listen to the prayers and the chants and help with Christmas greens. He had seen her first there one Christmas Eve—he was only a lad and she a slim young girl, blushing so easily, smiling with a curious shy

sweetness, and with a voice the like of which he had never heard since.

Then he started suddenly, stared at the picture like one dazed, and remembered as a past vision sometimes comes to us with sudden force and vividness. The girl of this afternoon—Tom Wynne's sister—pshaw! what made him think of that? Her eyes were brown, to be sure; lustrous, pleading, tender, and now he recalled the straight, haughty nose, the small mouth and dimpled chin. It was so unlike Tom's rather broad, ordinary-looking countenance, and her manners—a certain indefinable air—oh, what folly! Was he dreaming? The warmth and the vaporous wreath of smoke, and the old by-gones had set him astray.

A sharp, vigorous ring at the door-bell brought him back. He was the grave, sensible business man again.

"There is a person here who insists upon seeing you, sir," announced the well-trained James.

"A child!" Gilbert Romaine gasped. "You are altogether mistaken!"

"I am not mistaken. I have come from the bedside of the woman who brought her here to you, or, rather, where you were living then. You must have been a young man—"

"Do you dare make such a statement to my very face?" and Gilbert Romaine rose, white with indignation.

"Softly, sir, softly! There is nothing disreputable in all this. The child was born in honest wedlock, and, what is more to the purpose, is heiress to a considerable fortune. If she is dead, it goes to other heirs. Now, it was, no doubt, embarrassing to have a baby of a year old or so sent to you, young man as you were then, but my business is to learn what you did with it. If it is dead—well, one's loss is always another's gain, and some half-dozen other heirs will not object to such Christmas tidings, I take it."

Romaine sank back into his chair, and shaded his eyes with his hand. Della Clyde? That old, sweet love who had suddenly played him false, whom he had cast out of his life and memory, save as he liked to study the picture yonder. A runaway wife dying, and her child, her little girl, sent to him. A Christmas gift! How strange it seemed! And yet it had never come to him.

There was a long silence, then he rose abruptly, the fine, healthful color gone out of his face, and his voice strangely tremulous.

"Let us go to her, this dying woman," he said, hurriedly. "There is some mistake. Would to God the child had come to me. Fifteen years ago," he sighed to himself. He and his mother were living alone in that unpretentious little house in Willow Place. And the child had gone somewhere—perhaps to an almshouse or foundlings' home—the child of the fair, sweet girl he had loved.

"Yes, let us go without further delay." He began to bustle about in a dazed way, getting his coat and hat, while the man picked up a leather satchel he had placed on the library-table.

"It makes no difference, if we can prove that she is dead, you know," said he, carelessly. "Otherwise the estate must be fought over in Chancery until there is nothing more left of it than there was of the famed Kilkenny cats. My clients would prefer that she was safe in heaven, and we thought so until a day or two ago."

The words and tone grated upon every nerve. Gilbert Romaine shivered. Della Clyde's little girl swallowed up in the world's great vortex. She might be living, this very Christmas Eve in want and sorrow and shame. And then the pitiful face, that had pleaded with him this afternoon so urgently, rose up before him. Tom Wynne's sister. He might have been a little kinder. Surely this was the season for "good will on earth."

"Come," he said, gruffly, holding open the hall-door, and paying no attention to what the man was saying.

They walked out together. Had there come a strange softness in the air? Surely the stars were out in myriads, and the sky a glittering blue. The man hailed a horse-car, and they rode back to the crowded part, out to the opposite section, and then there were a few blocks to walk. A row of dilapidated frame-buildings, one of which they entered, to find a warm and comfortable room, though very cheaply furnished.

A woman lay in the bed, evidently in the last stages of decline. Another sat by the stove, a clean, wholesome person, who was nurse and friend.

"This is the Mrs. Davis who carried the child to you that Christmas Eve. And this is the Mr. Romaine who declares it never came to him."

The woman raised on her elbow, and stared.

"I took it, sure as God is in heaven, to 230 Willow Street. I rang the bell and left it there, in a big basket. There was a note—she was an hour or two writing it, she was that weak. She couldn't put the name on the outside, but she said it would be all right."

Gilbert Romaine was thinking. He believed he had found the clew to the blunder.

"You said Willow Street, my good woman. Years ago there were Willow Street and Willow Place. An unhandsome jog divided them, but it has been straightened and widened, and lost its high-sounding title. It is all Willow Street now. But I lived in Willow Place then, with my mother."

"Yes, so she said," interrupting him. "A row of small brick houses, the third from the corner. I went out and found it by daylight—230, I am sure."

"You went to Willow Street," he groaned.

"So I told you," rather impatiently.

"You went to the wrong place. I never had the child," he said, in accents of anguish.

"Yet you are Gilbert Romaine."

"Did you ask for any one?"

"No, she told me not. She said you'd take it, and be good to it. You see her husband turned out that devilish she was afraid of him. Her aunt had coaxed her to marry him, thinking he was rich; then the other baby was born, and he was so



LEFT ON A DOORSTEP.—"HARK! SOME ONE FLEW UP THE STEPS, TWO AT A TIME. THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN. 'OH, MOTHER! KITTIE!' WITH A GLAD, GLAD CRY, 'I HAVE SEEN THE MAN WHO GAVE TOM THE CHECK!'"

"On a begging expedition, no doubt. Stop, James. Inquire if it is for any children's home or—or dinner."

"I asked him, sir, and he said important business."

"Show him in, then."

A rather short, sharp, incisive-looking person, who seemed to peer a moment through the soft radiance and then concentrate his glance on the man before him, bowing briskly.

"Mr. Romaine, I believe."

Mr. Romaine returned the bow with leisurely indifference.

"I have some peculiar and important business with you," he began, nowise abashed by Gilbert Romaine's stately pride. "My time is brief, and I am used to getting at bottom facts as speedily as possible. In the year 18— you were living at 230 Willow Street—"

"Willow Place," corrected Mr. Romaine.

"Street or Place, I suppose it is all one"—rather impatiently. "Fifteen years ago this very night there was a child brought to you, a little girl—left on your stoop. What did you do with her?"

"A most extraordinary story." Mr. Romaine had risen before, and now confronted the newcomer across the table, studying him with questioning eyes, doubtful of his sanity. "You tell me this child was sent to me, Gilbert Romaine! Pray, who were its parents?"

"Its father was a certain Richard Halford, supposed to be heir to a large fortune entailed as far as American fortunes can be. Unluckily the uncle lost his wife, married a young girl, and had a son, which sent Richard's claim to the dogs. But it died a year or so ago, and Dick is dead. 'His heirs or assigns'—the will reads—and we have learned that he was married. We have traced his wife, who ran away shortly after her child was born. You see the whole thing is a delightful muddle! I have found where she died, and the child was brought to you."

Gilbert Romaine pressed his hand to his forehead, then he stared hard at the man who was noting every expression of his face.

"The mother?" he said, with a long, hoarse breath.

"The mother's name was Ardella Clyde."

mad about it he took to drink, and was a brute. She came to me—I had washed for her—and I kept her hid two months, but she was ailing all the time. Then she had bleeding at the lungs, two dreadful spells, the last one in the morning, when she wrote the note and told me what I was to do. And she died that night."

"My good woman, this gossip merely wastes our time," said the lawyer, sharply. "You think, then," turning to Romaine, and eying him suspiciously, "there was a mistake in the house? Do you know of any such neighborhood?"

"I can find it—come," he answered, abruptly. "I shall come back for the remainder of the story," nodding to the sick woman, who now began to cough violently.

"The deuce of a mystery about a young one!" began the man, grumblingly. "Why didn't the woman say she'd buried her with her mother? If I had seen her alone at first—"

"You will find Della Halford's child, and restore her to her rightful place in the world," was the stern reply.

Daniel Carton smothered an oath. He wondered now that his astute brain had not planned an ending, only he had surely looked to find the child dead.

Back to the old shabby-gee-gee part of the city and Willow Street. There were rows of brick houses, and stores on nearly every corner.

"The numbers cannot have been much altered," commented Romaine. "You see, when they widened they went straight on from here—230 would be in the block above. The third house from the corner. We have that to guide us."

They found the place. But who lived there fifteen years ago was a profound mystery to the present tenants, who were collected in the front parlor putting up a Christmas-tree.

"But some one must know," declared Romaine. "Are there no old people in the vicinity?"

"You go down to the drug-store," said the oldest woman in the group, "Doctor Gates's mother owned some of this property. She'd be likely to know. Mrs. Gates—they live over the store."

"Thank you," said Romaine. "Is it too late?" glancing at Carton.

"While we're here we may as well look into it," was the rather gruff answer. "What would you give now to find the girl, honor bright? But, after all, she is nothing to you."

"She is something to me," in a deep, incisive tone. "Never fear. You shall be well paid for this night's work. Here we are."

Doctor Gates was in. His mother was home, a feeble, elderly woman, who seldom went abroad. If she was not in bed—but some cousins had come from a distance to keep Christmas, and they were having a merry time up-stairs.

She had not retired, and received her strange guests with a little surprise. They apologized for the intrusion, and stated their errand explicitly.

"To be sure, to be sure," began the old lady, with a confident nod of the head. "I've lived in this neighborhood hard on to fifty years, and 'twould be queer if I didn't know about most of the folks. But laws! some of the houses have changed hands so, 'twould puzzle a lawyer to keep track of them!" and she paused for a quaint little cackle, that could scarcely be termed a laugh. "Now there's the next door—"

"The third house in the row," interposed Carton. "Fifteen years ago, this very Christmas, who lived there then?"

"Let me see," studying a figure in the carpet, "that and the second one belonged to old Seth Skinner, and he was rightly named, too. An old miser without a chick or a child, but when he died both places were sold. A young married couple took the third one. Now what was their name? They had a host of little children, you know, glancing around. She was so pretty and tidy. And there was a young man—but he went away somewhere. The husband was killed in an accident—steamboat—up the Hudson. Deary me, how I do forget! But you came upon me so sudden like, and I haven't thought of them this many a day. She kept boarders a while, then the mortgage was foreclosed, and the poor thing had no end of trouble."

"Was there a little girl among them, who might be about sixteen now?" asked Romaine, eagerly.

"Laws! There were girls and boys, a regular little flock of 'em, but I did hear some of 'em died."

"Her name," cried Carton, impatiently, "if you are sure she lived there fifteen years ago."

"Why, she hasn't been gone more'n seven years," resumed the old lady, in surprise. "It was a short name, and I know I can think of it if you give me time. I'm a master hand at remembering when I'm not taken so suddenly. Maybe son Joseph can tell!" an expression of relief lighting up her eyes. "Mattie, run call him up."

Doctor Gates came, and, after a few moments, recalled the family. But the name had slipped from his mind. Perhaps the books might tell.

He turned them back year after year, mentioning bits of gossip about the household of children. There was one very bright little girl he thought. He had only been in practice nine years. At that time the corner building had been altered to a store.

"Here it is," he cried, eagerly. "Wynne! Well, it is a rather odd name. And you want to know where she is now? We will take a search through the directory."

There was only one widow in the list, a Mrs. Mary Wynne. Carton wrote down the address.

"Wynne?" Romaine said slowly over to himself. There seemed something familiar about it, unusual as it was.

"It is too late to go on any further here's hunt to-night," said Carton, gruffly; and then he questioned Romaine with his eyes. "If you care anything further about the matter, though I can't see as you're connected anyway, as events seem to point—"

"Come to my house to-morrow morning, as early as you can—"

"I shall go there first," interrupted Carton, "and—well, I'll drop in and let you know."

They expressed their obligations to Doctor

Gates, and said good-night. It was after, ten. The lawyer hailed the first car. Mr. Romaine walked down the street and studied the house again. Had Della Clyde's child found shelter and motherly love here? Oh, where was she now?

And then Tom Wynne's face flashed up before him! How blind and dull he had been! And this girl who had been pleading with him to-day, with those soft, brown, strangely familiar eyes—oh, heavens! what if that were Ardella Clyde's child, sent to him for a Christmas gift so long ago. She might not be Tom's sister.

He stood a few moments like one stunned, then he plunged into a labyrinth of streets. He would know this very night, he would claim her before any other demand was made. He would withdraw the charge against Tom, and if the Wynnes were poor—as they must surely be—she should make them happy by the useless hoards he had been saving up year after year.

He picked his way through places that he had scarcely dreamed of, meeting roystering parties, poor women hurrying home with loaded market-baskets, and a few waifs who had neither home nor friends this Christmas Eve. Here the streets were rather more tidy and quiet. He found the number, and knocked hesitatingly.

A man answered the summons gruffly, "What did he want?"

"Mrs. Wynne—" and the well-trained voice and bearing had its effect.

"Up-stairs—the back room. No bad news of the young un, I hope. One's gone to jail, as mebbe you know," leering sharply at him.

Romaine stumbled up in the dark, and knocked softly. After a moment the door was timidly opened by a girl of twelve.

"I am Mr. Romaine," he said, with the softened grace he used toward society ladies. "I should like to see your mother. Your brother Tom was in my store—"

"Will you please walk in? Mother is ill in bed, and Della—"

Then it was she! He stared at the child, who wiped some tears from her eyes, and placed a chair for him. Was it all a dream—was he walking in his sleep, and should he wake up presently to find himself before the grate-fire, studying a picture.

"Mother, it is Mr. Romaine."

That recalled him. He glanced around the neat, orderly room, then into a smaller one adjoining, where a woman lay in bed.

"Is she ill? Will it disturb her to ask her a question or two?"

"Oh, sir, my poor boy!" cried the feeble voice. "Have you brought any good news?"

What a selfish brute he was, thinking only of his own great pain and uncertainty. "Glad tidings of great joy," that was what was going all over the land. Had he none for this poor woman? Ah, if her son might be born again, free from the shadow of crime!

"I was unnecessarily harsh this afternoon," he began. "I have come to tell you that I will do all in my power, that if I can withdraw the charge he shall have another chance, that—will you answer me one question truly before God? Was the girl who came this afternoon your own child, or was she sent to you, fifteen years ago, one Christmas Eve?"

Mrs. Wynne sprang up to a sitting posture. Her thin face was deadly pale, and her eyes quite wild. She clasped her hands passionately.

"Oh," she moaned, "is it some more trouble? Is she—"

"It is no trouble, but good fortune, rather; if she is the child for whom search is being made. Good fortune to her, to you and yours—"

"She was a strange Christmas gift fifteen years ago, but I have loved her as my own. She never knew, the others never dreamed, and when death took some of my own, I was glad God had given me her. Oh, sir, if you have wrested this secret from me for any evil purpose—"

"Rest assured, I have not." There was something in the gladness of his tone that touched her. "I only knew a few hours ago that she was alive, that she—oh, my good woman, will you believe that I have a more than ordinary claim upon this child, that your care and love shall be repaid an hundredfold. And now tell me what moved you to take her in? Surely you could not have known her story, or her mother's hapless lot."

"Kittie, bring a chair for the gentleman. We were not always so poor, sir. Years ago my husband lost his life by an accident, and then our little savings were swept away by a fresh misfortune. I have tried my best to keep the children honest and respectable. Last Fall I was ill a long while with a fever, and then, when I was just getting about, this trouble happened to Tom. Oh, sir, believe me, he is innocent!" and she wrung her hands imploringly.

"We will try to prove him so. There, do not weep. I may have been cruel, unjust, but this Christmas Eve will turn a new leaf in my life. And now let me hear your story. Your door-bell rang, and there, in a basket on the doorstep, you found this little girl."

"Oh, you know that much? Whose child was it? For we never heard of Gilbert Ray after that, and we thought it so strange."

"Gilbert Ray?" he ejaculated, in surprise. "Is there still another mystery?"

"What became of him?"

"Indeed, I have never seen him. But tell me your story. I am all impatience."

"Gilbert had been boarding with us rather more than a year. I'm sure we always thought him a nice, steady fellow, but there had been something on his mind. He threw up a nice position and went West, promising to write, but he never did, at least no word ever came from him. Tom was turned of two, and there was a new baby in the cradle this Christmas Eve. We had just filled Tom's stockings and hung them up, when there was a ring at the door, and Mr. Wynne went. He came, bringing back a great basket, and there we found the pretty little one, with some clothes that were nice and fine, a locket and chain around her neck, a little parcel containing a plain gold ring and some papers, and a letter that had no direction on the outside, but when it began, 'My dear friend Gilbert,' we knew who was meant. The poor mother had just died, and

with her last breath she implored him to care for her child, and keep it out of harm's way, for it seems her husband had been very cruel. We always thought she was an old love of Gilbert's. Well, we took her in, she was so sweet and pretty, and we looked to hear from Gilbert; but month after month no word came, and by that time we had grown to love her, and would not have sent her away. Then, when my own little girl died, I could not have spared her. I lost two after their father's death, and we've seen many hard times, but none so sad as now."

Gilbert Romaine's face was buried in his hands. By some strange freak of fate, the child's coming to Mrs. Wynne had an air of plausibility about it. For years little Della and he had been but a few blocks apart. The childhood he was to watch over, the love he could not give the mother, and that had been asked for her, wasted selfishly all these years!—everything going awry, all his desires thwarted, except the one great aim of money-making.

"The child was left to me," he said, hoarsely. "I lived then at Willow Place. You may remember how it was before they joined the two streets. This child's mother"—well, why should he be ashamed now? yet his voice faltered noticeably—"was my boyhood's love. There was no vow between us; we were both young, and I was somewhat dependent upon an uncle, but at the same time I was straining every nerve to gain something to offer her. She went away for a brief visit, and married a dashing young fellow. Ah, how angry I was! How I taught myself to despise her, or fancied I did. I heard afterwards that her husband had been cruel, and she was dead. To-night, to my great surprise, I learned that a fortune awaited her, and that the woman who brought her to your door, through a great mistake, should have taken her to me instead—Gilbert Romaine, Willow Place. It was easy for the similarity of names to set you astray, but your friend, Gilbert Ray, knew no more of it than the child herself."

Mrs. Wynne stared incredulously, and her head dropped back on the pillow. Was she listening to the real solution of the mystery, or some fanciful tale that was to deprive her of the child of her love? Would this grave, honorable-looking man deceive her?

"The letter was for you, then! Kittie," to the girl, "give me the box out of the bureau-drawer yonder. Turn the key, child, my hand shakes so. Here is the locket, and"—fumbling about in a blind sort of way—"the letter. Put the lamp on the table, Kittie."

The letter had turned yellow with time. A very weak, tremulous hand had penned it. He was never to know how it had been written at intervals, brief as it was. In a maze of bewilderment he read:

"MY DEAR FRIEND GILBERT—When you read this, the hand that wrote it will be cold in death. I think you loved me a little. It is pleasure and pain to believe it in my dying moments, though for a brief while I was mad with doubt and jealous despair, and in that mood was over-persuaded to go to my doom. I know now, thank God, that it was a lie, but the knowledge came too late to save me. Whatever tenderness you may have had for me, bestow, I beseech of you, on my child. It is a strange Christmas gift, but your mother is good and kindly-hearted, and you, oh, Gilbert, be generous enough to forgive my sad, sad mistake! Keep my child from her own father, her worst enemy. He does not know that I am dying among strangers, and would care little if he did. My love and prayers go with her."

"DELLA CLYDE H—"

Some tears dropped upon it, and Romaine sat silent a long while. Then he opened the locket. Yes, that was Della Clyde as he had known her. Dead—fifteen long years, but her child, her child! "I am the Gilbert meant in the letter," he said, at length, in a strange, broken tone. "And the child was given to me. Where is she?" glancing suddenly around.

The pale face of the sick woman flushed scarlet, and the thin fingers worked nervously with the counterpane. The clock struck eleven.

"Oh, she ought to be here," Mrs. Wynne cried, anxiously.

"But where is she? Where did she go? Surely she is not out alone?"

"Not alone. No. I may as well tell you," in a slow, faltering way. "You see, she and Kittie sew most of the time, but it pays so poorly, and it is so tiresome. So just now, during holiday time, there were girls wanted at the theatre. One of our neighbors in the house belongs to a company, and she found Della a place. It is two dollars, and only two hours' work in the evening. We were so poor—she would do it."

Gilbert Romaine groaned aloud. She picking her way through that underworld, and he rolling in riches!

"It has been so hard for us since poor Tom went away—"

"Yes—yes. Tom shall come back, I'll take her word and his that he is innocent."

Then he rose and began to pace the floor, asking what time they generally came home, and watching the clock-hands in their slow march, and Kittie sewing.

"Was she not tired?" he asked.

"She should get sleepy if she did not sew. She had promised Dell to keep awake. They meant to go to the midnight service in the little church down the street, and see the Christmas greens," and a big tear stood in the child's eye. It would be their only Christmas festival.

Half-past. Then they were all alarmed.

"She never staid out so late before!" cried Kittie.

The streets grew still, and steps more infrequent. They strained their hearing to catch every sound that passed, and waited with tense breath for the next. Oh, where could she be? Had anything happened?

"I might go and look for her," said Gilbert Romaine. "Tell me which way she comes."

Mrs. Wynne had put on her wrapper, and walked out to her armchair in the sitting-room. Her meek face was armed with apprehensive terror.

Hark! Some one flew up the steps, two at a time, the door was flung open.

"Oh, mother! Kittie!" with a glad, glad cry, "I have seen the man who gave Tom the check! He was at the theatre. I kept my eyes on him all the evening, and then we ran around, Jenny and I, and watched the people out, and found him, with a beautiful young lady. So then we took the same horse-car; he never noticed us in the crowd, and we followed him home with her; but it was getting late and I told a policeman presently, who said he would find out all for us, and I am to go to-morrow. And then Mr. Romaine will know that Tom told the truth! Oh—"

She stopped suddenly, flushing scarlet. Yes, he could see now that she had a little of her mother about her. How dumb and blind he had been not to remark it this afternoon.

There was a strange silence in the little room as her eyes fell upon Mr. Romaine.

"Oh," she said, presently, "did you come to bring us 'good tidings'? We were going to church, Kittie and I, to pray for it."

Was it good tidings to her or to himself? Was his solitary home to be glad on the morrow? Was this young girl to come into his life—her own mother's gift to him so many years ago?

Some way the story was told, in a broken, incoherent fashion, with many questions and much wonder, and not a few tears. Della was incredulous, and the possible fortune seemed like a fairy dream, too good to be true.

Gilbert Romaine left them at length, and walked slowly homeward under the stars, and the bit of pale moon sadly on the wane. Christmas morning! All this had happened in the course of a few hours. There was his chair as he had left it, but the grate-fire was sleepy, and even the brown eyes of the picture looked drowsy. Della Clyde's child. He said it over and over.

Worthy Mrs. Rose was much amazed at her master's orders the next morning; and when James drove the elegant barouche, full of lovely warm robes, down the dingy street where the Wynnes lived, it made a Christmas brightness. Mrs. Wynne was bundled up, the two girls, with George and Nat, stepped into the Cinderella carriage, and were driven off to a Christmas dinner at the Pierce's, it seemed.

Best of all, before the day was over, or any of the stories had grown old, the policeman came with his tidings.

Poor Tom Wynne had been the victim of much suspicious evidence. As errand boy, he had often gone to the bank, so this day when he presented a check it was cashed with no question. Two days later it was pronounced a forgery. Then it came out that Tom had amused his fellow clerks by a skillful imitation of each one's penmanship. His story that he had taken the check for a friend, who had paid him ten dollars for the transaction, was but little in his favor, since his friend could not be found. Indeed, he had said to Tom that he was going West. How he had come in possession of one of Romaine & Co.'s checks was another mystery. But when the policeman recognized him as a sort of genteel swindler, who had become an object of suspicion in more ways than one, Tom's chances of proving his innocence brightened.

In any case, Mr. Romaine would have befriended him. For, if he took Della from them, surely he must make all the amends in his power. And though Mr. Carton would come to-morrow with the fortune, his claim would be first, strongest, for he had won not only Della's forgiveness, but her favor.

The Christmas bells rang out cheerily. "Peace and good will," they said, and Gilbert Romaine wondered that his ears had been deaf to their sound all these years. And in the churches, sweet voices had sung reverently, "Unto us a Child is born."

Was it a child, or the old love come back, clothed afresh with youth and sweetness for the coming years? Watching Della there in the shadow of the firelight, Gilbert Romaine dreamed a Christmas dream.

Which of Them will He Marry?

A STORY OF \$15,000 A YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DON'T ASK MAMMA," "THE CAPTAIN'S FLIRTATION," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—DOES HE MEET HIS FATE?

IT is noon in the City of New York.

It is very warm. Foot-passengers warily select the shady side of streets, and those of the sterner sex may be seen darting through half-closed doors into bowers sacred to iced and cooling drinks.

Ancient men carry open umbrellas, and some of the younger ones, in dread of spoiling complexions, bearing the indelible stamp of quill-driving, affect dainty parasols, when a little browning would make them more like men, and less like seamstresses in male attire.

The swing-doors of the well-known monster establishment of Messrs. Narrowbraid & Wooltuit are thrown open to their utmost limits. The interior is cool and inviting.

Aristocratic-looking men, attired in black frock-coats, move languidly from counter to counter, taking hasty surveys of their persons in the surrounding mirrors, the while handing lady-customers to the stereotyped red-plush revolving chairs, and uttering that word which has led so many heroes to victory, "Forward." It is a remarkable fact that each of these gentlemen is afflicted with bunions, and each adorns his coat with a shabby flower which has been nurtured upon the dust thrown up by the revolving wheel of the horse-car, or the playful evolutions of the resident juvenile suburban population.

Two ladies enter.

One is fat—not fair, and over forty. Her hair is gray—her chignon raven black.

Mental anxiety, or constitutional debility, has preyed upon the front and spared the back hair.

Lightning has been known to blast the trunk, and leave the upper portion of the tree unscathed.

The elder lady is very warm, and seemed to doubt the capacity of the revolving chair.

The younger—

How shall we describe her?

Golden hair, the color of wheat ere the reaper lays it low.

Blue eyes, the color of an Italian sky (we have never seen an Italian sky, but will take it for granted it's all right).

Red lips, the color of a blushing poppy, always provided a poppy can blush.

White teeth, the color of—of—yes!—cold veal that has been done to a turn.

A form resembling that of Hebe, and a voice like that of a nightingale in the habit of being asked out for its singing.

Both ladies are richly attired. "Forward!" cries the gentleman in the frock and bunsions, "forward!"

The gentleman in the frock and bunsions influences nobody's mind but his own.

"Forward there!" he cries in an angry tone; "What's the meaning of this? Mr. Cassidy, forward, if you please."

From behind a grove of stockings marked "a dead bargain—only twelve and a half cents per pair," the head and subsequently the body of a young man present themselves. The young man has been relating to another young man, with great *noirété* and apprightness, how he had "done" a gentleman connected with the blanket department out of "a glass of lager," and so pleased is he with the success of his little game that the aristocratic personage in the frock and bunsions has to appeal to him by name, in order to recall him to a sense of his situation, to the startling fact that there are other parties to be "done" as well as confiding and unwary gentlemen connected with blanket departments.

It is but just to Mr. Philip Cassidy to say that he obeyed the word of command with the alacrity of a boarder to his bash at the summons of the gong. His eyes fell upon the elderly lady, and to her he spoke these remarkable words:

"What do you wish to be shown, ma'am?"

Mrs. Tumtint—for this is the name by which the fat lady is known in society—did not reply.

She was mopping her inflamed visage with a handkerchief.

Philip Cassidy turned for the first time towards the young lady.

It might be as well to say that she is the daughter of the fat one.

Age—eighteen years.

Tangible fortune under approbation of parents—\$15,000.

Expectations upon said parents becoming defunct—\$20,000.

Philip Cassidy's eyes met hers.

He fell back against a glove-box.

He injured his head against the brass handle thereof.

A cold perspiration bedewed him.

He had come face to face with his fate.

Vox faucibus hæsit. If Messrs. Narrowbraid & Wooluft had called him into the extra private office, and then announced their respective intentions of making him a partner, he could not have felt more "milly-gollified," which is a Japanese word expressive of the "happy dispatch" from a playful point of view.

Oh, Love, here is thy sting!

Oh, Love, here is thy victory!

Philip Cassidy stood staring at Miss Tumtint with his mouth open, displaying a dollar tooth, which had been inserted by a cunning dentist, owing to its predecessor in office having resigned in consequence of a somewhat forcible ejection—stood gazing his whole soul out, totally oblivious of surroundings—totally forgetful of the possessor of the frock and bunsions, and utterly unmindful of the fat lady, who plaintively demanded a view, on approbation, of cambric pocket-handkerchiefs.

"I wish to see some cambric pocket-handkerchiefs," says the fat lady, tapping upon the counter with a fifty-cent piece to attract attention.

Mechanically Philip dropped his right hand beneath the counter, his eyes all the while riveted upon the object of his adoration. Mechanically the right hand came to the surface, surrounding a dainty box in which lay ensconced the articles required by the half-dollar-tapping female.

She pinched them, held one up to the light, examined the hem, and finally demanded the price.

"Two-fifty, madam," murmured Philip Cassidy.

The fat lady gave an oily squeak, expressive of discomfiture at the value set upon the desired articles.

"I'm afraid mamma would consider that sum too extravagant," observed Miss Tumtint, coming to the rescue of her over-heated parent.

Fearing she would leave the counter, and, as a natural consequence, take her daughter with her, "She shall have them, miss," says Philip, with a gasp; "I made a mistake—they are only one-fifty."

The accusing angel, with extreme officiousness, flew to heaven's chancery with this mistake of Philip Cassidy's, and the recording angel mended her pen ere she entered it to his debit, in the hope that he might repair his error ere she wrote it down, not having at that particular moment a tear at command wherewith to blot the record out for ever.

Mrs. Tumtint closed upon the box of handkerchiefs, leaving Philip Cassidy to pay the difference to the firm, which it is but justice to mention that he did, and that, too, upon the spot.

"Anything else to-day, miss, gloves, carpets, trimmings, flowers, boots, umbrellas, oilcloth?" demanded Philip, with great earnestness and volubility, in the eager hope of detaining his adored one upon the premises, and gently touching upon the leading articles in each department with a view to helping the memory as to requirements.

Both ladies graciously but emphatically negatived his propositions, and, although he lugged down box upon box of gloves, offering them at prices that would have involved four weeks' salary at the very lowest computation, they resolutely declined, which was somewhat lucky for this love-stricken wight.

"What name, ma'am, if you please?" asked Philip, whipping out a pencil from that mysterious recess in his raiment peculiar to the employes in monster establishments.

"It doesn't mind," replied Mrs. Tumtint; "I shall take the box with me."

Mrs. Tumtint feared a changeling should she trust to the parcel being sent home.

In vain Philip tried it on in every way.

The heat—the trouble—the size—the pleasure the firm felt in sending things home, *et cetera*.

His anxiety on the subject trebled her suspicions, and she resolutely abided by her decision.

Philip took at least ten minutes to tie up the box, and ten minutes more in getting the necessary change.

"Allow me to bring it to your carriage," says Philip, as a last resource, and outraging all the laws of the establishment by the proposition.

"I am not driving," says the fat lady, somewhat sharply, still under the impression that she would be done out of her bargain.

Philip sighed heavily as he handed her the parcel.

His eyes met those of Miss Tumtint, who regarded his pertinacity with some curiosity.

It was a full-bodied glance, such as Juliet bestowed on Romeo at their first meeting.

The Vesuvius of Philip Cassidy's heart destroyed the Pompeii of his common sense.

They both saluted him and went their way.

"Can I go out for twenty minutes, sir?" says Philip to him of the frock-coat and bunsions.

"Certainly not, sir," replies that dignified functionary.

Philip said nothing. Every second was worth a life. He glided towards the door, and artfully taking up a straw hat, marked thirty-five cents, as if for the purpose of commercially examining it, gained the street.

"Did you see a fat lady, and a young one dressed in blue, pass?" asks Philip of a gloomy official, in an overcoat paved with metal buttons.

"Yes."

"Which way did they go?"

"They got into a hack, and drove that way," giving a flourish of his arm towards the right.

"Do you know the number of the hack?"

"How the deuce could I?" retorted the official, angrily and disrespectfully.

"Would you know the hackman again if you saw him?"

"I might, an' I mightn't," was the surly and unsatisfactory response.

Philip Cassidy sat at the open window of his small apartment, gazing gloomily out into the night and into the adjoining chimney-pots. His heart was full of a new joy, but his mind was weary, very weary. He cursed the bitterness of a fate that denied him the privilege of disposing of himself according to his own will. He railed at a system that deprived a man and brother of the rights of both, reducing him to the level of a chained cur. He raved over the beauty of the fair unknown, over the few small words she had emitted from behind her white teeth, over her last but fatal glance, and soothed his troubled soul with the faint hope of meeting her again, and of one day or other achieving name and fame and fortune to lay at her dainty feet.

"A lether, Murther Cassidy," says a greasy old female, thrusting herself *sans cérémonie* into the apartment. "Ye ought to get out this heavenly evenin' on the strand at Coney Island, instid of sittin' here like a jackdaw that tumbled down the chimney."

Philip Cassidy did not reply, but took the letter, and, glancing at the superscription, recognized the handwriting of his father.

Mr. Cassidy, senior, is a small farmer, residing at Millerstown, Westchester County, N. Y. He came to the country in '48, and is more Irish than when he quitted the paternal acres at Ballynacorkery. He is supposed by his neighbors to be a classical scholar of the most scholarly type, and regarded therefore with awe and veneration. His wife is the soul of charity, combined with common sense, and both are extremely proud of having their only son doing business in New York.

Having dismissed the greasy but good-natured Hebe, Philip Cassidy proceeded to read his father's letter.

He opens it languidly.

He commences to peruse it with a tardiness amounting to indifference.

"Hi!"

He clutches it tightly, and recommences it.

"Ha!"

His eyes are riveted upon the paper.

"Ha!" he finishes it.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouts Philip at the utmost limits of his lungs.

The letter ran thus:

MILLERSTOWN, June 21st, 1877.

MY DEAR PHIL—Your poor uncle Tim has just died—*Rekasat in Passy*. He told me before the rattles took a grip of him that he left you the mines at Deadwood. Yer in luck, my son. If they're worth a fardin, they're three thousand pound a year. Come here at wanst; yer presence at this crisis is the grand desiderium.

Your fond paper, in a hurry.

JOHN JOSEPH CASSIDY.

POSTSCRIPT—Your mother would write, but she is busy preparing to wake poor Tim.

POSTSCRIPT—I send you three pound—I mean \$15—for fear you'd be minus the auricula.

"She is mine," cries Philip Cassidy; "no power on earth shall tear her from me—she is mine!"

Two months are supposed to have elapsed since Mr. Philip Cassidy surrounded the legacy bequeathed to him by his uncle.

In addition to the mines in question, he was left in ready money about \$70,000.

Phil did not give himself up to intense grief. He bore his uncle's departure nobly, heroically, and arrayed himself in the glossiest of sable, the whitest of linen, and shiniest of patent-leather boots, at least three sizes too small for him.

What pen can describe the concentrated essence of pride and pleasure permeating Philip Cassidy's mind upon entering the establishment of Messrs. Narrowbraid & Wooluft, in order to purchase gloves at the very counter he had so often crossed with acrobatic agility?

The throb of grim delight that assaulted his heart upon cutting the gentleman in the black frock and bunsions, and in being enabled to utterly disregard the words "Forward" and "Cash here,"

which heretofore were to him the watchwords of his life?

How glorified he felt upon receiving the envious glances of the gentlemen in the blanket department, who pretended not to see him, but nevertheless communed in whispers at the back of large

bales of those comfort-giving articles, glancing occasionally from behind them, and wishing in their inmost souls that some relation, or, indeed, stranger, would shuffle off this mortal coil, remembering them in a somewhat similar graceful and affecting manner.

Phil strolled through the whole establishment with a desperate attempt at *nonchalance*, especially whilst passing the ladies'-own-material-made-up department, where a certain young lady, who had snubbed our hero upon his displaying indications of an amorous appreciation of her charms, spent the greater part of her waking hours.

"You won't pass an old friend, Mr. Cassidy?" says the young lady, thrusting her black eyes right through the somewhat green optics of Phil Cassidy, and smiling like a sunflower.

"How do ye do, Miss Brown Jones?" replies Phil; "I hope you're salubrious. I'm in a hurry; good-by" (consulting an exceedingly handsome gold watch for the one hundredth time since his entrance to the establishment); and as he rushed from her, the young lady was heard by the precocious ready-reckoner of a small boy, who dwelt in the adjacent financial pulpit, to murmur "Vulgar beast."

Phil Cassidy arrived at the summit of satisfaction when he stumbled upon both Mr. Narrowbraid and Mr. Wooluft, who were engaged in holding a council of war upon the somewhat delicate subject of reducing the rations of the young gentlemen attached to their establishment.

Mr. Narrowbraid perceived him; and this great man, who used formerly to address our hero as "Mister," or "You, sir," actually crossed the entire store to greet him.

"My dear Cassidy; I'm so glad to see you. Why, you are looking charming. Come and dine to-day at seven o'clock. You know our little place on the Boulevard. A family dinner. I'll introduce you to my wife."

He did not add "daughter," keeping his trump card, as is elegantly termed, "in the heel of his fist."

Phil Cassidy knew the "little place," referred to but too well, having, during an illness which prostrated Mr. Narrowbraid, been dispatched every morning for a week with letters, but never succeeded in penetrating further than the hall, where he was left to shiver until his teeth rattled like castanets, and until the dollar one was in imminent danger of losing its hold for ever. He would gladly have availed himself of the invitation, but feared the ice in the nor'west passage that lay before him in the conventionalities appertaining to an *entrée* into select society.

Mr. Narrowbraid would take no excuse.

"Drop in here at 6:30, Cassidy, and I'll drive you out. Quite a family dinner, my boy. No dress."

Phil tremblingly accepted, and hurried to the nearest bookstore, where he invested in a "Guide to the Dinner-table," which purported to afford the most practical and extensive information to diners-out of both sexes, who, from chance, habit, or otherwise, were precluded from joining in that very essential ceremonial, and driving to his hotel, the Fifth Avenue, surrendered himself to an acute study of this valuable work with as much of earnestness as though he were cramming for the civil service, or a collegiate pupil of jovial and anti-industrious habits preparing in feverish haste for his "little go."

A little before the appointed hour Phil Cassidy arrived at the rendezvous.

He arrayed himself in black trousers, patent leather boots, which placed his corns in a delirium tremens of agony, black frock-coat, black tie, and, although in mourning, a plaid silk waistcoat with gilt buttons, the fascinating influences of which he could not find it in his heart to resist.

How his "bosom's lord" swelled with pleasure when Mr. Narrowbraid took his arm and handed him into a well-appointed open carriage. How radiant he felt as they whirled away under the very noses of his late associates, two of whom were engaged in the humiliating process of removing for the evening some artificial flowers and ladies' corsets from the public gaze.

Half an hour brought them to Grasshopper Lodge.

"My dear," says Narrowbraid, to a tall bony female, hung in black silk—"my dear, this is a young friend of mine whom I have asked to take pot-luck. He must take chance; I hope you have some dinner for us."

Mr. Narrowbraid had sent out a special messenger to inform Mrs. N. of his intentions respecting Phil, and impressed upon his spouse in his note the necessity of having Tossie (their mutual daughter) especially presentable.

The bony female shook our hero's hand with great warmth, expressing herself charmed to see him, but fearing he would get a very bad dinner.

"I don't care, ma'am," says Phil, "I took a snack at Dorlon's off the gridiron."

"I'll take your hat, please, sir," whispers the man-servant into Philip's ear.

"Oh, thank you," replied Phil, in the same confidential tone, "I'll take care of it myself, I won't trouble you," and he brought it into the drawing-room, and placed it carefully beneath the silken chair upon which he in vain endeavored to fasten his frame, so slippery was the new black cloth which surrounded him.

"My daughter, Mr. Cassidy."

A young lady, in a faultless Summer toilet, entered at one of the windows, a basket of freshly-cut flowers upon her arm—the handle of the basket was black—the arm white.

Phil remarked the contrast. It was intended he should do so.

"I hope you get good health, miss," says Cassidy, advancing, and wringing her by the hand.

She wrote him down a brute.

Her hand would be red all dinner-time.

Would she have a moment to powder it?

"Dinner is served," groaned the servant, in that solemn tone peculiar, and, indeed, suitable, to so important an announcement.

Phil Cassidy handed Mrs. Narrowbraid in to dinner, having very successfully entangled himself in both mats whilst crossing the hall, thereby causing that lady a considerable deal of uneasiness on his behalf, being for a moment under the impression that he had taken a little something by way of companionship to the snack at Dorlon's.

Phil sat about as far from the table as he conveniently could, the feet of his chair sticking out behind like a pair of man-traps.

The servant, with a jerk, shoved in the chair. This jerk brought Cassidy's chin into violent contact with the table.

"What the dickens do you mean?" cries Phil, in his wrath. "Couldn't you leave my chair alone? How busy you are."

When he remembered his whereabouts, he grew apoplectic with confusion, and uttered a mental invocation to the floor to open and swallow him up.

Narrowbraid was equal to the occasion.

"When I was a young fellow the same thing occurred to me, Cassidy; but I didn't act with so much prudence. I jumped up, and egad, ha, ha! I knocked the servant under the table."

This little anecdote, expressly compiled for the occasion, brought Phil together, and by way of appearing quite cool and collected, and as if dining *a la Russe* was his everyday habit, he challenged Miss Narrowbraid to take wine.

Miss Narrowbraid opened a very fine pair of eyes to their utmost limits.

"Right, Cassidy; keep up the good old fashion," cries papa.

"Your health, miss," says Phil, as he tosses off a glass of Madeira.

The dinner was *a la Russe*, and as extensive as a Tartar steppe.

Phil partook of every dish presented to him, invariably requesting to be permitted to retain his knife and fork.

Phil drank of every wine, invariably declining to change his glass.

Now, whether it was due to the wine, or the flowers, or the *entrées*, or the general air of grandeur that pervaded the whole business, or to a combination of all together, Cassidy began to feel quite at his ease, and, in a parallel line with this agreeable sensation, a feeling of admiration for Miss Narrowbraid.

She sat opposite to him.

When he looked that way he found her pensive eyes riveted upon his, and then demurely lowered in bashful confusion.

At first Phil was unable to account for this semi-official inspection.

There was a tender appeal in the look, which forbade the idea of ridicule.

"She has very beautiful eyes," thinks Philip, and he breaks a champagne-glass.

"That is a dozen to the lady of the house, Cassidy," laughs Narrowbraid, feigning a jocosity he was far from participating in.

"She shall have five dozen—ten dozen, sir," says Phil, slapping the table, in order to add emphasis to his announcement. "I've lots of money, and she shall have the glasses. Is there anything you would like thrown in, miss?" he added, with a languishing look towards Miss Narrowbraid.

"N—nothing, thanks," replied that young lady.

"Do, now," pleads Phil. "Anything in the old man's store. You've only to say the word. He'll give them to me wholesale. I know the private mark."

And Phil was under the pleasing impression that he was fascinating them.

Oh, my brother!

When the ladies stood up to leave the room, our hero resolutely maintained his seat.

"You're not both going?"

"I expect to see you in the garden immediately. Don't let papa keep you too long over your claret," lisps Tossie.

"I won't take any at all. I don't care for wine," cries Phil, which statement, considering the large quantity he consumed during dinner, would lead one to conjecture what amount he would have imbibed if wine were included amongst his favorite beverages.

Philip gallantly quitted the room with the ladies, knocking over two chairs and breaking a claret-glass in his exit.

"He'll want a lot of rubbing down," whispers Narrowbraid, to the partner of his joys.

"Tossie will do that for him," responds Mrs. N., in an exceedingly self-satisfied tone.

"If Tossie plays her cards well, Christmas Day will find them united."

"I guess so."

In the lovely Summer night light Phil Cassidy reclines upon a garden-seat beside Miss Narrowbraid.

Her Indian muslin skirt has been swept into a splendid fold, which covers at least five yards of the closely-shaven grass, concealing most completely Philip's patent leathers, and, indeed, the greater portion of his frame.

She gazes at him in that languid manner so effective when the eyes are large, well-lashed and expressive.

The *mitrailleuse* was at work.

What male heart could withstand thirty-four darts per minute, well-directed, straight from the bow of Cupid?

Not Phil Cassidy.

The bright vision of Miss Tumtint was forgotten.

Philip was as a fly struggling against the spider of destiny.

Both were silent.

"That's a choice article, miss," says Cassidy, taking a small portion of the Indian muslin between his forefinger and thumb; "wholesale, seventy-five cents; retail, two dollars ninety-nine."

Miss Narrowbraid shuddered.

"Don't be so awfully commercial, Mr. Cassidy. Let us speak of something more interesting—more sublime."

"Certainly, miss," responded Phil, with alacrity; and, with a view to the adoption of her suggestion, asked her the following sublime question:

"Do you walk on Fifth Avenue on Sundays?"

"I hate Fifth Avenue," says Miss Narrowbraid, pettishly.

"Do you often go to Coney Island?"

"As often as I can."

"Coney is a nobby spot," says Phil.
 "I love the sea, the open sea, the ever free—
 'Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean.'
 You remember the lines?"
 Phil said he did, but he didn't.
 "Have you a yacht, Mr. Cassidy?" asks Miss Narrowbraid, innocently.
 "Me?" cries Phil.
 "Yes, you—why not? A gentleman with your fortune should have his yacht in Summer to cruise about in."
 "I could easily get one, I suppose," says Phil.
 "Of course you could. I should so like a sail—won't you give poor little me a sail in your yacht, if you get one?" murmurs Miss Narrowbraid.
 "Sail! You must come and sail in her every day," responds our hero.
 "Then you will buy one?"
 "I'll buy one to-morrow," cries Phil. "Blow me, but I'll buy a cutter to-morrow, a regular mizen, top-rigged schooner-cutter, and nothing else."
 And they sat side by side far into the night.
 Doubtless Mr. and Mrs. Narrowbraid had forgotten them.
 Of course they had.

Upon the morning succeeding the little dinner at Grasshopper Lodge, Mr. Philip Cassidy arose somewhat earlier than usual, and breakfasted upon a tumbler of ice-water, from which premises it may be safely inferred that he had partaken too freely of the contents of the cellar of Mr. Gimp Narrowbraid.
 His head ached as though a Nasmyth hammer was specially engaged in the painful task of beating out his skull by infinitesimal degrees, and a

nutmeg could have been satisfactorily grated upon his parched and stubby tongue.

He lay upon a sofa, and gave himself up to meditation, not quite after the fashion of those pious men whom the ancient masters have handed down to us, arrayed in sack-cloth, and refreshing themselves with a stony gaze at a human skull carefully placed upon a very brown bank, and within easy reach of the gazer's hand.

No!
 Philip Cassidy thought of his promise to Tossie Narrowbraid—his promise to invest in a cutter, and he groaned in spirit.

He never broke his word in his life, and he was not going to do it on this occasion.
 Now it so happened that Phil had never been on board of a yacht during his natural life, and for that matter a ship either.

His nautical experience dated from the Fulton Ferry and a Rockaway steamboat, consequently the promise of the purchase of a cutter opened up a field of thought of so extensive a nature as to bewilder and reduce him to the verge of raging lunacy.

Where was the cutter to be found?
 He had pledged himself to a cutter.

This word was familiar.

He used it when a boy, in connection with the rule of three and a slate—a slate-cutter was one thing, but a sea-cutter was another. Phil Cassidy's ideas as to the exact formation of this class of vessel were extremely undefined. Had she one or two masts? Perhaps three? He began to hope that cutters were made in sizes like gloves.

"But what is my size?" asks Cassidy, thinking aloud. "What is my size?"



"PHILIP CASSIDY'S EYES MET HERS. HE HAD COME FACE TO FACE WITH HIS FATE."

have a B-and-S. And you'd better get into another," said Mr. Horsechin.

"I have a headache, and am—"

"Not fit to carry fish to an otter—quite so. Was it supper?"

"No, sir, it was not supper."

"Dinner?"

"Well, I think it was. Peas always sicken me."

"Of course. Take S-S"—whereby he meant sherry and seltzer—"and a good dose of open air."

The proposed liquids having been produced and disposed of, Mr. Horsechin demanded the cause of Philip Cassidy's mental anxiety.

Phil felt very like a fool, and blurted out:

"I want to buy a cutter."

"A what?"

"A cutter—a yacht—a schooner—a—"

"What the deuce do you want with a yacht?"

"To sail about in, of course. The fact is, I promised Miss Narrowbraid to buy one, and—and—I must."

The commercial gentleman bestowed a facetious wink upon Phil, and then gave vent to a whistle akin to the performance of Mr. J. L. Toole in "The Artful," after he has announced his intention of proceeding to the Colonies at the expense of the Home Government.

"Up a tree, by gumbo!" cried Mr. Horsechin, opening another bottle of seltzer, and dexterously sending the cork flying into the street, where it alighted upon the bald forehead of an elderly gentleman who happened to be passing, hat in hand, at the moment, and who gazed ferociously up at the window, from whence the drummer saluted him with great politeness and urbanity.

"I'm not up a tree, but I want to buy a yacht," said Phil, doggedly.

Mr. Horsechin bethought him that a yacht would be about as pleasant a medium for enjoyment as he could possibly possess, feeling that he, as a matter of course, would be the actual, whilst Cassidy would be the nominal, owner.

"Right, my boy; right you are—I like to see such nobby tastes, Cassidy; you must have some purple blood in your veins."

"My mother is distantly related to Alderman —," said poor Phil, delighted with the perfumed oil wherewith the wily bagman greased the wheels of his fancy.

"I thought so; and now to business. What sized boat do you require?"

Phil's ideas on this point were dim, but, not wishing to appear ignorant upon so vital a subject, carelessly exclaimed:

"I'm not particular to a yard or two."

"I suppose something easily handled—say thirty ton."

Phil did not see how thirty tons could be easily handled. He was of opinion that thirty tons could not be handled at all.

"You want to race her?"

"Oh, Lord, no!" cries Cassidy, whose ideas on the subject of racing-yachts were connected with decks being more than half under water, and the copper in close proximity to the keel manifesting itself in a manner ghastly to behold from land.

"Put on your nutshell, and we'll drive to the Ashland House; Macpherson is stopping there. He travels for a Scotch house, and, being a Clyde man, will give us a tip." So saying, Mr. Horsechin

adorned himself with his nutshell, *alias* hat, and our hero having gone through a similar ceremonial, and the commercial gentleman having whistled between his fingers for a hack, they dashed through Broadway to the Ashland Hotel at the most astonishing space.

Mr. Sandie Macpherson was alighted upon in the act of transferring a somewhat complicated order, with which he had been favored by an unwary customer, from his order-book to a sheet of paper, the back of which was adorned with the name of the firm for whom he scoured the country, which relieved him from the tiresome duty of writing their address.

Mr. Macpherson did know a party willing to dispose of a yacht. He was not certain, but he thought she might be found in New York Bay—the upper bay.

"Bide a wee, mezza," says Sandie, "and I'll go yon wi' ye."

A soothing liquor was proposed by Mr. Horsechin at our hero's expense, and disposed of whilst the Scotch gentleman transferred his hieroglyphics for the edification of his employers.

Another drink, and they catch the 3:30 Staten Island boat.

"Boat, genl'mn," utters a gruff voice from behind a blue ganzy, besmeared with tar; "row yez over; only a dime a piece."

Disregarding this seductive blandishment, the



"HURRAH!" SHOUTS PHILIP, AT THE UTMOST LIMITS OF HIS LUNGS."

trio proceeded direct to a saloon, where Mr. Macpherson addressed the genteel-looking and polite bartender thus:

"Young mon, con ye tell us if yon cutther is the *Donde: Deenmont*?" pointing in the direction of the Narrows.

"Yes, I guess so," was the reply.

Having succeeded in ensconcing themselves in a boat, the triumvirate proceeded to board the *Dandie Dinmont*. The owner was on deck, and did not seem at all charmed to see Mr. Macpherson and his friends.

Mr. Macpherson drew him aside, and whispered a few words.

Whatever he said, immediately produced a talismanic effect.

Mr. Samuelson invited them into the cabin for a few minutes.

Cassidy bonneted himself during the descent.

The water of anguish ran from his eyes.

All hands were piped for grog.

Phil, with a view to showing how hardy and fast a fellow he was, took his after the method adopted by the rest of the company—namely, in one gulp.

More tears of anguish.

The object of the visit was brought upon the *tapis*.

Mr. Samuelson wouldn't sell, but he had no objection to hiring the *Dandie Dinmont* for two months, at two hundred dollars per month.

Phil, or, rather, Mr. Horsechin, closed on the offer.

Another glass of grog.

More bonneting of Phil Cassidy.

Dinner at the Brunswick.

Phil paid for it, as a matter of course, and, by way of compensation, had his health proposed and pledged in a bumper of genuine Chateau Lafitte of the '54.

Phil thinks he went to sleep.

You who would virtuously sneer at his modest supposition, bear in mind these two words: "*Cras tibi*."

(To be concluded in our next.)



WHICH OF THEM WILL HE MARRY?—"AHoy!" CRIED PHIL; "STRIKE YOUR JIBBOOM! HAUL AWAY YOUR MARLING-SPIKE! LET GO THE TOPGALLANT SAIL! REEF YOUR BOWSPRIT! SPLICE YOUR RUDDER!"—SEE PAGE 334.



"PHILIP MECHANICALLY WENT ON DECK. HAPPILY TOMKINS WAS ENGROSSING TOSSIE. MISS TUMTINT WAS ALONE AT THE BOWS."

"About five foot seven and a half," cries a voice close to his ear.

Phil sprang to his feet.

"Horsechin, I'm delighted to see you; sit down; I'm in a hobble."

"What's up?" says the individual thus addressed, pitching one portion of his body upon a chair, and the remaining portion, namely, his feet, upon the table. "What's up? I want the two P's, a light and a liquor."

It might be as well to observe that Mr. Horsechin is a drummer. Although American born, he was raised in Manchester, England, where he served his apprenticeship to a cotton-house, from whence he emerged in course of time a full-blown *commis voyageur*. He does the United States, or, as he terms it, is on "the American mill."

He attends races with the punctuality of a professor of a thimble-rig, and takes the odds upon any and indeed every sporting event. He dresses "horsey," and displays diamond shirt-studs and diamond rings in daylight, which everybody knows is not done in upper circles—although considered very elegant and becoming in commercial ones.

He considers Cassidy worth cultivating, and Phil regards him much in the same light as Mr. Lorillard or Mr. Belmont is regarded by young Harvard men enjoying stable proclivities.

"Now, before you begin to howl, let me



"MRS. PHILIP CASSIDY RECEIVES EVERY TUESDAY EVENING AT NO. — MADISON AVENUE."

TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH
Eminent Public Men.

—No. 10.—

INTERVIEW WITH SECRETARY
THOMPSON.The Secretary Means to Americanize the U. S.
Navy.

BRITISH SYSTEM PERFECT.

Portions of it Adopted for Training Ships.

Boys Contented and Devoted to their
Profession, and no Desertions.

In a palatial apartment in the Department of State, at Washington, overlooking the gardens attached to the White House, I found the Secretary to the Navy, R. W. Thompson. His "workshop" is the most commodious, the most elegantly proportioned, the most superbly finished, and the best furnished, of any of the bureaus of the chief officers of state. The floor is of red pine, covered with Axminster rugs—clots of color. The lounges and chairs are upholstered in gray leather and brass-nails. A rich dado runs round the walls, which are of a delicate pink, broken by fluted columns, gilt. The ceiling is resplendent with gilding, and the chandeliers are of the medieval, in brass. The fireplaces, of which there are two, are also brass, medieval-pattern, and tiled; while the mantel-pieces are surmounted by magnificent mirrors, the golden frames being carved symbolically. There are bookcases, globes and telephones, and the private secretary occupies a desk table at a respectful distance from his chief. The Secretary sits at a desk about the size of a small room, laden with maps, charts, reports and letters. On the occasion of my visit, a set of improved cutlasses relieved the general sameness of the impedimenta.

Mr. Thompson is a tall, thin, white-haired, spectacled gentleman, of a quiet, impressive manner. He was dressed in black, and smoked a genuine Reina all through our interview.

"You are quite right in saying that I take an especial interest in the question of the nationality of our navy," said the Secretary. "I want the American Navy to be sailed by Americans, as the British Navy is sailed by Britons and the French Navy by Gauls."

"How does it stand at present, Mr. Secretary?"

"Seven-tenths are foreigners, picked up in all parts of the world, who are not even naturalized citizens of the United States."

"Then you hope to remold the American Navy through the new system of training-ships?"

"Undoubtedly."

"What is the present numerical strength of the boys on the training ships?"

"Twelve hundred. Congress authorized me to raise 750 more, thereby increasing the strength of the navy from 7,500 to 8,250."

"At what age do you take in the boys?"

"Between fifteen and twenty-one years. Each boy upon presenting himself for enlistment must be accompanied by his father, or by his mother in case the father be deceased; or by his legally appointed guardian in case he has no father nor mother, their signature being required on the Shipping Articles to perfect enlistment."

"What is the course of education?"

"The education of the boys will comprise the elements of an ordinary English education, alternating with practical seamanship and other professional occupations designed to prepare them for sailors in the navy. The prime object is to place in the naval service, with the consent of their parents, such good and deserving boys as will elevate its standard and make the navy more reliable as an arm of the national defense. Boys who have been convicted of crime cannot, therefore, be received, as it is not advisable that they should become the associates of the better class."

"Do you pay the boys when enlisted, Mr. Secretary?"

"The boys are enlisted as third class boys, at the rate of \$9.50 per month and one ration. While serving on the training-ships, they may, if deserving, be promoted to the rating of second and first-class boys, at the pay of \$10.50 and \$11.50 per month, respectively, and on cruising-vessels will be entitled to higher ratings, at the discretion of their commanding officers, as a reward of proficiency and good conduct."

"They gain a knowledge of practical seamanship through cruising?"

"Yes. They are placed on training-ships till they develop qualities to justify the belief that they can be trusted as seamen at sea, when they are distributed amongst the cruising vessels where they have the benefit of association with more experienced seamen."

"When a boy enlists do you supply him with an outfit?"

"He is furnished with an outfit of clothing, the cost of which is charged to his account, or his parents may purchase the necessary outfit

from the paymaster of the ship, and give it to him."

"Are the boys permitted to allot any of their pay?"

"Boys enlisted to serve until twenty-one years of age will not be permitted to allot any part of their pay to parents or guardians, nor will they, for this purpose, be allowed to draw any money from the paymaster. They will be allowed to draw monthly, from the paymaster of the ship, one dollar for pocket-money, if out of debt, and will be allowed liberty to go on shore, at the discretion of the commanding officer."

"What becomes of the boys when they reach twenty-one?"

"They may or may not re-enlist—the probability is, that nine-tenths of them will re-enlist. If recommended for honorable discharge upon the expiration of their enlistments, they will receive continuous service certificates, which will entitle them to three months extra pay of their rating when discharged, and to the addition of one dollar per month to their pay, provided they re-enlist under such certificates for three years within three months from the dates thereof. Those who do not re-enlist will go back into the country with the benefits of travel. They will compare our institutions with those of other countries, and discover that they are better off here than they would be in China or Japan. This will infuse a new element into society, and an important one. The object of my convening the ships at Hampton Roads, recently, was purely on a matter of business, in order to bring all the officers together for conference and consultation. I held a meeting at midnight on the ships. In the meantime I had obtained from an officer whom we sent to London an insight into the British system. That report we have here, and at this conference at Hampton Roads we made a comparison between the British system, which is, in a great measure, perfect, and our system, so far as it has gone, with a view to ascertain to what extent we could benefit ours by embodying such features of the British system as might be considered applicable to our condition."

"Might I ask the result of that conference?"

"After a general interchange of opinion, and full discussion, we were constrained to reach the conclusion that, while the British system in all its entirety might not suit our navy, there were portions of it which we could profitably introduce. Based upon the conclusion thus reached, our system will be immediately established upon such a foundation as shall secure the object designed, in the best and speediest mode. It will be applicable to the boys now enlisted, some of whom are already competent to go to sea, until the whole of them are so, when they will be sent into the cruisers, to make room for others; but if in the meantime the system receives the further approbation of Congress, and authority is given for the purpose, the enlistments will continue until the navy is thoroughly Americanized."

"Will you discharge boys before they reach twenty-one years of age, Mr. Secretary?"

"No, sir. Boys will not be discharged from the service until they have reached twenty-one years of age, except upon a medical survey, inaptitude for the service, or for misconduct; while those injured in the service, or having contracted a disease in the line of duty, will be entitled to the benefits of a pension."

"Do you experience any difficulty in getting boys?"

"None whatever. We are very particular about the class of boys. We decline to receive them from reformatories, and endeavor to procure them from the better classes of the community with a view to introducing a safer and more moral element."

"Have you succeeded?"

"So far, admirably well. The boys are healthy, satisfied, and in good spirits; do their work cheerfully and seem devoted to it. They progress with wonderful rapidity—so much so, that during the recent mustering at Hampton Roads, while they were required to go through divers naval evolutions—hauling canvas, firing off big guns, passing in review in military drill at the fort, running up the masts and shrouds of the ships, setting and hauling in sails, and everything pertaining to the duties of a seaman, not a single mistake was observed, and not a single boy was hurt. The military drill held at the parade grounds of the fort, where there were over one thousand boys present, was not only a beautiful sight, but entirely satisfactory, eliciting the approbation not only of the officers of the navy, but that of the officers of the army who witnessed it."

"Have you had any deserters, Mr. Secretary?"

"The percentage is not one-tenth in proportion to what it is in England. It is only now and then that a boy deserts."

"How about your punishments?"

"The punishment is on a much lesser scale than in the army. We have no severe punishments. We seek to govern by mild means, taking care never to break a boy's spirit, or crush his ambition. Our instructors," added the Secretary, "are most carefully selected, having regard to special attainments, and they need not necessarily be officers in the United States Navy."

In conclusion the Secretary said: "As the system is now necessarily crude, and as there has been no effort made till this recent one to throw it into harmony and produce unity of action, it is proposed, with as little delay as possible, to give it that harmony by establishing regulations and rules which shall control the working on all the ships, and make the training of all the boys the same, so that, although they may be trained in different ships, when they come together on the cruisers they will find that they all work alike and have had the same tuition. Yes, by this system, sir, we will thoroughly Americanize the navy."

Mr. Secretary Thompson is intensely in earnest, enamored of his subject, and resolved, so far as it lies in his power, to sustain the project so successfully begun.

RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT IN
PHILADELPHIA.

IN view of the vastness of the demonstration in honor of General Grant in Philadelphia, it was a most fortunate thing that Tuesday, December 10th, was a clear and pleasant day. The programme, as announced in our last issue, was carried out. Mayor Stokely and the reception committee met the city's guest at Germantown Junction, and formally bade him welcome. At 10:30 General Grant and the Mayor entered a handsome barouche, drawn by four blooded bays, caparisoned in white harness. A coachman and footman, in full livery of blue, occupied the box. On the left lapel of the General's overcoat was pinned a copper veteran's badge. The route was taken up to Broad Street, where the barouche stopped. At 10:28, two minutes before the fixed hour, a battery which had been stationed on the heights near by thundered forth a salute of twenty-one guns, and the head of the procession began to move. The moving column, which was more than twelve miles in length, was admirably managed. It occupied six hours in passing any one point. The military display included about seven thousand men, and the Grand Army of the Republic turned out eight thousand strong. Much of the success of the parade as a pageant was due to the thorough preparation of the committee, many of whom were old army officers. The route led down Thirteenth Street for a few squares, so that the column could be brought to pass before the Union League Club's building, on the corner of Broad and Sansome Streets. Opposite that point a reviewing stand was erected, at which General Grant arrived at 2:38, and alighted. He was received by George H. Boker, President of the Union League Club, assisted by James L. Claghorn, of the Guests' Committee. As the parade swept by for two hours longer, loud cheering was indulged in by the men composing the column in the belief that the city's guest was there. The fact was, however, that, fatigued by the labors of the day and oppressed by cold, General Grant had been considerably conducted through the crowd at 4:12 to the Union League Club House, where an impromptu reception was accorded to a few friends.

A feature of the first portion of the procession—one in which General Grant evinced special interest—was the Pennsylvania soldiers' orphans, a large body of tiny soldiers, who marched and saluted like little veterans. The second Division comprised the veterans of 1812, toothless old fellows, who pulled their hats clear off their heads when they saw the General, and a seemingly unending string of the Grand Army of the Republic, white and colored. Nearly every man carried a banneret, which gave a very pretty general effect. One of the local posts had "Old Baldy," General Meade's war-horse, now twenty-six years old, walking with them in line, saddled and accoutred, but riderless. The Third Division was composed of the show wagons and employees of the manufacturers of textile fabrics. The Fourth, of political and social clubs. The Fifth, of workers in iron and steel. The Sixth and Seventh, of ship-builders. The eighth, of other workers in wood. The Ninth, of representatives of the clothing, boots and shoes, millinery and tobacco trades. The Tenth, of paper manufacturers and kindred trades. The Eleventh of pottery and brick-makers and marble-workers. The Twelfth, of the paint, oil and soap dealers. The Thirteenth, of the employees of the State, National and Municipal Governments. The Fourteenth, of secret, religious and benevolent organizations. The Fifteenth, of temperance and similar organizations. The Sixteenth, of workers and dealers in produce. The Seventeenth, of brewers and distillers. The Eighteenth, of butchers. The Nineteenth of telegraph and express employees. The Twentieth, of citizens generally, in carriages, on horseback and on foot. The employees of the Philadelphia Mint had with them the first steam coinage-press used in the Mint. They struck off and distributed among the crowd copies of a medal, bearing on one side a bust of the General, surrounded by the words, "Ulysses S. Grant," and on the other the following inscription, "Struck and Distributed in the Municipal Parade by the Employees of the United States Mint, Philadelphia, December, 1879," surrounding the coat-of-arms of the city. A feature of the procession, which required the raising of several arches and telegraph-wires, was the huge model, built in six days, of the steamship, *City of Tokio*, on which General Grant returned from Europe. This was constructed at John Roach's shipyard, in Chester, and was followed by 1,000 employees and a fine military band.

The confectionery trade was well represented by a wagon drawn by four gray horses, on which was all the machinery for making candy in active operation. With long white apron and paper cap, the man drew out link after link of sweetness, and distributed them to the eager throng. Unique chromocards, drawn expressly for this occasion, were also scattered broadcast. The well-known firm of Croft, Wilbur & Co., of 1,226 Market Street, the largest manufacturing confectioners in the country, and employing 300 hands, deserve great credit for this display.

In passing the hardware house of Lloyd, Supplee & Co., near the corner of Sixth and Market Streets, General Grant was saluted by a ringing serenade, furnished by several hundred bells in the hands of the people, who filled every window of the four-story structure. It was a surprise to the General, and he smiled as he raised his hat.

Henry Diston & Sons uniformed all their employees, to the number of 1,200, and paraded three wagons, showing their saws. On one wagon, drawn by six gray horses, was the famous Centennial saw, 100 inches in diameter; on another, was their showcase, which was at the Paris Exposition, where they received the first prize awarded to saw manufacturers. The circular saw in the centre, shown in our illustration, was in motion. There was a hose-carriage, with a revolving circular and a "one-man cross-cut" in rapid motion. A portable steam engine, with a bell and steam whistle, cleared the track.

A centre of attraction for the sightseers was Wanamaker's arch, and the profusely, lavishly decorated store, which, in front view, is partially concealed, but which was one of the finest spectacles on Chestnut Street, near Ninth. The arch, measuring thirty feet in the clear, was covered with white muslin, which served merely as a groundwork for the greetings and the green; on the east side, inscriptions relating to the completion by the city's illustrious guest of his journey round the world, and to the sincerity of the popular welcome. Three greetings read thus: "Philadelphia's farewell, steamer *Indiana*, May 1st, 1877—To-day completes the journey round the world—and Philadelphia's glad welcome, December 10th, 1879." Underneath was suspended a horseshoe made of evergreens. On the west side were the words, "To the honors of Europe, Asia and Africa and the affections of America"; below was a wreath containing the letter "G"; and above the arch floated a banner bearing the words, "No place like home."

In front of John Wanamaker's Grand Depot, at Thirteenth and Market streets, a large platform, holding about 2,000 persons, was filled with the employees. The decorations on this building were tasteful and elaborate, and reflect credit on Mr. W. P. Miller, who is specially employed by the house in its art department. On the side of the arch not shown in our illustration, the motto was: "All Honor to the Hero of the Nineteenth Century." The white marble front of the carpet warerooms of McCallum, Crease & Sloan was very conspicuous

on account of the exceeding modest taste in its decoration. A compact group of very large flags—American, English, French, Danish, Swiss, Brazilian and German—was draped over the front entrance, and in the large windows some of the finest color effects in stuffs and carpets, of their manufacture, served to show the character of their goods as well as the entire absence of any desire to use the occasion for advertising purposes.

A. L. Helmbold's Temple of Pharmacy, opposite the Girard House, was sufficiently superb to do honor to the occasion, though the crowd of beautiful ladies and bright-eyed children behind the large plate-glass windows prevented the passing throng from looking at the artistic appearances of the interior. As the procession halted from time to time eager glances were cast to the immense fountain where soda in Summer and famous hot coffee with cream in Winter, are dispensed in such quantities that the door is often blocked. In one of the windows over this store Mrs. Grant viewed the greater part of the parade. At no place along the entire route was the crowd more dense than at the corner of Eighth and Market streets. The immense building of Strawbridge & Clothier, which firm is both the A. T. Stewart and the Macy of Philadelphia, towering high above the other buildings, made a striking background to the moving picture. A large flag floating from a flag-pole on the top, and one draped in the form of a shield in the front, were conspicuous though modest. The windows were filled with the employees and their friends, and, as they waved bright-colored and white handkerchiefs to do honor to the "Nation's Guest," it seemed as if the building itself was alive and in motion. The Girard House, at the corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets, now in charge of Mr. McKibbin, for many years the proprietor of the old Merchants' Hotel, was covered with flags and bunting. From nearly every window the national emblem waved; every balcony and even the roof was utilized for seating purposes. A large portrait of General Grant on horseback hung over the front door, surrounded with laurel and evergreen.

The display of the Schomacker Gold String Piano Manufacturing Company is shown passing the warerooms on Chestnut Street. It was headed by a full brass band in uniform, followed by two hundred of the employees in line. Then came a handsomely decorated car, drawn by six white horses, and bearing a magnificent grand piano, finished in the most elaborate style, of polished inland hard wood. It was built to order at a cost of \$2,500. The display of this company attracted great attention throughout the route.

In the evening the streets were brightly illuminated by calcium lights, and crowded with people. General Grant and his wife dined with Mr. and Mrs. George W. Childs, where they met a number of the ex-President's old Cabinet. An informal reception was then held, after which the General and wife retired to their rooms in the hotel.

BRIGHT EYES.

BRIGHT EYES, the eloquent daughter of the Poncas, lounged, after the fashion of Sarah Bernhardt, in a large easy-chair, in a cozy parlor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. She was attired in a blood-red morning wrapper, which draped itself in willowy curves over her lissome form. At her neck hung an ivory cross; on two of the slender fingers of her left hand were rings of plain gold. Her face is a delicate oval, her complexion olive, her hair the color of the raven's wing. Her eyes are black and lustrous; her lips red and delicately curved, while her teeth are simply perfection. She is eighteen years of age, two of which were spent at school in New Jersey, during which she learned to speak English quite accurately. She received me with fudulent grace.

"The story of the wrongs done by the Government to my people I never tire of repeating," she exclaimed, and she narrated in burning words how the Poncas had been driven by the Government from the reservation, and compelled, because they were the weaker tribe, to give up the homes of their fathers to the Sioux. That four treaties, entered into between the Poncas and the United States Government, had been shamefully broken, and that Standing Bear—who, by-the-way, sat in the room like a waxen figure during the interview—had been put in irons for endeavoring to return to his home with some thirty of the children of his people, in order to escape the terrible disease that was ravaging the country to which it pleased the Government to drive the Poncas.

"All we want is justice," passionately exclaimed Bright-Eyes. "We want to be protected by the laws, and to get legal possession of the lands that have been always our own. We are the only tribe that has no title to the land. We want a title such as the Union Pacific Railroad has. I am here with Standing Bear to appeal to public opinion, and public opinion will force Congress to yield us justice. General Harney," she added, "says that he never knew an Indian tribe to break a treaty, and never knew the Government to keep one."

Passing to less exciting topics, I asked Miss Bright-Eyes if she would wish to live amongst us here.

"No, no, no!" she cried, clasping her hands together—her voice is low and musical—"You are very grand down here, but all that man can do never can equal nature. I long for the prairie, for the glorious abandon of my home-life."

"You do not wear the Indian garments?"

"No; my father wishes us to wear those of civilization. My mother wears them, though, and last harvest we girls put them on as they are so much more comfortable to work in. You should see our boys—our bucks—at a meeting at the mission-school. It is one garden of color, beads and feathers and blankets. Oh, they look splendid, they do!"

"Would you object to marrying an American?" I asked.

"What a question!" bursting into a fit of ringing laughter. "Well, I think I would prefer to marry one of my own people. We Indian girls are kept awfully strict. We are not allowed to speak to any man save our father, uncle or brother; but," she added, with an arch smile, "we manage to do so."

"How is that done?" I asked, becoming deeply interested in the subject.

"Well, suppose a girl has to go to the well for water, or outside the village for a walk. We generally go about in twos and threes. When a girl is being courted, and the parents of the boy are willing, his parents send horses to the girl's parents, which are returned when the girl goes to her new home. She always goes to the home of her husband's parents at first. A present of an animal, ready prepared for eating, is sent with the bride—generally a deer; but as our boys have not been on the hunt for the last three years, a sheep is substituted. Then a dance follows."

"I suppose the Indian girls talk about a coming dance as our American girls do?"

"Just as much, and probably more," laughed Bright-Eyes. "Oh, how delightful it is to go on the hunt!" she enthusiastically exclaimed—"to be away from two to three months riding after the buffalo. And then, in the evening, to sit by the fire and listen to the boys telling stories of the hunt, while the children play around—all the while on the lookout for the Sioux, who are at war with us. Our people have given up hunting," she said, sadly. "Every year there are more houses and more white people, and the Indians do not want the white people."

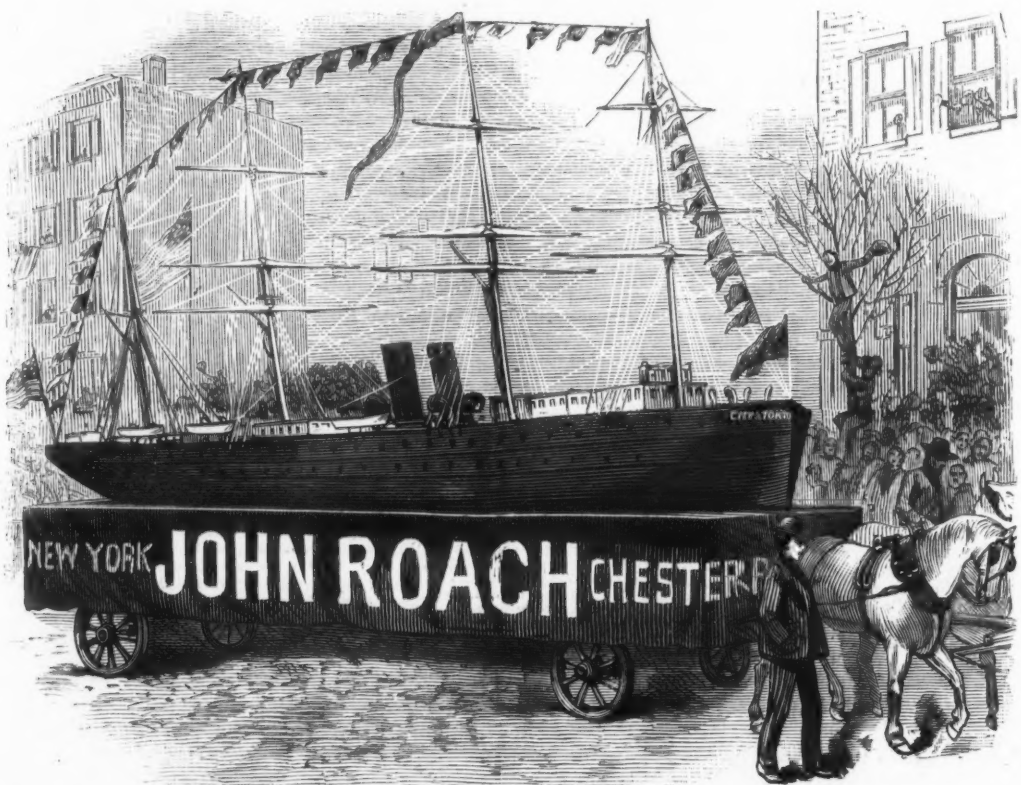
Having alluded to the recent Ute trouble—

"The Indians only scalp those whom they kill on the battle-field. All captives are treated well. We knew that Miss Meeker and that party were quite safe once they were made captive."

She laughed scornfully when I spoke of the efforts



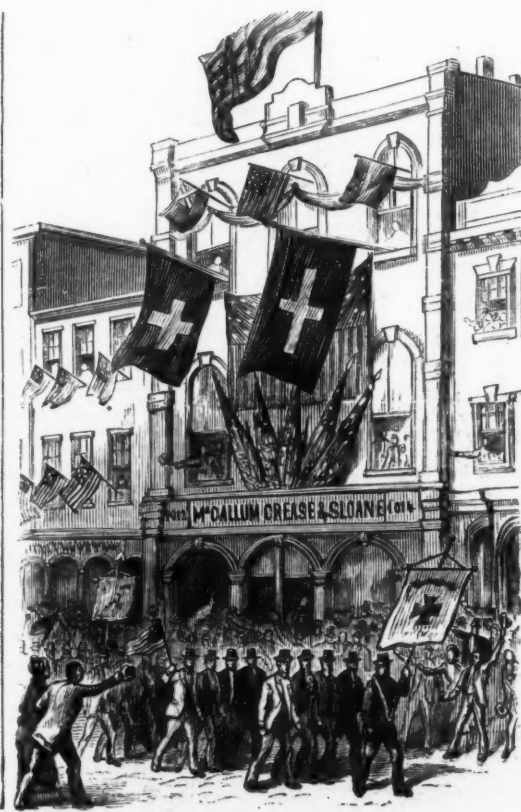
THE PROCESSION PASSING THE CORNER OF EIGHTH AND MARKET STREETS



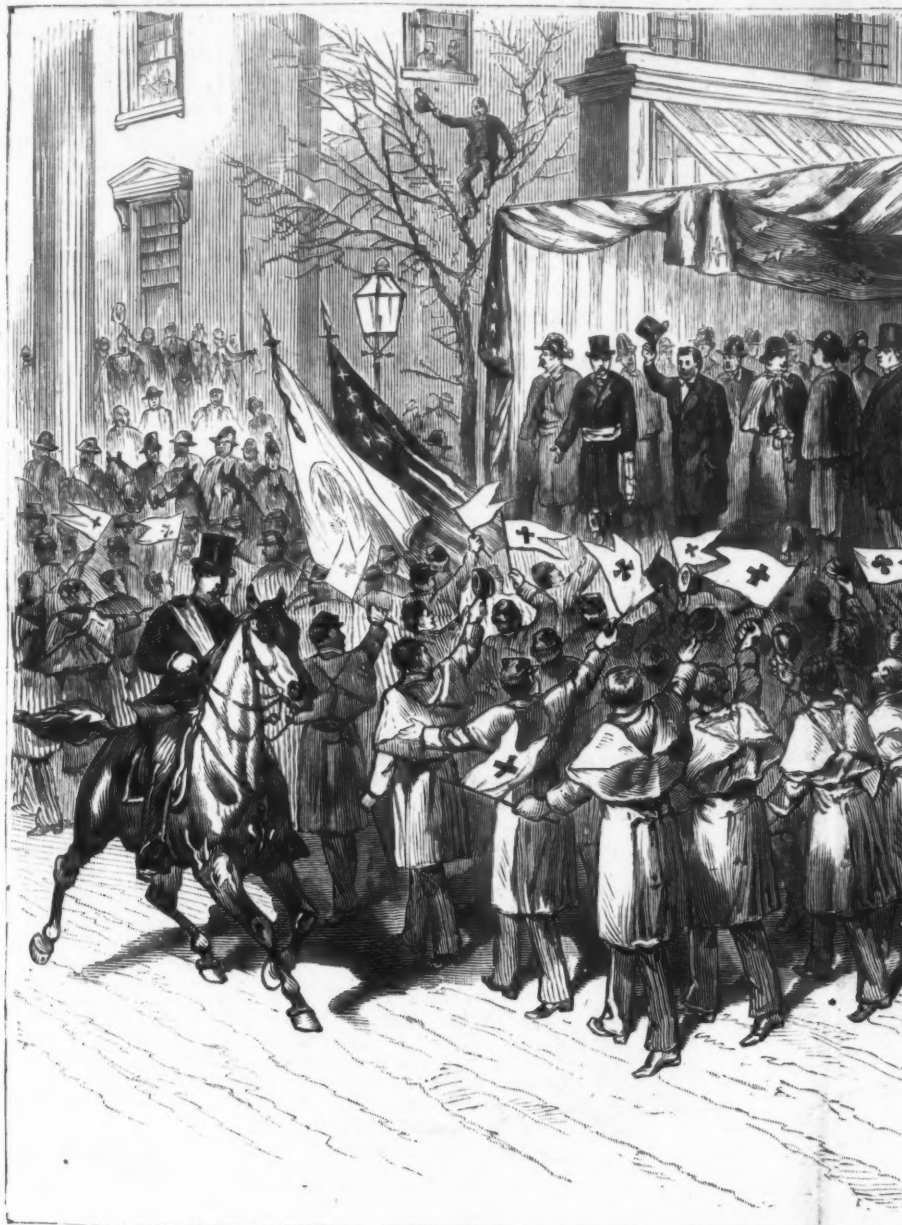
MODEL OF THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP "CITY OF TOKIO," EXHIBITED IN THE PROCESSION.



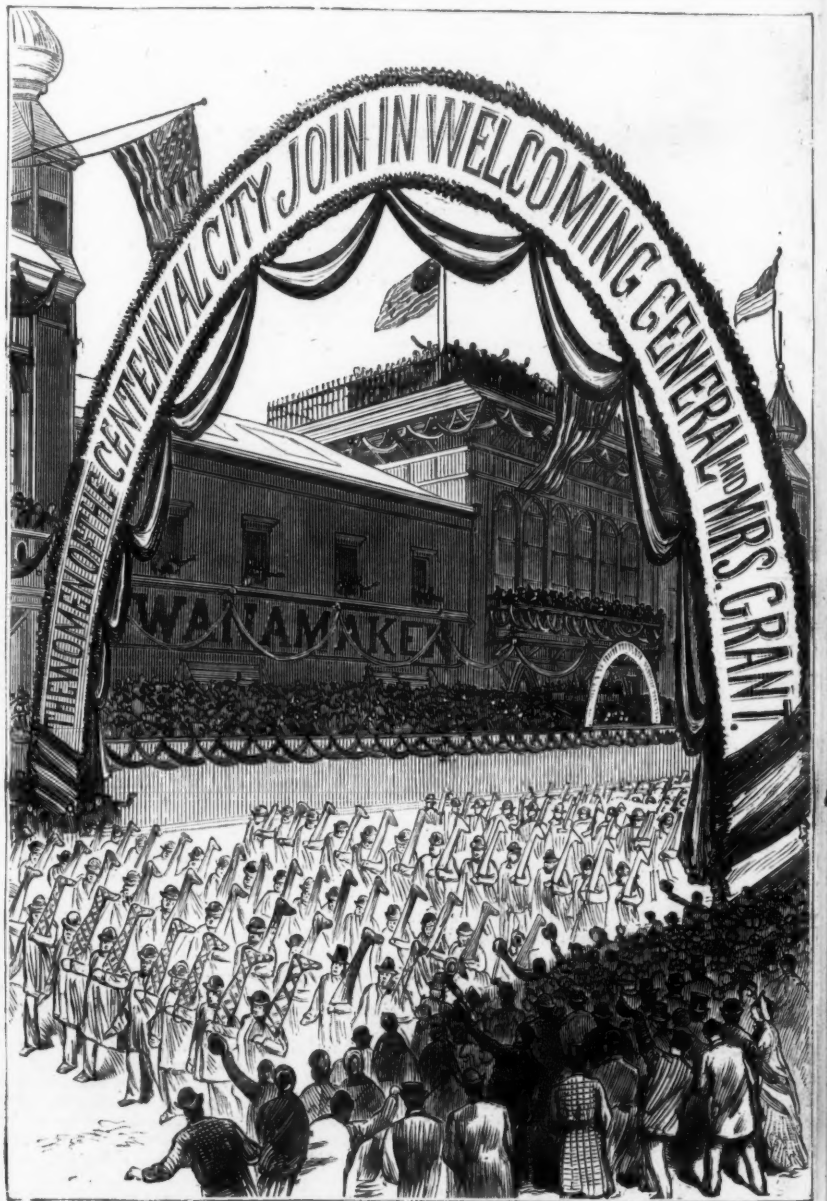
EXHIBIT OF DISSTON'S SAWS.



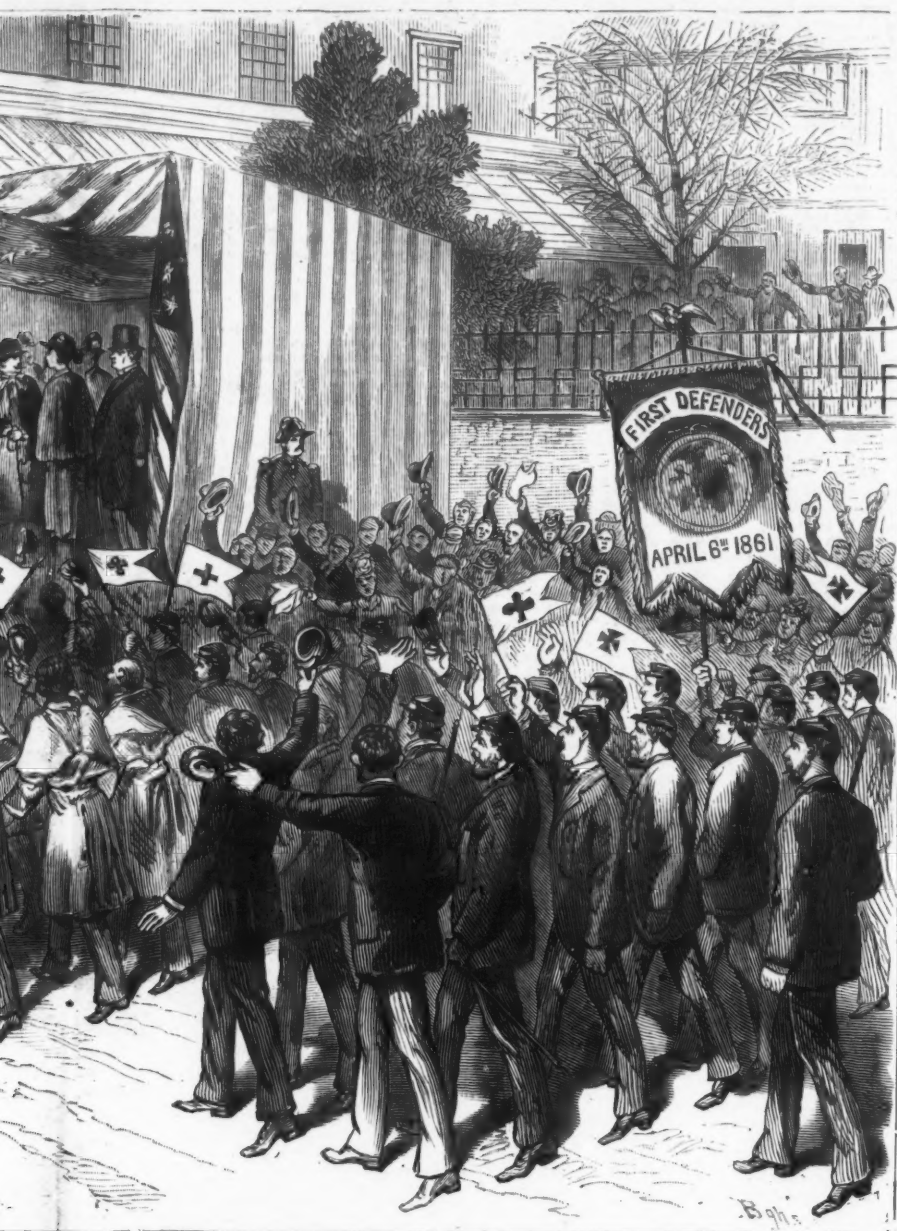
DECORATIONS ON THE WAREHOUSE OF M'CALLUM, CREASE & SLOAN.



GENERAL GRANT REVIEWING HIS OLD COMRADES



THE PROCESSION PASSING THE ARCH AT WANAMAKER'S DEPOT, MARKET AND THIRTEENTH STREETS.



COMRADES IN ARMS IN THE GREAT PROCESSION.



SCHOMACKER & CO.'S PIANOFORTE DISPLAY.



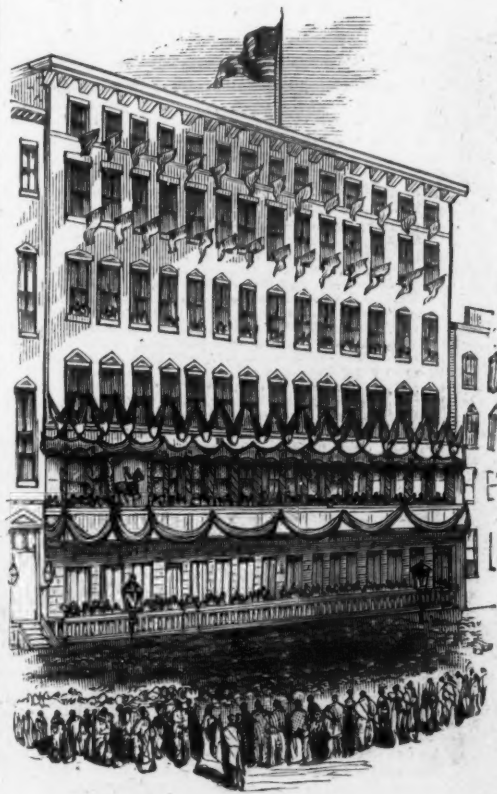
MANUFACTURING AND DISTRIBUTING CANDIES IN THE PROCESSION.



ARCH ERECTED ON CHESTNUT STREET, BY S. M. WANAMAKER.



MRS. GRANT VIEWING THE PROCESSION.



DECORATIONS ON THE GIRARD HOUSE.

being made by the Department of the Interior in behalf of the Indians, and flouted the notion of the Indian police.

"We have had Indian police for ever so many years, and what good have they done us? A hundred horses have been stolen by white men in two years from my tribe and my father knows the white man who has stolen a favorite hunter. The Sioux have had a thousand horses stolen. Hah! Indian Bureau! Mr. Schurz is an ignoramus!"

After a very pleasant chat on many topics, I took my leave of Bright-Eyes, and, as I descended in the elevator, I thought of John Smith, nor wondered that he had been so badly hit by the bright eyes of Pocahontas.

"WATER-TOWER" FOR FIRES IN HIGH BUILDINGS.

A NEW apparatus has been adopted by the Fire Commissioners of New York City, designed to enable firemen to control the flames in the upper part of high buildings which the longest ladders will not reach. It consists of a number of tubes working one within the other on the telescopic principle, supported on a heavy truck. Reaching the scene of a fire in upper stories, the tubes are projected to a sufficient height, connection is made with an engine by hose, and the water turned on. The "water-tower," as it is called, is easily controlled by the men.

The Moneyed Classes.

STATISTICS lately collected in one of the oldest New England cities showed that ninety-four per cent. of the leading men of this city were either farmers' boys or poor boys in the cities and villages. The list included all the bank presidents, the railroad magnates and the leading manufacturers and merchants. Forty years ago "the moneyed class" of one particular city were hoeing corn, or tending lathes, or peddling newspapers; forty years ago these "bloated bondholders" were not a plethoric race, and it is highly improbable that any considerable portion of the money which they now possess will be in the hands of their grandchildren. The "moneyed aristocracy" of the next generation are growing up now on the farms and in the factories.

What is true of this one city is substantially true of every other city. The fortunes that are continued in the same family for a hundred years are very few; what one generation gathers another generation scatters; the wealth of the land is constantly changing hands, and the boy who belongs to what are called the working classes has quite as good a chance of becoming a "bloated bondholder" before he dies as the boy who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

With these facts in view, is it not rather wicked for demagogues to try to excite the alarm of the people who work with their hands, lest they should be enslaved by this formidable and tyrannical "moneyed class"? There is no such "class." A consolidated and hereditary aristocracy of wealth does not exist. The great bulk of the wealth of this country is now in the hands of men who were born poor. Is it likely that they will combine to oppress and enslave those who are toiling up from the level on which they started. Is it possible that they should so combine, in any effectual way, seeing that their future control of the property which now they call their own must be so very slight?

And would it not be a foolish and suicidal thing for the poor men of this country to combine to overthrow a system of government which promotes such a rapid distribution of wealth, and which offers such abundant chances to them and their children? When the Communists and the socialistic reformers urge that all property rights must be annulled and that some new industrial and proprietary scheme must be inaugurated, just call their attention to the facts recited above and ask them whether under any other system the children of the poor would have a better chance than they have under the present system.

A Great River in Alaska.

ALASKAN explorers report one of the largest rivers in the world, the Yukon, as navigable for steamers 2,500 miles, and at 500 miles from its mouth it receives a very large navigable tributary. The basin formed by the confluence is 24 miles wide. The Yukon is nearly as large as our Mississippi. Indians are everywhere, and war between tribes is continuous. There is snow for six months, and without roads dog-sledges find good traveling. Game abounds and Indians have an easy life. From seven to nine dogs make a team, the odd one being the leader. The driver has to watch this dog. If it get on the scent of game it is off, and the whole team is demoralized. Off they scamper through woods and thickets, upsetting the load, smashing the sled, tearing the harness, and giving the driver days of hunting to restore the status quo. So vast a country, traversed by navigable waters, will soon tempt restless and speculative adventurers to explore it.

French Country Life.

FRENCH country hospitality differs in many respects from English. More is made of each guest, and he or she is allowed greater personal liberty. Nobody is bound to come down to an early breakfast. The host and hostess are not expected to show themselves before the bell rings at eleven or half-past eleven for *déjeuner*. If you see a lady muffled up walking in the grounds you are not to get in her way unless she comes toward you; and in walking with her you are not to offer her your arm. The reason she is to be avoided until she shows herself sociably disposed is based upon the supposition that she is not, perhaps, made up for the day, and has, while the *jeune dame* is preparing the war paint and arranging the artificial tresses, run out with a *capeline* thrown on her head to enjoy the dewy freshness of morning. In France there is a well-bred fiction which is generally acted upon by millionaires who invite you to their country seats. It is that in accepting the invitation you do him the greatest honor. You may be poor as Job, and known to be so, without in the slightest degree ceasing to benefit by this fiction. French society, when seen at its best, practices equality. All rise early, the mornings are very fine, and there are delightful walks and drives in all directions. The *déjeuner* is served at little oval tables in a great dining room. When there are from thirty to forty persons to be served, this is more sociable and jolly than ample board. Talk can be brisk and lively without becoming noisy. Mere acquaintances become easily a good deal more. If your *vis-à-vis* is charming and sympathetic, he gives out what is most taking in the inner man. He is less constrained than if exposed to the scrutiny of two scores of eyes. At those little tables birds of a feather do flock together. There is the same concert pitch; and where there is opposition it does not induce discord.

The Remembrancer—A Novel London Official.

AMONG the numerous staff of officers revealed in by the Corporation of London is one designated by the curious name of Remembrancer, an officer whose duty it is (in addition to "remembering," or reminding the mayor of his appointments, from which the name) to attend in Parliament daily during the session to watch the city interest, and to

see that no bill affecting the Corporation in any shape or form is allowed to pass without being submitted to the judgment of his employers. This officer is highly paid; his salary is £1,500, but in addition to that he is allowed very large sums of money, which he expends in the interest of the city in pursuit of his vocation. These allowances of pocket-money range between £2,000 and £4,000 a year. In the city accounts no particulars whatever are given which would show how this money is spent. But the fact is, we believe, that the principal part of it is spent down about the House of Commons in entertaining members. In the year 1894, Sir John Trevor, Speaker of the House of Commons, was expelled from that House for accepting a present of £1,000 from the city for his exertions in passing a Bill promoted by the Corporation—and most properly, too. The spirit pervading the Corporation remains ever the same; and though they dare not at this day put a thousand-pound note into the hands of a member, they fancy that a luncheon or a dinner will answer the same purpose. That this city officer should be allowed the use of the dining-rooms of the House of Commons for the purpose of enlisting defenders of what he and his employers deem the privileges of the city by so contemptible a means as "feeding," is not very creditable. And that there are to be found members who are ever glad to accept this subordinate's invitation does not add to the dignity of the House. Nor is this business solely confined to the Remembrancer. It was only during a recent session that the sheriffs (in the exercise of an ancient privilege) went down in state to Westminster to present personally to the House a petition against a motion down in the paper in the name of Mr. Charles Lewis and relating to the Irish Society, which having been done in "solemn form," they invited a large number of members to dine with them within the precincts.

A Rubber-producing Insect.

AN insect which produces a species of india-rubber has been recently discovered in the district of Yucatan, Central America, by an American explorer. It is called *neen*, and belongs to the *Coccus* family; feeds on the mango-tree, and swarms in these regions. It is of considerable size, yellowish-brown in color, and emits a peculiar oily odor. The body of the insect contains a large proportion of grease, which is highly prized by the natives for applying to the skin on account of its medicinal properties. When exposed to the heat of the sun, the insect exudes a volatile oil, leaving a tough wax behind, which resembles shellac, and may be used for making a varnish or lacquer. When burnt, this wax produces a thick, semi-fluid mass, like a solution of india-rubber, and it is expected that this glutinous liquid will be very valuable for cement and water-proofing.

Old Glass.

THE oldest specimen of pure glass bearing anything like a date is a little molded lion's head, bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty, in the Slade collection at the British Museum. That is to say, at a period which may be moderately placed at more than 2000 years B.C., glass was not only made, but made with a skill which shows that the art was nothing new. The invention of glazing pottery with a film or varnish of glass is so old that among the fragments which bear inscription of the early Egyptian monarchy are beads possibly of the first dynasty. Of later glass there are numerous examples, such as a bead found at Thebes, which has the name of Queen Hatshepso of the eighteenth dynasty. Of the same period are vases and goblets and many fragments. It cannot be doubted that the story prepared by Pliny, which assigns the credit of the invention to the Phoenicians, is so far true that these adventurous merchants brought specimens to other countries from Egypt. Dr. Schliemann found disks of glass in the excavations at Mycenae, though Homer does not mention it as a substance known to him. That the modern art of the glass-blower was known long before is certain from representations among the pictures on the walls of a tomb at Beni-Hassen, of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty; but a much older picture, which probably represented the same manufacture, is among the half-obliterated scenes in a chamber of the tomb of Thutankhamun, and dates from the time of the fifth dynasty, a time so remote that it is not possible, in spite of the assiduous researches of many Egyptologists, to give it a date in years.

How Long Animals Live.

THE average age of cats is fifteen years; of squirrels and hares, seven to eight years; rabbits, seven; a bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years, a wolf twenty, a fox fourteen to sixteen; lions are long-lived, the one known by the name of Pompey living to the age of seventy. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of twenty, and the rhinoceros to twenty-five; a horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty-five to thirty; camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of ten; cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1,000 years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty; an eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104; ravens frequently reach the age of 100; swans have been known to live 300 years. Mr. Malerion has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 300 years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107 years.

The Population of Africa.

It cannot be expected for many years yet to have anything like accurate statistics on the population of Africa. Several regions, the population of which is certainly great, will probably long escape anything like a thorough examination. There are, for example, in the regions of the Great Lakes, countries quite as thickly peopled as many of the States of Europe. Stanley tells us of countries of relatively small extent, and which yet possess millions of inhabitants. When we shall have succeeded in making an approximate census of all the populations, we shall probably reach a figure considerably higher than the present estimate. Some authorities accord to Africa not more than 100,000,000 inhabitants; others less still. German geographers suppose that Africa contains somewhat more than 200,000,000 inhabitants; the latest English publications estimate the population at 180,000,000, which, for an area of 11,500,000 square miles, gives an average of 16 inhabitants per square mile, or a specific population 11½ times less than that of France, Africa, which has 57 times the area of France, has probably scarcely 5 times the population. The suppression of the slave trade and the influence of European civilization may lead to an increase of population very rapid and very great. It should be observed that the approximate figure of the specific population, applied to the whole of the African continent, will not give a just idea of the compact character of the population of the interior. According to Behna, the negro regions are by far the most populous parts of the continent. If the populations are sparse in the desert parts, they are very dense in other regions. Thus, in the Sudan, the population is estimated at 80,000,000, or about 53 per square mile; the town of Bida, on the Niger, has a population of 80,000 inhabitants. The population of East Africa is estimated at about 30,000,000, and that of Equatorial Africa at 40,000,000. One of the latest authorities divides the population of Africa as follows among the great families into which ethnologists have divided the peoples: Negroes, 130,000,000; Hamites, 20,000,000; Bantus, 13,000,000; Fulahs, 8,000,000; Nubians, 1,500,000; Hottentots, 50,000. This would give a total population of 172,550,000. These figures are, of course, only approximate, and may be much modified by new and more precise information. The Bantus, for example, who, according to F. M. Müller, form at least one-quarter of the population of Africa, might be found to number 50,000,000.

Chambers of the French Senate.

THE Luxembourg Palace, where the Senate of the French Republic met for the first time in November, was built in 1612 by Marie de Médicis, and made over by her to her son, Gaston d'Orléans, when she was sent into exile through the influence of Cardinal Richelieu. At his death the palace became the property of his daughters, Mlle. de Montpensier and Elizabeth de Guise, by the last named of whom it was made over to Louis XIV., and so became crown property. The regent, Duke of Orleans, allowed his daughter, the Duchess de Berry, to occupy it; and from 1733 to the Revolution it was the residence of several princes, the last occupant being the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII. When he fled from France, the Palais du Luxembourg was converted into a prison, and among the persons confined there, and afterwards guillotined, were the Vicomte Beaumarchais, first husband of the Empress Josephine, and General de Broglie, grandfather of the present duke; while a year or two later it was from the Luxembourg that Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and others were led out to execution. The Directory had its official residence there in 1795, as after the ninth Thermidor the Luxembourg had ceased to be a prison; while, after the eighteenth Brumaire, Napoleon had the words "Palace of the Directory" effaced and "Palace of the Consulate" engraved in their stead over the central portico. Soon afterwards the decree of the Council of Five Hundred allotted the Luxembourg as the seat of the Conservative Senate; and when, in 1814, Louis XVIII. re-established the Chamber of Peers, the Luxembourg was chosen as their residence, and up to 1848 the palace was used for the same purpose; while after the coup d'état of 1851 the Imperial Senate held its sittings there until the war of 1870 and the revolution of September 4th swept away empire and Senate together. A great deal of damage was done to the palace during the Communist insurrection, since which time it has been the official residence of the Prefect of the Seine; and within the last eight years a sum of £60,000 has been spent upon repairs and alterations. The return of the Senate to Paris has necessitated the further expenditure of £20,000, most of which has been required for fitting up the chamber in which the Senate will sit, and for providing committee rooms and accommodations for the press. The grand staircase, leading to what was formerly the throne-room and to the senatorial chamber, has been redecorated, and the Imperial eagles have been replaced by the letters R. F. (République Française).

An Electric Executioner.

THE adoption of electricity as a mode of capital punishment has enthusiastic advocates in Germany, as well as in France and the United States, as witness the following imposing description of a method proposed by a German writer: "In a dark room, draped with black, and which is lighted only by a single torch—the chamber of execution—there shall stand an iron image of Justice, with her scales and sword. Stern justice is popularly supposed to have no bowels, but the German goddess will carry a powerful battery in her inside; and this battery will be connected with an armchair—the seat of death. In front of the chair shall stand the judge's tribunal, and only the judge, jury, and other officers shall be present with the criminal during the ceremony of the execution. This will consist in the judge reading the story of the crime committed by the prisoner, who will be rigidly manacled to the aforesaid armchair, and when this is done, the judge will break his rod of office, and toss it into one of the scale-pans of justice, at the same time extinguishing the solitary torch. The descent of the pan will complete the electric circuit, and shock the wretch into the next world."

Heidelberg.

AS AN educational resort Heidelberg is unrivaled. The best instruction in every branch of science, literature and art may be obtained there at a comparatively nominal cost, varying from a florin to a florin and a half per lesson, and the same consideration for limited budgets is observable in the charges for medical attendance, the fee of an ordinary practitioner being thirty kreutzers, and in no case exceeding a florin. Provisions are fairly good and cheap. The most delicious breakfasts I ever tasted are made by a baker in the vicinity of the Prinz Carl Hotel, and in the season hares, partridges, and even quarters of *sturgeon* are hawked about the streets in abundance; fruit (especially grapes and black cherries) and vegetables are plentiful and moderate in price; and meat, though as a rule answering to what the French butchers term the "second category," is certainly not inferior to that usually met with in other parts of Southern Germany. Fish, on the contrary, is scarce and dear; the small supply of trout from the Wolfesbrunn, and the few samples of Rhine salmon that occasionally find their way into the market, being entirely monopolized by the hotel proprietors; and with respect to poultry, unless the present specimens have forfeited the reputation of their predecessors for exigency and toughness, perhaps the less said the better. The ordinary wines of the country, Markgrader and Affenthaler, are wholesome and palatable, and average from 12c. to 20c. a bottle; and it is worth while to dine now and then at the Prinz Carl, for the sake of indulging in a peculiar nectar of which that far-famed establishment has the specialty, called Foster-Tramin. A serious item in the family expenditure during the winter months is that of firewood, which is brought into the town in carts from the neighboring woods, and sold at the rate of about 30 florins a load; fresh supplies of this indispensable commodity arrive daily from September to April, and the wood being drier and cheaper at the commencement of the autumn than it is toward Christmas, prudent householders are in the habit of laying in a stock long before they are likely to require it.

England's Day of Trouble.

A LONDON correspondent writes: "England is having some severe lessons in all directions. None severer than those which America is teaching her. The ship-loads of live and dead stock which continue to arrive from the United States, the cargoes of canned meats and other foods that pour in upon

us from the West, have helped to bring about a condition of things in the agricultural districts which presents a problem no one seems to understand or be able to solve. Farming no longer pays in England. Growing wheat is a losing game; there is no profit in grazing; American beef is as good as English. It is cheaper, and finds as ready a retail sale as English. Foreign wheat keeps down the price of English, however bad the season may have been. Farmers are going to the wall all over the land. There have never been known so many bankruptcies among corn-growers and cattle-producers. In addition to foreign competition, the seasons have been destructive. Roots have failed, beans have been cut up by winter winds, lands have been flooded. The prospects of the next season do not improve. Landlords here and there are reducing their rents. Laborers are emigrating. Agriculture is passing through a crisis. When it is over many small farmers will have been utterly ruined, and possibly large capitalists will take their places, and the holdings be largely increased. It will be necessary that landlords shall generally reduce their rents and foster their farms by a better equipment of them, and a broad and liberal encouragement for tenants to put their money into the soil in the way of drainage and manure. The Earl of Aberdeen has set a good example by making an abatement in the rent of his grass lands of from 20 to 40 per cent. The system of revaluing farms on the tenants' improvements will have to be revised, and a generous system of 'live and let live' must prevail before the English farmer can begin to compete with the agriculturists of Western America, with their almost free prairie lands. As in manufactures, so it must be in agriculture—a long course of economy and industry alone will put the farmer on a level with his American competitor. Improved machinery, large holdings, better buildings, a more scientific treatment of the land and its produce, lower rents, a freer labor, a more independent peasantry—these are the leading features of the new method which alone can overcome the present gloom, the present stagnation and depression."

Glass Wicks for Lamps.

A WICK for lamps is now manufactured entirely of glass by an establishment in Hanau, Germany. It is designed chiefly for use in petroleum and spirit lamps; and, with an equal amount of the wick turned up, it gives a much brighter light than cotton wick. In the spirit lamp, too, it is found to greatly increase the heat of the flame. No sparks are given off by this incombustible wick, nor does the light flare in draughts to the extent which it does with a burning wick; hence it makes the lamp safer. The smoking is also reduced, and it is stated that ten per cent. of oil is saved by its use. Of course, the disagreeable task of trimming the lamp is rendered unnecessary, for, being of glass, the wick does not consume, but wastes away very slightly by fusion.

On the Education of Princes.

GREAT attention is now being paid all over the Continent to the education of princes. It is felt everywhere that kings are no longer revered simply for being, and that they must possess, if not great qualities—which, unfortunately for monarchy, cannot be put into human beings by any machine, however skillfully devised—at least the capacity to make the best of what they have. The tendency, therefore, is to over-educate, to teach too many things, to utilize time too much, and, above all, to impart too many languages. The "Governors" are too conscientious, and too much penetrated with admiration for the knowledge which they seldom themselves possess. The effect of the system, which has occasionally, as in Austria, been carried very far, would be to produce student kings or literary kings, who would be very dangerous rulers, but that fortunately the two families, Catholic and Protestant, who compose the royal caste, have a fine resisting-power against instruction, and are not likely to be over-educated for their intellects. We may get here and there a Prince Albert on the throne, which would be a good thing, and here and there an efficient legislature, which would be an excellent thing, but the majority will be very like average young officers weighted with some sense of responsibility. But the courts of the Continent, though not very successful in their efforts, have seen that mental force, much knowledge, much experience, much habit of reflection, are the powers which are useful to kings, and would regard the theory that it was useful to teach the ruler of the fourth of the world how to hold aloft, at the cost of years of time and separation from men and the educational machinery of his time, with amused amazement; and if Germans, perhaps, with a query whether the Vikings' days were expected back again, or whether Rolf the Ranger would win a sovereignty now. The English think them wrong, but it may be feared they are right, and that the only advantages gained by making heirs-apparent into sailor boys are, that in England their future English subjects like it, and that sailors very rarely catch the royal mental disease which Englishmen, loyal as they are, would scarcely bear, *militarismus*.

The Cologne Cathedral near Completion.

THE Cathedral of Cologne is at length approaching completion, and it is confidently stated that August next year will see the mighty minster finished. Begun in the very midst of the "ages of faith," when monarchs boggled themselves to raise magnificent structures, of which only picturesque ruins now remain for the world to look at, this extraordinary temple of the Christian faith lagged behind all its contemporaries in the work of construction, saw them reach their mature glory, decline and sink to ruin, itself being all the time an unfinished fabric. The first stone of Cologne Cathedral was laid in 1248, about the time when all the grand ecclesiastical edifices now left, perfect or ruined, in Europe were either just finished, or, like Notre Dame in Paris, were in rapid progress; but while the most elaborate of them took only three centuries to bring to perfection, Cologne Minster has absorbed more than double the time, and is not finished yet. It is unnecessary to give all the reasons of this delay. Suffice it to mention that a "personage" not to be mentioned without extreme caution to ears polite hindered the work from the beginning with a pertinacity only natural, perhaps, under the circumstances, and that this supernatural "obstructionist" succeeded so far that only after the lapse of 632 years will the great fabric be hailed as a perfect Christian temple. It took nearly three centuries—that is, from 1248 to 1517—to complete the choir, and since that date it has required liberal aid from nearly all the sovereigns of Europe to keep the construction going. The cathedral is 510 feet long and 230 feet broad; the nave is supported by 100 columns, the four central of which are no less than 40 feet in circumference; the choir is 160 feet in height, and the two great towers are each 500 feet high. What now remains to be done is the last stage and crowning decoration of the stately towers. The massive caps of stonework have to be laid on, and then on their summits have to be fixed the gigantic "follied crosses," almost 30 feet high, which are to crown the towers and proclaim to all the world the faith to which the work is dedicated. That done, Gothic architecture will be able to point to an acknowledged masterpiece, and the bones of the 11,000 virgins may rest quiet in their shrines.